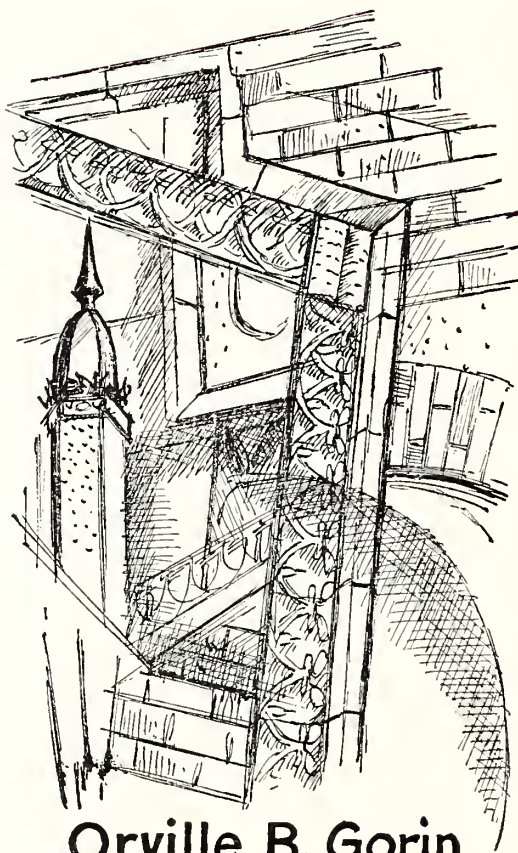


REFERENCE MATERIAL
DO NOT REMOVE FROM LIBRARY



**Orville B. Gorin
Library
MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY**

STALEY LIBRARY-MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY
Decatur, Illinois

STACKS





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/millidek1908jame>

322.67
LB
322.67
.1158
1707

The Millidek 1909





GREETING

In olden days, that lovers praise
When fond hearts were divided,
A lock of hair, a flower fair
In parting was confided.

When torn adrift, a treasured gift
Still kept their lives united:
In sorrows' toss, in hours of loss,
Recalled their vows once plighted.

So, loath to go, with hearts aglow,
With love of all unbroken,
We leave with you, our comrades
true,
This book as our love token.

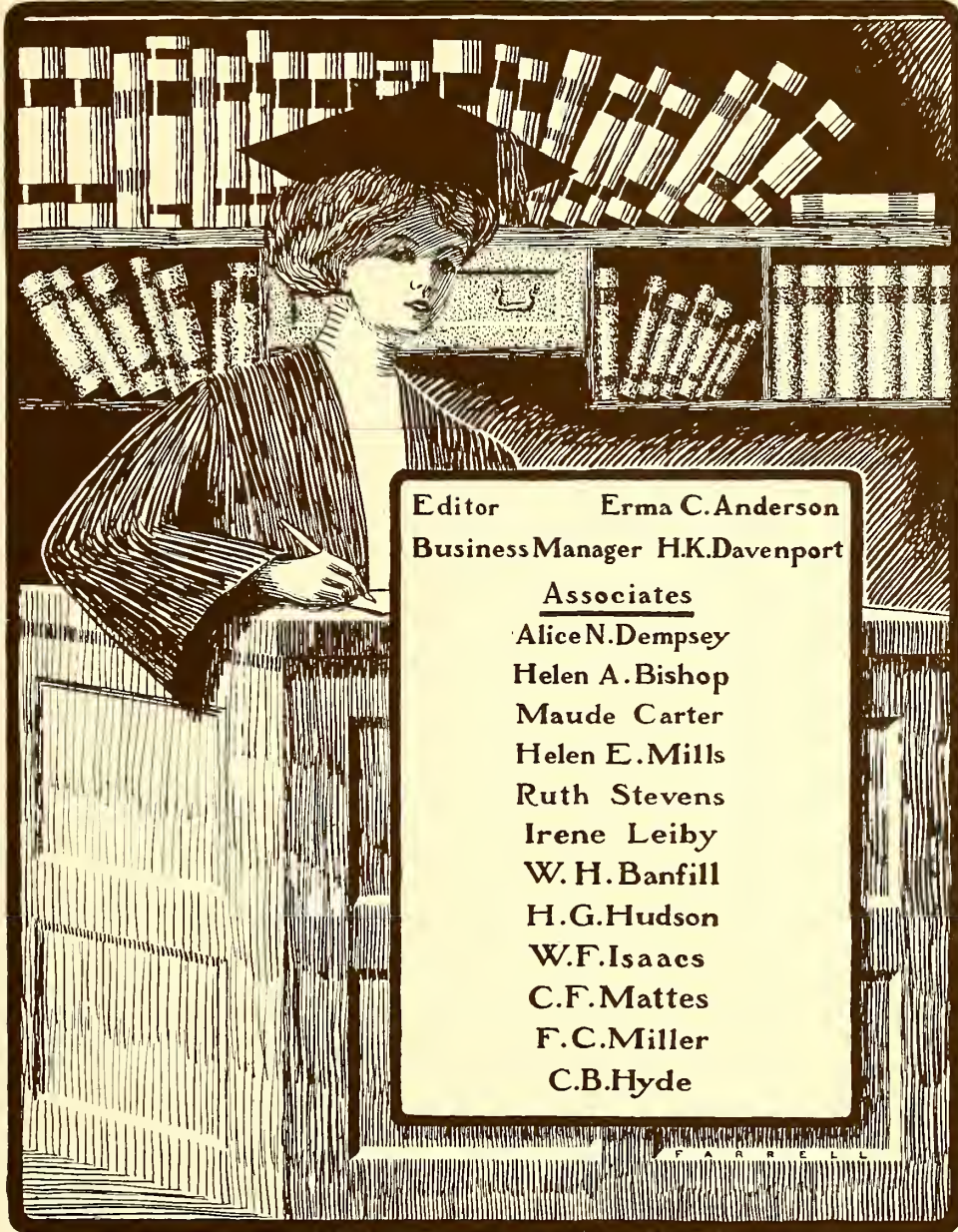
W.F. SAACS

To
James D. Rogers, Ph. D.

Dean of the College.

this volume is dedicated
by the Senior Class.

The Makers of this Book

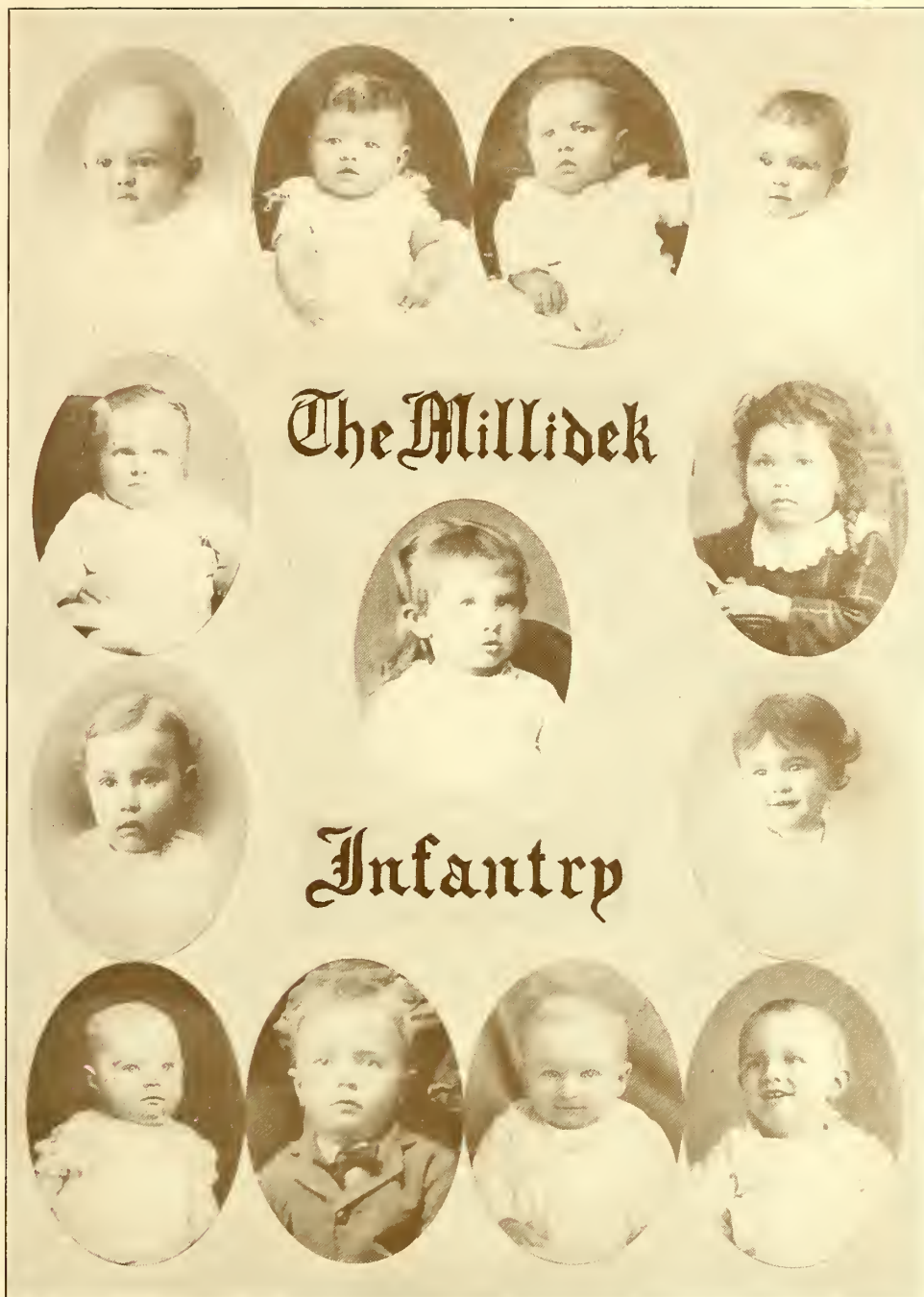


Editor Erma C. Anderson
Business Manager H.K. Davenport

Associates

Alice N. Dempsey
Helen A. Bishop
Maude Carter
Helen E. Mills
Ruth Stevens
Irene Leiby
W. H. Banfill
H. G. Hudson
W. F. Isaacs
C. F. Mattes
F. C. Miller
C. B. Hyde





"Fragile beginnings of a mighty end."

Contributors

“Thanks are justly due for things got without purchase.” Ovid—Amores.

Literary

Lucile M. Bragg
Clarence Flegel
Frances Baker
Helen Moffett

Grace L. Thrift
Lucile Fisher
Raymond Turner
Harry Pifer
Clara Baker

Art

Della Wilson
Irene Handlin
Jessie Montgomery
Gertrude Dansby

Fred Roth Webber
Harry H. Farrell
E. Louise Guernsey
Ina Wornick
Leoti Swearingen

Music

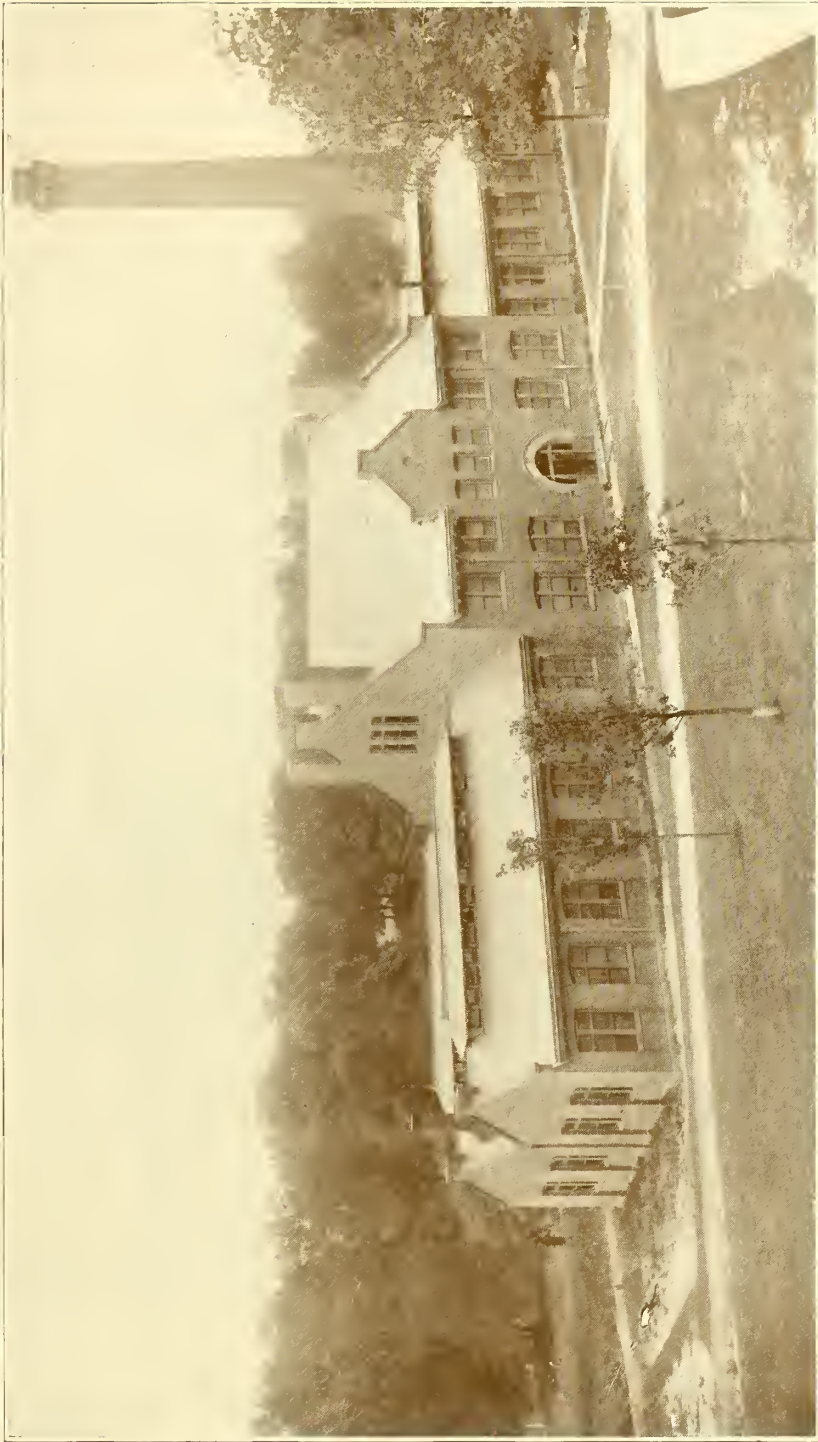
Professor William B. Olds.



University in Winter.



The James Millikin University.



The Power House.



In Memoriam

James Millikin

March 2, 1909

In affectionate remembrance of
him who gave so generously that
we and our successors might be
blessed the more abundantly.

Board of Managers



Dr. S. E. McClelland.

Officers

President	-	-	-	-	S. E. McClelland
Vice President	-	-	-	-	T. T. Roberts
Secretary	-	-	-	-	S. E. Walker
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	O. B. Gorin

Members

A. R. Scott, Bethany
 J. K. McDavid, Hillsboro
 T. A. Powers
 Adolph Mueller
 Luther Martin
 E. P. Irving
 W. H. Penhallegon (ex-officio)
 A. R. Taylor (ex-officio)
 J. D. Rogers (ex-officio)

Honorary Members

Mr. James Millikin*

Mrs. James Millikin

Board of Trustees

Officers

President	-	-	-	-	W. H. Penhallegon
Vice President	-	-	-	-	W. H. Outten
Secretary	-	-	-	-	H. E. Starkey, Lincoln
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	J. E. Fisher

Members

W. J. Darby, Evansville, Ind.
 Lawrence B. Stringer, Lincoln
 A. C. Boyd, Lincoln
 E. G. King, Lincoln
 F. E. Bell, Mattoon
 W. H. Evans, Lincoln
 C. L. Conklin, Springfield
 G. B. Spitler, Mt. Zion
 J. E. Williamson, Evansville
 A. H. Mills
 R. L. Vannice, Wankow, Iowa

* Deceased.



Dr. W. H. Penhallegon.

"Uneasy lie the heads that wear a 'con.' "—Calculus Class.





Pres. Albert R. Taylor.

School of Liberal Arts

ALBERT R. TAYLOR, Ph. D., President.



Dean Rogers.

JAMES D. ROGERS, Ph. D.

Θ Δ Χ, Φ Β Κ.

Professor of Ancient Languages.
Dean of the Faculty.

Utica Academy, 1885; Hamilton College, A. B. 1889; Columbia University, A. M. 1892; Ph. D. 1894; University of Berlin and American School at Athens, 1894-1896; Fellow in Columbia University, 1892-1894; Fellow by Courtesy, John Hopkins University, 1896; Principal Boonville, N. Y., Academy, 1889-1892; Lecturer in Greek, Columbia University, 1896-1903.

THOMAS W. GALLOWAY, Ph. D.

Σ Α Ε

Professor of Biology.
Secretary of the Faculty.

Cumberland University, A. B. 1887, A. M. 1889, Ph. D. 1892; Harvard University, A. M. 1890. Natural History Sciences, Baird College, Mo., 1887-1889. Professor Biology, Missouri Valley College, 1889-1902; Dean (ibid.) 1898-1902.

JAMES B. SHAW, D. Sc.

Σ Χ, Φ Β Κ.

Professor of Mathematics.

Purdue University, B. S. 1889, M. S. 1890, D. Sc. 1893. Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Illinois College, 1890-1898; Professor of Mathematics, Michigan Military Academy, 1898-1899; Professor Mathematics and Astronomy, Kenyon College, 1899-1903.

ALBERT T. MILLS, A. M.

Professor of History and Political Science.

State Normal School of Kansas, 1893, also 1896; University of Michigan, Ph. B. 1899; University of Chicago Graduate Student, 1899; University of Michigan, A. M. 1908. Assistant Model Department, Kansas State Normal School, 1895-1896; Instructor and Professor of History and Civil Government, North Dakota State Agricultural College, 1899-1903.

"Some men think more of women than they do of their class work."—Don Wallace.

ROBERT J. KELLOGG, Ph. D.

Φ B K.

Professor of Modern Languages.

Cornell University, A. B. 1891, Ph. D. 1896; Fellow in Comparative Philology, 1892-1893; Teacher Languages, Cascadilla School, 1891-1893; Ithaca High School, 1895-1896; Instructor in Greek, Colgate Academy, 1896-1899; Professor of Greek, Richmond (Va.) College, 1897-1901; Instructor in Modern Languages, Jones Summer School, 1895-1896 and 1898-1903.

GRACE PATTEN CONANT, A. M.

Professor of English Language and Literature.

Bates College, A. B. 1893; Cornell University, A. M. 1897; Fellow in English, Cornell University and University of Chicago, 1898 and 1899 respectively. Instructor in English, Vermont Academy, 1892-1896, and Woman's College, Baltimore, 1900; Associate Professor of English, idem. 1900-1904; Professor of English, Western College, Ohio, 1905-1906.

JOHN C. HESSLER, Ph. D.

Professor of Chemistry.

A. B. University of Chicago, 1896; Ph. D. University of Chicago, 1899; Instructor of Science, Lake High School, Chicago, 1890-1892; Instructor Chemistry, Hyde Park High School, Chicago, 1892-1899; Instructor of Chemistry, University of Chicago, 1899-1907.

BENJAMIN B. JAMES, A. M.

Professor of Physics.

(See School of Pedagogy.)

LUCY M. VALENTINE.

Dean of Women.

Burr and Burton Seminary; Mr. Roe's School, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, Special work in Drury College, 1886-1887; Ten years' travel and study abroad; Associate Principal, Mrs. Baekus' School for Girls, St. Paul, 1903-1904; Special Course University of Minneapolis; Teacher St. Mark's Industrial School, Minneapolis; Assistant in Domestic Art, College of Agriculture, University of Minnesota, 1906-1907; Teacher of Domestic Art in vacation city schools of Minnesota.

BINNEY GUNNISON, A. B.

Professor of Public Speaking.

A. B. Harvard, 1886; Newton Theological Institution, 1887-1889; Diploma in Theology, Crozier Theological Seminary, 1890; School of Expression, Speaker's Diploma, 1894, Philosophical Diploma 1907; Asst. Pastor, People's M. E. Church, Boston, 1891-1893; Instructor in Elocution and English Composition, Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, 1893; Instructor, Worcester Academy 1895-1896; Jones Instructor of Elocution, Andover Theological Seminary, 1900-1907.

"She might have been sitting for her portrait."—Lucile Tuttle.

ISABELLA T. MACHAN, A. M.

Associate Professor of Ancient Languages.

Wellesley College, A. B. 1887; Columbia University, 1902; Wellesley College A. M. 1905; Teacher Ancient Languages, Franklin School, 1888-1889; Preceptress Hebron Academy, 1889-1898, Ancient Languages and History.

M. ELIZABETH COLGROVE, A. B.

Associate Professor of Modern Languages.

New Windsor College, A. B. 1889; Heydrick Gesangschule, German and Voice, Halle an der Saale, Germany, 1900-1901; Professor French, German and Piano, New Windsor College, 1889-1896; Professor French, German and Voice Darlington Seminary, 1889-1900; Director Conservatory of Music and Modern Languages, Hudson River Institute, 1901-1902.

JAMES H. DICKEY, B. S.

Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

University of Illinois, B. S. 1898; Instructor in Mathematics, Alton High School, 1900-1904; State Normal School of South Dakota, 1904-1905.

LUCY W. PENHALLEGON, A. B.

Δ Θ Ψ.

Instructor in English Language and Literature.

Western College, A. B. 1903; The James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, 1905.

DAVIDA McCASLIN, A. B.

Χ Σ Φ.

Instructor in English Literature and Language.

A. B. Coe College, 1904; Teacher Public Schools 1905-1906; Harvard Summer School, 1906; Fellow in English, James Millikin University, 1907; B. S. with Pedagogy, The James Millikin University, 1907.

PHILIP A. LEHENBAUER, A. B.

Assistant Instructor in Biology.

A. B. Westminster College, Fulton (Mo.) 1907; Fellow in Biology and A. M. 1907, The James Millikin University.

E. HOPE FINFROCK, A. B.

Assistant Instructor in German.

A. B. The James Millikin University 1907. Fellow in German 1907-1908, The James Millikin University.

FLORA ROSS, 1910.

Φ Η.

Student Assistant in German.

“She moves a goddess and she looks a queen.”—Jessie Patterson.

MARY F. HAWES. *

Assistant Instructor in French.

RAYMOND TURNER, 1910.

A Σ Θ.

Student Assistant in Chemistry.

PAUL L. WELCH.

Student Laboratory Assistant in Physics.

ANNE BOYD, A. B. *

Recorder.

JESSIE REEVES PENHALLEGON, A. M.

Δ Θ Ψ.

Instructor in French.

A. B. Western College, 1905. Principal Neoga High School, 1906-1907; Fellow in Latin, The James Millikin University, 1907-1908; M. A. The James Millikin University, 1908. Arthur High School, 1908.

Physical Training

L. L. HOOPES.

Director in Physical Training.

Instructor Yale University and New Haven (Conn.) Public Schools, 1901-1902; Diploma Chautauqua School of Physical Education; Athletic Course, 1902; Normal Course, 1903. Assistant in Orthopedic Clinic Chautauqua (N. Y.) 1903; Assistant Physical Director, West Chester (Pa.) State Normal School, 1902-1904; Instructor University of Virginia, 1904-1905; Diploma, New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics, 1905; Physical Director Geneseo, (N. Y.) State Normal School, 1905-1907; Acting Physical Director Miami University, 1907-1908.

MOLLIE GRUBEL.

Instructor in Physical Training for Women.

Illinois State Normal University, 1897-1898. University of Wisconsin, Summer Term, 1902; Harvard University, Physical Training Courses, 1903-1904. Chautauqua School of Physical Training, 1907. Teacher Decatur Public Schools and private gymnasium classes, 1899-1906; Physical Director, Decatur Y. W. C. A., 1906-1907.

* First Semester.

"A mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease."—The Decaturian.

School of Liberal Arts



THE School of Liberal Arts of the University offers extended courses in all the subjects usually included in the course leading to the degree of A. B. Graduates of such schools are found to be the most successful in life, and in recognition of this fact the University authorities have made generous provision for the equipment of this department of scholastic work. The main departments offer in each case a variety of courses which enable the student to pursue his or her specialty during the entire four years with considerable freedom of election among related studies. Each student is free to choose any one of three courses, but the major part of the studies in the course chosen is compulsory, so that it is not possible to pass from subject to subject at will. In the languages which constitute the main body of the Liberal Arts course, a wide variety of subjects is offered. In English which is required of all students, the entire range of English literature is covered, and similar advantages are afforded in French and German. In addition to the usual reading courses in Latin and Greek, several courses in the Architecture, Sculpture, Painting and Topography of the Romans and Greeks are offered.

Separate laboratories are provided for the departments of Physics, Chemistry, and Biology. History, Political Economy, Pedagogy, Philosophy and Sociology afford, in the courses offered in these lines, abundant opportunity for work to those who find these studies most pleasant and profitable. The generous elective system makes it possible for the student to choose certain subjects in Music, the Fine or Applied Arts, and in the School of Commerce. Separate instructors are provided for each of the departments of the School, so that no instructor is obliged to teach several subjects, an arrangement found unfortunately in too many American colleges. The School of Liberal Arts is commodiously and conveniently housed in the central building of the main group. All in all, in the personnel of its faculty, the numerous courses offered, the equipment and building, the liberal arts school of the J. M. U. will compare favorably with similar schools in the foremost colleges of the country.

“They who are pleased themselves must always please.”—Edith Bowyer.

The School of Engineering

ALBERT R. TAYLOR, Ph. D., President.



Prof. H. E. Smith.

HARRY E. SMITH, M. E.

Σ Ε.

Professor of Mechanical Engineering.

Cornell University, M. E. 1887; Practical experience with Brown and Sharpe Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I., and Wm. Sellers Co., Philadelphia, 1887-1888. Instructor Cornell University Shops, 1888-1889; Instructor Mechanical Engineering, University of Minnesota, 1889-1892. Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering, University of Minnesota, 1892-1901. Professor of Applied Mechanics and Machine Design, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, 1901-1905. Mem. A. S. M. E. Mem. S. P. E. E.

EUGENE C. WOODRUFF, Ph. D.

Professor of Electrical Engineering.

University of Michigan, B. S. 1894. M. S. 1896; Ph. D. 1900. Ann Arbor University School of Music, Pipe Organ. 1896. Teacher of Sciences in High Schools, Michigan, Chicago. Instructor 1900-1901. Assoc. Mem. A. I. E. E. Assoc. Mem. A. S. I. R. A.

CHARLES N. LAWRENCE, C. E.

Φ Κ Φ.

Professor of Civil Engineering.

Penn. State Normal, 1891; Penn. State College, B. S. 1897; C. E. 1904; Teacher public schools 1891-1894; Instructor Civil Engineering, Penn. State College, 1897-1899; Draftsman, Penn. Steel Co., 1899-1901. Structural Steel Engineer and Draftsman, 1901-1904; Instructor Civil Engineering, Penn. State College, 1904-1906. Assoc. Mem. A. Soc. C. E.

LORELL M. COLE.

Professor of Manual Training.

Colby High School, 1899; Stout Manual Training School for Teachers, full course, 1906; Teacher in Wisconsin Graded and High Schools, 1889-1901; Assistant Stout Manual Training School, 1901-1902; Director of Manual Training, Dunn County School of Agriculture, 1902-1906.

“The inconvenience or the beauty of the blush, which is greater?”—Helen Moffit.

JOSEPH J. BRANSBY.

Instructor in Pattern and Foundry Work.

Arkworth College, England, 1876-1881. Norwick Art Institute, 1882-1884. Manchester Technical School, England, Altrichen T. School, 1885-1887. Lewis Institute, Chicago, 1904. Practical experience in shopwork.

JAMES B. SHAW, D. Sc.

Professor of Mathematics.

ROBERT J. KELLOGG, Ph. D.

Professor of Modern Languages.

GRACE PATTEN CONANT, A. M.

Professor of English Language and Literature.

BENJAMIN B. JAMES, A. M.

Professor of Physics.

JOHN C. HESSLER, Ph. D.

Professor of Chemistry.

W. W. SMITH, LL. D.

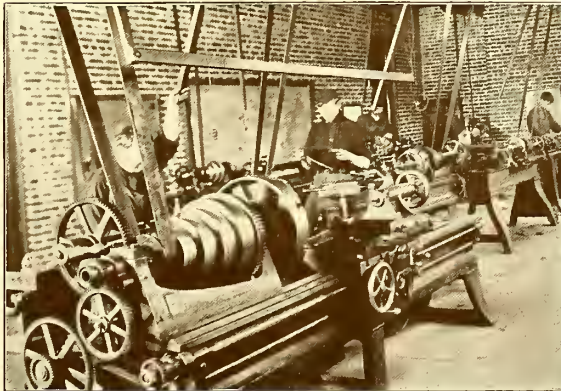
Professor of Commerce and Finance.

M. ELIZABETH COLEGROVE, A. B.

Associate Professor of Modern Languages.

HUBERT K. DAVENPORT, 1909.

Student Assistant.



“I shall tread in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor.”—Prof. W. W. Smith.

School of Engineering

ALBERT R. TAYLOR, Ph. D., President.



THE chief object of engineers is to keep things moving. The Wanderlust is so strong in the normal man that if organized means of travel were not available, and especially with round trip tickets, we might all become tramps, restlessly dodging weather and work. Again, since even the farmer has learned to specialize in production, the scattering of the accumulations of individual specialists so that A may not starve while B freezes to death becomes a matter of prime importance.

One object of engineering schools is to train men to make the distribution of people and things more uniform. The civil engineer prepares the way, the mechanical engineer, the tools and machines, and the electrical engineer brings together trails and trains and furnishes the push, at 120,000 volts, if you please. Of course each man must know something of and participate in the work of the others. For this reason the electrical engineering student studies surveying, the embryonic mechanical engineer shines in "D. C.", and the civil engineer-to-be hardens his mental digestion on a diet of extracts from all the courses that do not conflict in dates.

In common with other engineering schools the J. M. U. college of engineering aims to cover the essential ground in the above mentioned particulars for all three classes of engineers in both class work and laboratory practice. The civil engineer has work in designing roads and bridges and laboratory practice in testing materials. The mechanical engineer in pattern shop, foundry, forge and machine shops makes tools and machines, and in the mechanical laboratory operates and tests prime movers and their accessories. The electrical engineer in his laboratories tests and operates groups of machines, dynamos, motors, transformers, etc., and from their thus determined properties plans his systems for the generation, transmission, distribution, and utilization of energy.

The student masters all these items much better in school laboratories than in commercial shops, notwithstanding recently expressed opinions of self-styled "practical" men to the contrary.

Some of the reasons are these: In the school the object of everything is the training of the pupil. In the factory the apprentice is an incident, tolerated in so far as he is useful to the factory. In the school the various operations are attacked analytically, slowly enough for perfect mastery, yet a new one taken up as soon as the last one is familiar. In the commercial shop the apprentice learns chiefly by imitation and by following a routine of more or less superficial directions with no attempt to analyze laws and reasons. The school thus furnishes a happy combination of deliberation and speed, making the question of the student's success depend entirely on his own efforts.

There are various ways in which the engineering department realizes a kind and degree of culture unapproached by other educational subjects, such as in the co-ordination of physical and mental functions and in the materialization of mental concepts. Such things make engineering study valuable also for those who do not intend to take up engineering practice in after life.

"A man used not to be a ladies man to be a man."—Floyd Perry.

The School of Commerce and Finance

ALBERT R. TAYLOR, Ph. D., President.



Prof W. W. Smith.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE SMITH, LL. D.

Professor of Commerce and Finance.

Lafayette College, A. B. 1880. LLD. 1905. Princeton Theological Seminary, 1881-1882. Instructor Lawrenceville (N. J.) School, 1882-1885. Headmaster, Englewood (N. J.) School for Boys, 1885-1895. In business, New York and San Francisco, to 1904. Headmaster, Berkeley School, New York City, 1904-1905. President, Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Ia., 1905-1908.

WILLIAM C. STEVENSON, LL. B.

Professor of Commerce and Finance.

Kansas State Normal School, 1889; Chicago University, 1900; University of Virginia, 1901; Columbian University LL. B., 1902. Instructor in Bookkeeping, Commercial Law and Methods, Kansas State Normal School, 1889-1900; Principal Department of Commerce, The Jacob Tome Institute, 1900-1904.*

ELMER A. RILEY, A. B.

Δ T Δ

Assistant Professor of Commerce and Finance.

A. B. Baker University, 1905; Graduate Student and Fellow, History and Political Economy, University of Chicago, 1905-1908.

CALVERT W. DYER, A. B.

K Σ

Secretary and Instructor in Commerce and Finance.

Cumberland University, A. B. 1900; Lockyear's Business College, Ind., 1902.

HENRY C. STANLEY, A. B.

Assistant Professor of Commerce and Finance.

Fairfield College, 1887-1892, A. B. and Professor of Bookkeeping and Commercial Law; Northwestern University of Nebr., 1894-1896, M. S.; Fairfield College, 1896, M. Acct.; Peru State Normal, 1899-1900. State Certificate.

* First Semester.

"Never idle a moment but thrift and thoughtful of others."—Paul Welch.

Principal Manhato Commercial College 1901-1903. Illinois College of Law.
1907-1908.

ALBERT T. MILLS, A. M.
Professor of History and Political Science.

ROBERT J. KELLOGG, Ph. D.
Professor of Modern Languages.

GRACE PATTEN CONANT, A. M.
Professor of English Language and Literature.

JOHN C. HESSLER, Ph. D.
Professor of Chemistry.



“A little, tiny, pretty, witty charming darling she.”—Helen Waggoner.

School of Commerce and Finance



THE original plans announced by the authorities of The James Millikin University included a School of Commerce and Finance. Some preparatory courses were given in the first year of the institution; in the second, a four year Academy course and a full collegiate course of four years were inaugurated. Under the able and enthusiastic direction of Professor William Clarence Stevenson, the School grew steadily in numbers, equipment, esprit de corps, the latter an intangible but valuable asset in business. Impaired health compelled Professor Stevenson to resign his duties entirely in December, 1908. The event has called forth multiplied manifestations of sympathy, affection, and esteem, from students, faculty associates, and the community, which beautifully express the worth of the man and his work. In January, Dr. William Wilberforce Smith succeeded to the Directorship. He brings to the furtherance of this department the preparation of wide experience in business and in teaching.

The School of Commerce and Finance aims to respond to the demand made by the business world for young men with such education as will enable them to fit quickly and successfully into positions, administration and management, and to serve that large body of students who aspire to liberal education but are impatient of scholastic discipline that have no obvious relation to what they expect to do in life. It maintains that the cultural purpose of college life need not be sacrificed in studies distinctly related to the kinds of skill and knowledge, commercial and industrial employments require. Its curriculum includes courses in the languages, in physical and social sciences and in history, as well as in the distinctive subjects of accountancy, transportation, commercial law, municipal, industrial, and corporate organization. Its students have their full share in the general literary, social and athletic organizations and activities of the University. The excellence of the course as a foundation for a variety of subsequent occupations is happily illustrated by the record of the eleven graduates the School already boasts.

Commerce and Finance Men are justly proud of the men who have graduated from the School and of the class of 1909.

James D. Moses, '06, the first graduate. Employ Emporia National Bank, Emporia, Kansas.

Orris Bennett, '07. Employ of Salt Lake City Hardware Co., Salt Lake City, Utah.

J. Arthur Moore, '07. Clerk in Adjutant General's office, War Department.

Chas. A. Post, '07 is travelling representative of the Daily Capital of Des Moines, Iowa.

Eugene Starr Cole, '08. Employ of the Illinois Traction System.

Hiram Shumway, '08. General Manager Taylorville Mercantile Co.

Masuji Matsumoto. Employ of his father, a banker in Tokio, Japan.

Cyrus H. Hoggatt. Traveling evangelistic singer.

The following men compose the class of '09. Each submits a thesis of 30,000 words upon graduating. The names of the graduates and their thesis follow:

Wm. H. Bell. Rise and Growth of a Private Express Co.

Carleton F. Mattes. Capital and Labor.

Norman J. Sansom. Development of the United States Implement Industry.

"Can't get a grind on me. I never did anything or ever said anything."—Edgar Allen.

The School of Pedagogy

ALBERT R. TAYLOR, Ph. D., President.



Prof. B. B. James.

ALBERT R. TAYLOR, Ph. D., LL. D.
Philosophy, Ethics and Pedagogy.

Lincoln University, Ph. B. 1872, Ph. D. 1882; Cumberland University, LL. D. 1906. Professor Natural Science. Lincoln University, 1872-1882. President State Normal School of Kansas, 1882-1901; President of James Millikin University 1901—.

BENJAMIN B. JAMES, A. M.
Professor of Methods and Management. Principal of the Academy. Instructor of Physics.

A. M. Northwestern University, 1884; Northwestern University and University of Chicago, Post graduate work 1893-1894 and 1899-1901. Principal High School and Teacher of Physics 1893-1894 and 1899-1901. Professor of Physics, Racine College and State Normal School, St. Cloud, Minn.

JOHN E. ROUSE, A. M.
Instructor in Philosophy.

Warrensburg (Mo.) State Normal School, Ph. B., 1891; Lincoln College, A. B. 1894; University of Kansas, A. M. 1896; Harvard University, A. M. 1901; Townsend Scholar, Harvard, 1902-3; Tutor in Philosophy, 1905-8. Instructor in Philosophy and Education, Summer School of Dartmouth College, 1907.

JAMES D. ROGERS, Ph. D.
Professor of Ancient Languages.
Dean of Faculty.

Teachers' Course in Latin.

WILLIAM H. VARNUM.
Professor of Fine and Applied Arts, Methods In.

ROBERT J. KELLOGG, Ph. D.
Professor of Modern Languages, Methods In.

MYRA B. CLARK, A. M.
Professor of Domestic Science, Methods In.

“Among them, but not of them.”—The Jap.

NINA B. FORSYTHE.

Professor of Domestic Art, Methods In.

LORELL M. COLE.

Professor of Manual Training, Methods In.

CHARLES N. LANPHERE.

Associate Professor of Piano Playing, Methods In.

The School of Pedagogy



IN the original plan for the organization of the College, the School of Pedagogy was given a co-ordinate position with the other schools. The demand for teachers who have taken special courses in training for their work as well as courses in academic subjects, increases every year. These special courses include elementary psychology, child-study, methods of teaching, the art of school management, the philosophy of education, history of education, and theoretical and practical courses in subjects in which the student is wishing to

specialize, as domestic science, modern language, ancient languages, fine and applied arts, music, manual training, etc. These practical courses include practice teaching, with the usual criticisms and personal suggestions.

Much interest has been shown in the courses offered from the opening of the College, the classes in the elementary courses averaging from twelve to fifteen members and in the advanced courses nearly half as many. The total number during the current year is twenty-seven. The instructors in the general and special subjects are among the best men and women in the faculty and students completing the briefer or the advanced courses are as well prepared for the profession of teaching as those completing similar courses elsewhere. The degree which the School offers those taking the four years' course is that of Bachelor of Science with Pedagogy.

Practically all of those who have taken either class of courses have readily received desirable positions. Indeed nearly every year the applications at the office for teachers who have specialized in certain lines have exceeded the supply several times over. Nearly all secondary schools as well as institutions of learning of a higher order now prefer to employ college graduates who have taken courses in pedagogy and who have fitted themselves in the specific subjects which they propose to teach. As every one knows, a teacher thus equipped not only gives better satisfaction to his patrons but to himself as well. The salary paid such teachers, not altogether an ignoble consideration, is usually much higher.

"I need no grind for I am one."—Margaret Taylor.

The School of Library Science

ALBERT R. TAYLOR, Ph. D., President.



Prof. Eugenia Allin.

EUGENIA ALLIN.

Φ Δ Ψ

Librarian and Instructor in Library Science.

Library School of the University of Illinois, B. L. S., 1903.

The Library

The Library occupies three beautiful rooms in one of the best locations to be found in any one of the group of buildings. The south exposure being admirable for library purposes.

The Head of each Department is more or less a specialist in his line. Hence the collection of books housed in these rooms is regarded as a Specialized Library, since the books for the various departments are those suggested for purchase by the Head of the Department which they represent.

We regret the fact that the Library appropriation is necessarily small and curtails our needs. However the volumes included in the various departments are the latest and best works on a given subject, forming the nucleus of a superb working library for the

school. This aim has been the foremost idea in the minds of all concerned since the opening of the college. The Library has between five and six thousand volumes including bound volumes of periodicals and some selected government documents; classified and arranged on open shelves.

Our accessions each year revive the problem of needed additional space; both in the matter of shelving of books, and the accommodation of the students while working in the Library. A room for individual research work is greatly needed as are also study and seminar rooms, class rooms and rooms of various kinds for those specializing in the professional course in Library Science. We hope the time is not far distant when we may have a separate Library Building which will meet all these needs.

Aside from the so-called departmental books the Library receives regularly over one hundred periodicals. These include weekly, monthly and quarterly journals of a popular, semi-popular, critical and technical nature, the completed volumes of which are bound in permanent form. The value of these for reference and research work can not be estimated.

The student body seems to appreciate the advantages to be gained thru the accumulated information in the silent contributors to knowledge which are stored in these rooms. This being proved by the circulation statistics, which, taking into account the classes of books included in the Library, we consider an able showing.

"I care not what they praise nor what they blame."—Sylvia Fiske.

The School of Domestic Economy

ALBERT R. TAYLOR, Ph. D., President.



Prof. Myra B. Clarke.

MYRA B. CLARKE, A. M.

Professor of Domestic Science.

University of Washington, A. B. 1900; Diploma for Elementary Teaching, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1902; Diploma in Domestic Science, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1905; Columbia University, A. M. 1905; Teacher of City Schools, Seattle, Washington; Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.; Vacation and evening schools, New York City. Professor of Home Economics, Clarkson School of Technology, Potsdam, New York, 1905-1907.

NINA B. FORSYTHE.

Professor of Domestic Art.

Boston Domestic Art and Dress Cutting College. Instructor, Hampton Institute, 1892-1897; Study, Boston, 1897-1898; Kamehameha, Honolulu, Hawaii, 1898-1905; Swedish Art School, Boston, 1905-1906; Supervisor of Domestic Art, Newton Schools, 1906-1907.

THOMAS W. GALLOWAY, Ph. D.

Professor of Biology.

ALBERT T. MILLS, Ph. B., A. M.

Professor of History and Political Science.

JAMES B. SHAW, D. Sc.

Professor of Mathematics.

WILLIAM H. VARNUM.

Professor of Fine and Applied Arts.

ROBERT J. KELLOGG, Ph. D.

Professor of Modern Languages.

JOHN C. HESSLER, Ph. D.

Professor of Chemistry.

"A man with a head light both on the inside and outside."—Lester Ennis.

GRACE PATTEN CONANT, A. M.
Professor of English Literature.

BENJAMIN B. JAMES, A. M.
Professor of Physics.

M. ELIZABETH COLEGROVE, A. B.
Associate Professor of Modern Languages.

ZUBA E. JAMES, 1909.
Student Assistant in Domestic Science.

KATHERINE E. WRIGHT.
Student Assistant in Domestic Art.



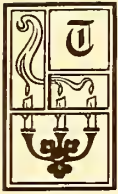
Class in Cooking.



Class in Sewing.

“Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.”
—Senior Class.

School of Domestic Economy



THE Domestic Economy department occupies the east wing of the main building and has a beautiful outlook over a grove of oak trees on three sides of the campus.

The lower floor, devoted to Domestic Art, is divided into two big sunny rooms, filled with tables, sewing machines, wardrobes, looms, spinning wheels, a full length mirror and other paraphernalia necessary for the execution of practical work in sewing. The suite is completed by a very attractive office for the instructor's use.

In the hall leading to the rooms are displayed cabinets containing handsome embroideries, fine needlework, hand-woven cloths, baskets, shellwork, costumes of South Sea Islanders, and samples showing the steps in the manufacture of the leading textile fibres; all of which have been donated or loaned to the department. With the growth of the school the number of such purchases and donations will probably increase so as to form a permanent as well as valuable collection to illustrate correctly the development of the textile industry from the most primitive forms of handiwork to the most artistic creation of fine needlework and the historical evolution of costumes from the Samoan Grass raincoat now owned to the latest achievement of modern designers.

The Domestic Science suite on the second floor consists of lecture, kitchen, and dining rooms; office and pantries. The kitchen is equipped with tiled desks arranged to accommodate nineteen students and suitably supplied with the necessary utensils for all ordinary work; while on the shelves and in the cupboards of the supply rooms are to be found a goodly array of extra pots and pans. Gas is used entirely for cooking at the present time because of its cleanliness, convenience and rapidity, though we hope later to have all fuels represented. The hall cabinets are filled with a dietetic display showing the composition and cost of the commonest food materials. The department has been making a catalogued collection of government and other pamphlets on Domestic Science subjects the past year, which with certain technical periodicals are placed in the lecture room for the use of the students.

As the aim of the course in Domestic Economy is to raise the standard of house life, the subjects taught in both departments are made as useful as possible to render the girls both efficient and proficient. Besides the students taking the regular four years professional course leading to a bachelor's degree, many girls in the college elect certain of these classes as a relaxation from the so-called cultural, but possibly impractical courses pursued elsewhere. This year shows a marked increase in the number graduating from Domestic Economy as well as an unusual number of freshmen.

The one so like the other
As could not be distinguished, but by names."—

Lelah Hackenberg.
Hallie Staley.

The School of Fine and Applied Arts

ALBERT R. TAYLOR, Ph. D., President.



Prof. W. H. Varnum.

WILLIAM H. VARNUM.

Professor of Fine and Applied Arts.

Rindge Manual Training School, Cambridge, Mass., 1894; Julien Studio, Paris, 1901; School of Design, Harvard University, 1902; Massachusetts State Normal Art School, 1903. Instructor Freehand and Mechanical Drawing and Designing, Rindge Manual Training School, 1900-1902; Principal Art Department, Cambridge, Y. M. C. A., 1898-1903; Instructor City of Boston Evening Drawing Schools, 1901-1903; Practical Experience in Mechanical Drawing.

JAMES D. ROGERS, Ph. D.

Lecturer on History of Architecture and Sculpture.

LORELL M. COLE.

Professor of Mechanical Drawing.

J. H. DICKEY, B. S.

Instructor in Perspective and Descriptive Geometry.

EMMA L. BAKER, B. S.

Instructor in Keramics.

Lincoln University, B. S., 1900; The James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, 1905; Art Institute, Chicago, Summer Term, 1905.

E. LOUISE GUERNSEY.

ΔΘΨ.

Instructor in Fine Arts.

Graduate Art Institute, Chicago, Sculpture, 1906. Normal Course with honors, 1906. One year travel and study abroad, 1907-1908. Instructor Summer Term Chicago Art Institute, 1908.

IRENE HANDLIN.

ΔΘΨ.

Instructor in Fine and Applied Arts.

Graduate Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Illinois, 1905; The James Millikin University, B. S. in Fine and Applied Arts, 1907. Instructor in Drawing, Summer School, James Millikin University, 1907-1908. Post-Graduate course in Fine and Applied Arts, The James Millikin University, 1907-1908.

"Better to smoke here, than hereafter."—Kid Kappa Delts.

The School of Fine and Applied Arts



AN ART education of the present century, particularly in the United States, embodies ideas radically differing from those of forty years ago. Now as in the time of the old masters of the Renaissance, the artist and craftsman work in unison in an art education. To the artist's equipment of the palette, brush and paint must be added the hammers, forms, wheels and kiln of the craftsman. A modern studio, particularly in the applied arts, resembles a systematized workshop, where the student craftsman may see the ideas formulated by careful study and refined taste, materialize in the metal or clay. The School of Fine Arts is especially fortunate in the possession of a series of studios scarcely equalled outside of a few large cities of the Middle West.

A large life class and painting studio, where the model poses every afternoon, whose walls are covered with photographs and paintings of the works of the old masters, and whose cases are well filled with casts, anatomical figures, pottery, brass and copper jars, affords an ideal place for the development of the artistic instinct.

Opening from this studio is that of the Applied Arts, with its full assortment of hammers, electrical polishing lathes, looms and blast lamps. Closely correlated with this room in spirit is that of clay modeling and pottery studio. Two large kilns, with a capacity of 3000 F. and two barrels of biscuit pottery and numerous stands for the modeling from life, form the principal fittings of this studio.

The Keramies Academy and mechanical drawing studios while not so spectacular from the visitors view point are equally supplied with china kilns, drawing tables and still life material. The studio of the Director of the School is sufficiently illustrated by the reproduction shown. The equipment means nothing without competent instructors. Each instructor in the School of Fine and Applied Arts is specially trained for a particular department and their fitness for the work and training is indicated in another part of the book.



Class in Painting.

But all in all, she was what you call, an exceedingly pretty girl."--Bess Dooley.

The School of Music

ALBERT R. TAYLOR, Ph. D., President.



Hermann H. Kaemper.

HERMANN H. KAEUPER.

Director School of Music and Professor of Piano Playing.

Cincinnati College of Music; Student of Frank Van der Stucken, et al; Instructor in Cincinnati College of Music, 1896-1897; Director Conservatory of Music, Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, 1897-1902.

CHARLES N. LANPHERE.

Professor of the Art of Teaching Music and Associate Professor of Piano Playing.

Director, School of Music, Lowville Academy, Lowville, New York, 1893-1895; New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, 1898; Virgil Piano School, New York City, 1900; Director, Virgil Piano School, Chicago, 1900-1902; Teacher and Lecturer in Berlin, Germany, 1902-1903.

FREDERICK H. BAKER.

Associate Professor of Piano Playing.

New England Conservatory, Boston, 1893. Royal Conservatory, Leipzig; Post-Graduate work with Carl Faelton, Dr. Louis Maas, Mrs. Thomas Tapper et al.

THOMPSON STONE.

Professor of Pipe Organ, History of Music and Associate Professor of Piano Playing.

New England Conservatory of Music, Organ pupil of Wallace Goodrich, 1902-1904. Piano with Mrs. Thomas Tapper, Boston, 1903-1905; Harmony, Theory and Analysis, Newton Swift, Boston, 1903-1904; Study with Theodor Leschetizky, Vienna, 1906.

ISABEL METS.

Associate Professor of Piano Playing.

Private study, piano playing, New York City with Mary H. Burnham; Harmony, A. H. Goodrich, 1896-1901. Edward Schirner, Berlin, 1901-1902; William

"Oh yes, I was rushed just awfully."—May Kincaid.

H. Sherwood, Chicago, 1902-1903; Frau Dr. Bree and Theodor Leschetizky, Vienna, 1906-1907. Director of Music Hamilton College, Lexington, Ky., 1903-1906. Director of Music, Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va., 1907-1908.

WILLIAM B. OLDS.

Professor of the Art of Singing and Theoretical Branches.

A. B. Beloit College, Beloit, Wis., 1898; Oberlin Conservatory, Oberlin, Ohio, 1898-1899; also in 1905; American Conservatory, Chicago, 1899-1900; Singing, Karleton Hackett, Piano Playing, Victor Garwood; Theory and Composition, Adolph Weidig; Student Assistant in Voice, Harmony, Composition and Piano Playing American Conservatory, 1899-1900; Professor of Voice Culture, Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, 1900-1904; Acting Director Grinnell School of Music, 1903-1904; Private teaching, Jacksonville, Ill., 1906-1908.

THECKLA LEAFBOURG.

X Σ Φ.

Associate Professor of the Art of Singing.

Columbia School of Music, Chicago, 1904; Concert Touring, 1905; Private teacher of voice culture, Chicago, 1906.

EDSON W. MORPHY.

Professor of Violin Playing and Conductor School of Music Orchestra.

New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, 1899; Post-Graduate course, New England Conservatory, 1901-1902; with Paul Viardot, Paris, 1905-1906; Professor Violin Playing and Theoretical Branches of Music, Normal Conservatory, Potsdam, New York, 1900; Director in Violin and Orchestral Departments, Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1903-1905.

ADA EMILE LINDSAY.

K K Γ

Secretary School of Music.

University of Illinois, 1901-1902; A. B., The James Millikin University, 1905.

ORA ROGERS.

Instructor in Piano Playing.

Certificate of Proficiency in Harmony, 1906; Piano Teachers Certificate, Certificate of Proficiency in Piano Playing, 1907; Piano Teachers Diploma, The James Millikin University, 1908.

AUGUSTA SEWELL.

Instructor in Harmony and Piano Playing.

Piano Teachers Certificate, Chicago Musical College, 1901. Supervisor of music in public schools, Laketon, Ind., 1902-1903; Public School Music Diploma, American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, 1906. Certificate of Proficiency in Harmony, The James Millikin University School of Music, 1908.

“College news.”—Dean Rogers.

MADAH MAY SNELL.

Instructor in Piano Playing.

Certificate of Proficiency in Piano Playing, 1906. Piano Teachers Certificate, The James Millikin University School of Music, 1907.

EDNA CHILDS.

Instructor in Piano Playing.

American Conservatory, Piano Playing and Harmony, 1906. Diploma in Piano Playing, The James Millikin University School of Music, 1908.

NELLIE GEBHART.

Instructor in Piano Playing.

Diploma in Piano Playing, The James Millikin University School of Music, 1908.

LILLIE ASHBY.

Instructor in Piano Playing.

Certificate of Proficiency in Piano Playing. Certificate of Proficiency in Harmony, Piano Teachers Certificate, The James Millikin University School of Music, 1907.

BARBETTA FAHRNKOPF.

Instructor in Piano Playing.

Certificate of Proficiency in Piano Playing, 1906; Piano Teachers Certificate, 1907. The James Millikin University School of Music.

MARY HEMENWAY.

Instructor in Violin Playing.

Certificate of Proficiency, 1907, The James Millikin University School of Music.

"A lovely girl is above all rank."—Edna Davis.

School of Music



THE School of Music of The James Millikin University opened in September, 1903. The faculty now numbers eleven professors, eight instructors and a number of assistant teachers. The enrollment has had an interesting increase each of the five years as follows.—158-238-250-303 and 444. The recitals and concerts given by the school reflect great credit upon the members of the faculty; the pupils' recitals demonstrating the ability of the faculty members as teachers and the faculty concerts their ability as artists.

Organization was effected by the director, Mr. Hermann H. Kaeuper, upon the high ideals necessary to artistic results and the curriculum provides for its students not only thoro knowledge of music as an art and science, but as a most valuable factor in a broad and liberal education. Mr. Kaeuper has demonstrated in this community the unusual development that is possible by the application to the teaching of music of modern psychological and pedagogical principles.

The School of Music consists of elementary, academic, collegiate departments and a special teachers' training department, including classes in the training of those desiring to teach piano playing and of those who wish to teach music in the public schools.

Many advantages are gained by students who study music in a college. Students are required to attend classes regularly. Teachers have no business matters to occupy their time, so that they are able to concentrate their full attention and entire energy upon the musical education of their pupils.

In a school such as this is, pupils have every advantage which private instruction offers, with many additional ones. Where there are several hundred students intent upon the attainment of proficiency each in his particular branch, much inspiration is gained by the exchange of ideas and a wholesome musical atmosphere is created which is most valuable to every student.

Such branches of study which can only be taught satisfactorily in a college as harmony, counterpoint, composition, orchestration, history of music and psychology in its relation to music are essential to serious students of music.

The School was unusually fortunate this season in the addition to its equipment as a gift from Mr. Millikin of a two manual and pedal pipe-organ for studio work, and five Steinway pianos, three studio grands and two concert grands.

"I want someone to make a fuss over me."—Della Wilson.

The Academy

ALBERT R. TAYLOR, Ph. D., President.



THE purpose of the Academy is to prepare young men and young women for this and other colleges. It is not a finishing school; its object is not to round out and complete the education of the pupil; it is to get him ready in the shortest possible time to enter the university and do efficient work.

The courses of study are laid out with special reference to making the student familiar with such preliminary knowledge as he must have to be able to do college work in the particular lines he may choose.

All young people who come to us with the serious desire to make ready for university work in the least possible time, we are prepared and disposed to push along as rapidly as is consistent with their best interests. In the twelve years of school before the university, from one year to three years could be saved by close attention to essentials. This is the method pursued in Germany, in many private schools in America, and ably advocated for our public schools by Harper, Butler and others.

Nevertheless, American colleges are becoming more and more disposed to take the pupils where they are when they leave good secondary schools of all kinds, and our courses of study are flexible enough for the pupil to have a fair preparation for life, when he graduates from our Academy, if he chooses to select those studies that particularly prepare him for mercantile or other industrial pursuits.

Special attention is called to the Commercial and Manual Training Courses and the courses in Domestic Art and Domestic Science. These courses are taught by a well prepared corps, adequate in numbers and experience. The equipment is up-to-date and elaborate. Two years of gymnasium work are required. More and more is it true that the competition of the modern world requires capacity for long hours of hard work. Success in life today is, as it has always been, for most people a question of vitality and reserve power; it is a severer test of physical ability to work, than of knowledge or of mental power. The years from fourteen to twenty are by far the most important in determining lung capacity and endurance, the former we now know is usually in direct proportion to intellectual power and both will be potent factors in the life success or failure of each member of the rising generation. Hence the stress we lay upon physical education.

"I pray thee cease thy counsel
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve."—Raymond Turner.



Design for Drinking Fountain

E. Louise Guernsey

Awarded the Mrs. Lyman A. Walton prize for an ideal conception in Chicago Artists Exhibit 1909.

“If any one would like to see me, he will find me each morning from eleven to twelve in the museum.”—P. Lehenbauer.



Faculty Homes.

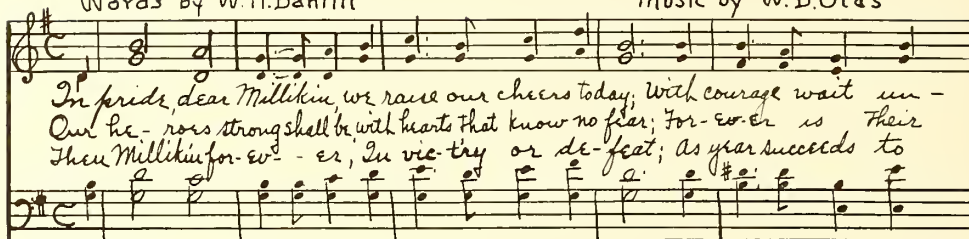


Faculty Juniors.

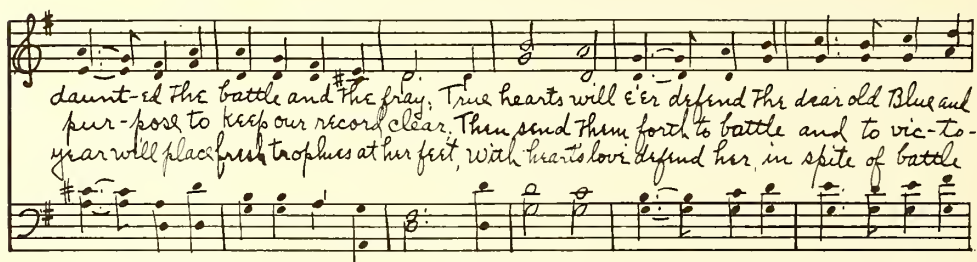
MILLIKIN TRIUMPHANT

Words by W. H. Banfill

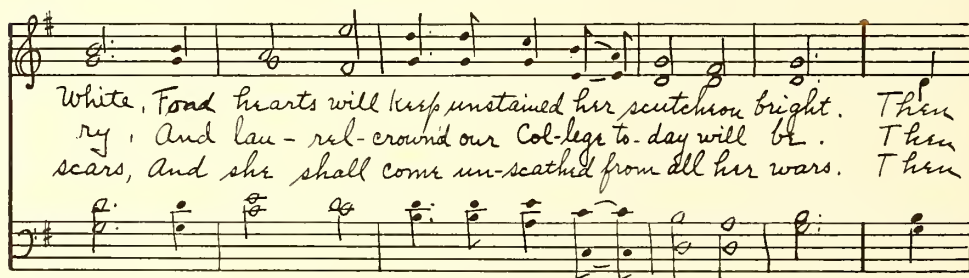
Music by W. B. Olds



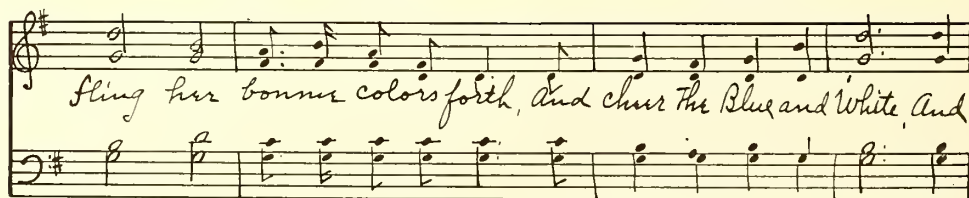
In pride, dear Millikin, we raise our cheers today; With courage wait un-
Our he-ros strong shall be with hearts that know no fear; For-ev-er is their
Then Millikin for-ev-er, In vic-try or de-feat; As year succeeds to



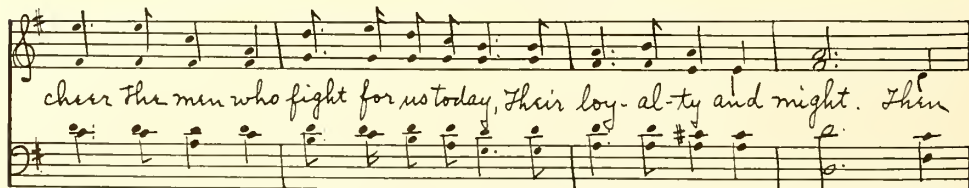
daunt-ed the battle and the fray, True hearts will e'er defend the dear old Blue and
pur-pose to keep our record clear. Then send them forth to battle and to vic-to-
year will place fresh trophies at her feet, with hearts low defend her, in spite of battle



White, Food hearts will keep unstained her scutcheon bright. Then
ry, And lau-rel-crown our Col-legs to-day will be. Then
scars, And she shall come un-scathed from all her wars. Then



fling her bonnet colors forth, And cheer the Blue and White, And



cheer the men who fight for us today, Their loy-al-ty and might. Then

fling her bonnie colors forth, And cheer the Blue and White, And

fight for dear old Mil-li-kin, That we keep her honor bright, for love

honor We heap up on her, And chant her praises in our song, Will never

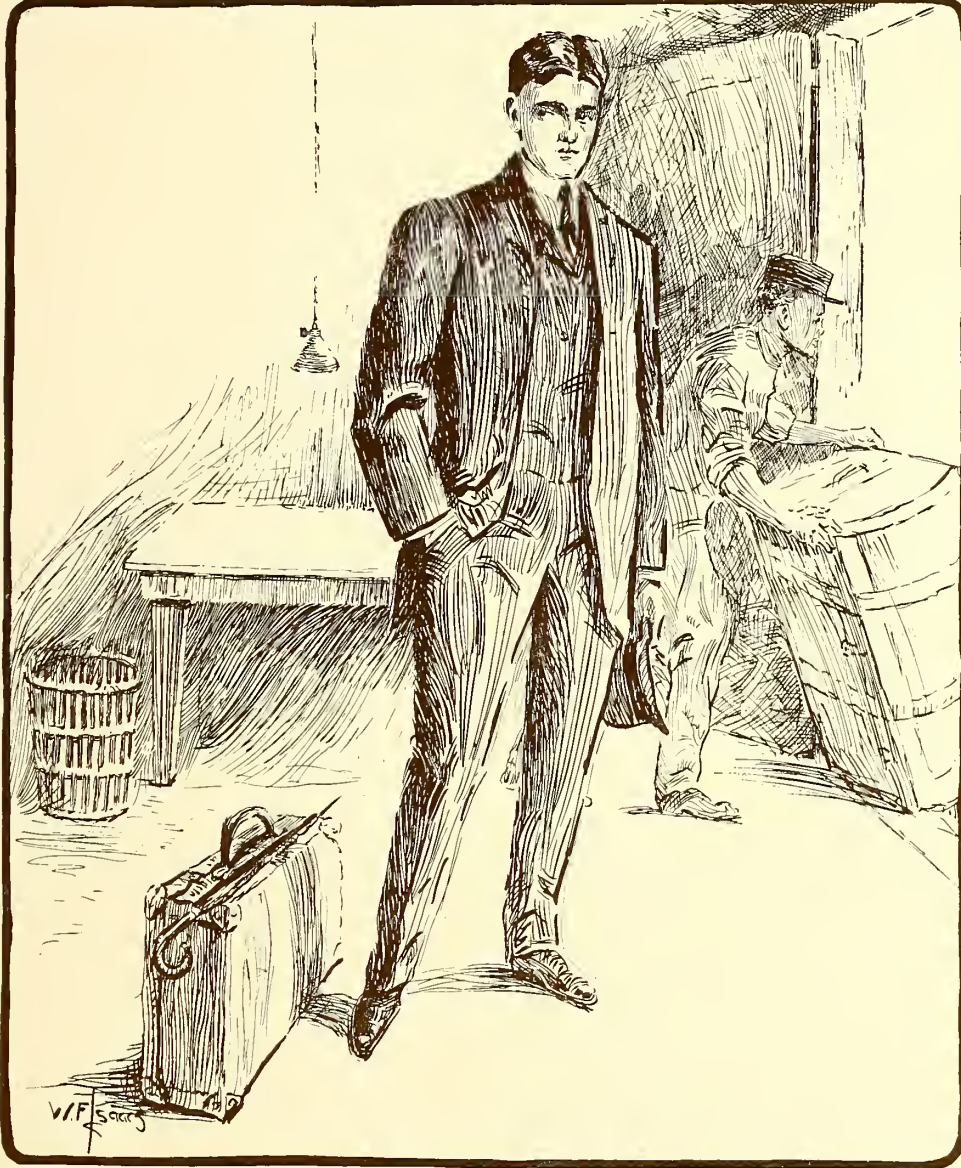
fail her Tho' foes assail her, But will stand so true and strong. Then

fling her bonnie colors forth, And cheer the Blue and White, And

fight for dear old Mil-li-kin That we keep her honor bright.



SENIORS



Class of 1909

Officers

Carleton F. Mattes	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Helen E. Mills	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Alice N. Dempsey	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Chester B. Hyde	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
William Bell	{										Marshals
Ward J. Bricker		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	

Motto

Res non verba.

Colors

Purple and White.

Committees

Reception

Alice Dempsey (Chairman)
Norman Sansom
Helen Bishop
Gary Hudson

Outing

William Bell
Maude Carter
Irene Staley

Present

Carleton F. Mattes (Chairman)
Walter Isaacs
Helen Mills

Wearing Apparel

Clifford Miller
William Bell
Maude Carter

Invitations

Carleton F. Mattes (Chairman)
Mrs. Zuba James
Erma C. Anderson

“If you do not wish a man to do a thing, you had better get him to talk about it; for the more men talk, the more likely they are to do nothing else.”
—Philip McGrath.

Senior Poem



DEAR comrades, the fates have woven our hearts
Through the web of the years together.
In the union of ranks that battle imparts,
Hand in hand we have ventured thru sunshine and rain,
In the days of our wars, in storm and in strain,
We have fought in mutual endeavor.

We gather once more beneath the dear walls,
With memories dear surrounded;
Once more ere the task of the future day calls,
In joy and in sorrow together we meet
And the paths we are leaving grow glad to our feet,
Where the roses of life abounded.

Tomorrow, we journey afar on our way,
Unheedful of song and of singer,
But while the hours last we'll be joyful and gay,
Till even shall find us reluctant to go,
And words of farewell shall whispered be—low,
While twilight soft doth linger.

“He says a thousand pleasant things, but never says ‘Adieu.’ ”—Chester Hyde.



Erma Clark Anderson.

ΠΒΦ. ΔΘΨ

Decatur, Illinois; B. S. in Fine and Applied Arts; Decatur High School '04; Y. W. C. A. Secretary '06; Certificate in Applied Arts '07; Woman's College of Baltimore '08; Editor-in-chief of the Millidek '09. Thesis:—The Historical Development of Metal Work from the Byzantine Period to the Modern.

"She was—but words would fail to tell the what; Think what a woman should be, she was that."



Goldia Atherton.

Lovington, Illinois; B. S. in Fine and Applied Arts; Decatur High School '05; Y. W. C. A.; Orlandian Literary Society; Secretary of Orlandian '08; Girls' Varsity Basket Ball Team '07; Senior Play '09. Thesis:—The Development of Color.

"She looks as clear as morning roses Newly washed with dew."



William H. Banfill.

Bushnell, Illinois; B. S. in Scientific Course; Bushnell High School '04; Philomathean Literary Society; Scientific Association; Y. M. C. A.; Dramatic Art Club; Debating Club; Critic Philomathean (2 terms); Winner of Inter-Society Short Story Contest '08, '09; Dramatic Art Contest '07, '08, '09; Decaturian Staff '08, '09; Rodgers and Clark Short Story Contest '07, '09; Winner '09; Senior Play '09; Literary Editor of the Millidek '09. Thesis:—Responses of Lower Organisms.

"Look then, unto thine heart and write!"



Herbert O. Barnes.

Springfield, Illinois; A. B. in Scientific Course; State Life Diploma; Teacher of Mathematics in Springfield High School. Thesis:—Practical High School Algebra.

"Earnestness alone makes life eternity."

The Decaturian bears heavy on his brow."—Fred T. McGee.



William H. Bell,

Α Ζ Θ

Mattoon, Illinois; B. S. in Commerce and Finance; Mattoon High School '04; Philomathean Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Commerce and Finance Association; Prosecuting Attorney Philomathean '06; Treasurer of Philomathean '07; Class President '08; Business Manager of the Decaturian '09; Varsity Foot-Ball Team '06, '07, '08; Manager of Base Ball Team '09. Thesis:—Rise and Growth of the Private Express Business.

"See the loud, vociferous Bell,
Hear him clashing, clanging on the pavement."



Ora Endes Bellamy.

Φ Η

Stonington, Illinois; A. B. in Scientific Course; Taylorville High School '05; Philomathean Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.; Marshal of Philomathean '06; Corresponding Secretary of Philomathean '08; Vice-President of Philomathean '08; Literary Editor of Decaturian '08; Exchange Editor of Decaturian '09; Secretary Literary League '09. Thesis:—The Psychological Novel; A Study of Gaskell, Meredith and Eliott.

"Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays;
Who well deserves needs not other's praise."



Helen Adelia Bishop.

Δ Θ Ψ

Decatur, Illinois; B. S. in Domestic Economy; Decatur High School '04; Y. W. C. A.; Teachers' College of Columbia University '08; Senior Reception Committee; Organization Editor of the Millidek '09. Thesis:—Sociological Benefits of Home Economics as a Study.

"For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman than to study household good."



Alice Roberta Bone.

Δ Θ Ψ

Petersburg, Illinois; A. B. in the Classical Course; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club; Treasurer of Girls' Glee Club '06; Class Vice-President '08; Vice-President Y. W. C. A. '07; Certificate in Music '07; Teacher in Petersburg, Illinois '08; Thesis:—The Indebtedness of the Modern World to Calabria and Sicily.

"A woman of uncommon silence and reserve."

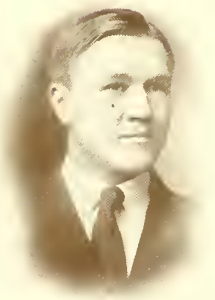
"I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon."—C. W. F. King.



Lucile Margaret Bragg.

Decatur, Illinois; A. B. in Classical Course; Decatur High School '05; Y. W. C. A. Thesis:—De Quincey's Attitude toward the Classics.

"Quiet and sincere with success as her main object."



Ward J. Bricker.

K Δ X

Argenta, Illinois; A. B. in Classical Course; J. M. U. Academy '05; Y. M. C. A.; Class Marshal '09. Thesis—Evolution of the Drama.

"With the map of Germany strongly imprinted upon his countenance."



Mary Edna Burgess.

Bement, Illinois; B. S. in Domestic Economy; Bement High School '05; Y. W. C. A.; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '07, '08, '09; Leader of the Student Volunteer Band '09. Thesis:—The Modern Kitchen.

"True happiness, (if understood),
Consists alone in doing good."



Maud Carter.

Decatur, Illinois; B. S. in Fine and Applied Arts; Decatur High School '05; Y. W. C. A.; Captain Sub-Varsity Basket Ball Team '06; Varsity Basket Ball Team '07; Literary Editor of the Milldek. Thesis:—The Life and Work of Turner, and Ruskin's Interpretation.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

"There we shall rest and faith we shall need it."—Milldek Board.



Frank R. Culp.

Warrensburg, Illinois; B. S. in Electrical Engineering; J. M. U. Academy '05; Engineering Society; President of Engineering Society '08; Class Treasurer '08. Thesis:—Design, Construction, and Testing of a 5 K. W. 3-phase Alternator with Rotating Field.

"A species not yet classified."



Hubert K. Davenport.

K Δ X

Crossville, Illinois; B. S. in Civil Engineering; J. M. U. Academy '05; Chicago University Summer School '05; Orlandian Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Engineering Society; Com. Fin. Club; Tennis Manager '05; Class President '06; Secretary Athletic Association '06; Critic of Orlandian '06; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; Track Team '06, '07, '08; Captain of Track Team '08, '09; Manager of Base Ball Team '06; Publisher of Varsity Directory '07, '08; Business Manager of Engineering Society '07, '08; President of Athletic Association '08; Business Manager of the Millidek '09. Thesis:—Modern Methods of Sewage Disposal.

"I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be content."



Alice Natalie Dempsey.

Decatur, Illinois; A. B. in Classical Course; Decatur High School '05; Orlandian Literary Society; Class Vice-President '07; Mt. Holyoke College '08; Holyoke Y. W. C. A.; Class Secretary '09; Chairman Senior Reception Committee; Associate Editor of the Millidek '09. Thesis:—The Fendal Regime.

"We did it that way at Holyoke last year."



Mary Louise Elder.

Argenta, Illinois; A. B. in Classical Course; Union High School, Petersburg, Illinois '05; Philomathean Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club; Chorus; Secretary of Philomathean '08. Thesis:—Praxiteles and Scopas.

"So long, Mary, how we hate to see you go."

"Ability is the poor man's wealth."—Arthur Gee.



Charles H. Hartwig.

Χ Ρ Σ

Blue Mound, Illinois; A. B. in Classical Course; Macon County Public Schools '00; Orlandian Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Dramatic Art Club; President Orlandian '08; Secretary Y. M. C. A. '02, '03; Vice-President Y. M. C. A. '05; President Y. M. C. A. '07; Ministerial Association; President Ministerial Association '07. Thesis:—Grecian Education.

"All the world's a stage; I like the world."

H. Gary Hudson.



Decatur, Illinois; A. B. in Classical Course; J. M. U. Academy '05; Philomathean Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Glee Club '05, '06, '07; Certificate of School of Music '07; Chaplain of Philomathean '06; Treasurer '07; Critic '07; Vice-President '08; President '08; Prosecuting Attorney '09; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '08; Passed examination for Cecil Rhodes Scholarship, January 2, 1908; Senior Reception Committee; Senior Play; Assistant Business Manager of the Millidek '09. Thesis:—The So-Called Theseus of the Parthenon and the Adam of Michael Angelo.

"Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs do squeak."

Chester B. Hyde.



Moweaqua, Illinois; A. B. in Classical Course; J. M. U. Academy '06; Class Treasurer '09; 1910 Class Treasurer '07, '08; Secretary-Treasurer of Academy Alumni '08; Orlandian Literary Society; Commerce-Finance Association; Debating Club; Dramatic Art Club; Treasurer of Orlandian '08; Foot Ball Team '08; Inter-Collegiate Debate '09; Joke Editor of the Millidek '09. Thesis:—Progress of Arbitration.

"'Tis such a serious thing to be a funny man."

Walter Isaacs.

Α Σ Θ



Gillespie, Illinois; B. S. in Fine and Applied Arts; J. M. U. Academy '06; Philomathean Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; President of Philomathean '06; Track Team '07, '08; Winner of Haines and Essick Prize in Painting '06; Winner of Millidek Art Prize '07, '08, '09; Art Editor of the Millidek '09. Thesis:—Study of Whistler with Special Reference to Ruskin's View of Whistler.

"In framing artists, art has thus decreed:
To make some good, but others to exceed."

"Man delights me not, nor woman either."—Clarence Burkhart.



Mrs. Zuba Earle James.

Darlington, Wisconsin; B. S. in Domestic Economy; University of Wisconsin 1889-90; Clarkson School of Technology '06; Assistant in Domestic Science J. M. U. '09. Thesis:—Micro-organisms in the Home.

"A diligent seeker for the germs of knowledge."



Ethel Bertha Jones.

Danville, Illinois; A. B. in Classical Course; Macalester Classical Academy '05; Macalester College '05-'08; Y. W. C. A.; Orlandian Literary Society; Secretary Y. W. C. A. '09; Critic of Orlandian '09. Thesis:—Women in Greek Life and Story.

"She will not confess
But she loves all the same;
Let us search all the year
'Till we find out his name."



Hazel Caroline Jones.

Danville, Illinois; A. B. in Classical Course; St. Paul Central High School; Macalester College; Orlandian Literary Society; Y. W. C. A. Thesis: Humanitarianism in English Literature.

"A common name, but a most uncommon girl who bears it."



Charles W. F. King.

Greenfield, Illinois; A. B. in Classical Course; J. M. U. Academy '05; Lincoln University '00; Philomathean Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Ministerial Association; Chorus; Men's Glee Club; Track Team '08; Foot Ball Team '08; Prosecuting Attorney of Philomathean '05, '07; Marshal '06; Keeper of the Archives '08; Dramatic Art Contest '08. Thesis:—The Roman Attitude Towards the Early Christians.

"How did it all just come to be you?
God thought of me and so I grew."

"Oh, the multitude of these my hairs!"—Miss Conant.



Ben G. Lehenbauer.

Hannibal, Missouri; A. B. in Scientific Course; Centenary Academy '04; Westminster College '04-'06; Scientific Association. Thesis:—Quartie Scrolls.

"Sorry, but I have to study."



Cora Irene Leiby.

Φ Π

Decatur, Illinois; B. S. in Domestic Economy; Decatur High School '05; Y. W. C. A.; Orlandian Literary Society; Vice-President Orlandian '09; Class Vice-President '08; Domestic Art Prize '08. Thesis:—Public School Perils.

"I am nothing if not critical."



Fred T. McGee.

Χ Ρ Σ

Brownsville, Tennessee; Trinity University, Waxahatchie, Texas '05; Orlandian Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Inter-Collegiate Debate '08; Winner Rodgers and Clark Short Story Contest '08; Critic of Orlandian '08; Inter-Society Short Story '08; Editor-in-Chief of the Decaturian '09. Thesis:—Shelley's Millenium.

"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; By and by it will strike."



Carleton F. Mattes.

Κ Δ Χ

Decatur, Illinois; B. S. in Commerce and Finance; Decatur High School '05; Orlandian Literary Society; Com. Fin. Club; Y. M. C. A.; Debating Club; Glee Club; Class Treasurer '06; Senior President '09; Manager of Prexy's Concert Company '07; Corresponding Secretary of Orlandian '07; Inter-Society Debate '07, '08; President of Orlandian '08; Treasurer of Com. Fin. Club '06; Secretary '07; Vice-President '08; President '09; Inter-Collegiate Debate '08, '09; College Supply Store '08, '09; Associate Editor of the Millidek '09. Thesis:—Capital and Labor.

"When will ambition's debt be paid?"

"An air and grace by no means common."—Marie Freeman.



T. Clifford Miller.

X P Σ

Mattoon, Illinois; B. S. in Mechanical Engineering; Mattoon High School '02; Y. M. C. A.; Glee Club; J. M. U. Band; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Assistant Instructor in Mechanical Engineering '07; Athletic Editor of the Millidek. Thesis:—The Construction of a Transmission Dynamometer and its Application in Determining the Friction of the Moving Parts of a Steam Engine.

"Nature never hurries; atom by atom, little by little, she achieves her work."



Helen Elizabeth Mills.

X Σ Φ

Decatur, Illinois; A. B. in Scientific Course; Decatur High School '05; Orlandian Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.; Class Secretary '06; Class Vice-President '09; Secretary of Orlandian '07; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Art Editor of the Millidek '09. Thesis:—A Comparison between the Classical and Modern Dramas.

"Oh, there's a divine little lady, and good company, too."



Dorothy Ann Pyatt.

A Δ Φ, Δ Θ Ψ

Bethany, Illinois; A. B. in Classical Course; Decatur High School '04; Y. W. C. A.; Sophie Newcomb College, New Orleans '08; Senior Play '09. Thesis:—A Study of Horace.

"Little lively, dancing thing,
Here a hop, and there a spring!"



James A. Richardson.

Springfield, Illinois; A. B. in Scientific Course; B. S. Lebanon University, Ohio; Principal of Springfield Ward School. Thesis:—Thoughts in Language.

"Gladly would he lerne and gladly teche."

"Silence is more eloquent than words."—Mary Carroll.



Norman J. Sansom.

K Δ X

Dawson, Nebraska; B. S. in Commerce and Finance; Dawson High School '04; Commerce and Finance Association; 1908 Class President '05; J. M. U. Band '05, '06; Secretary of Com. Fin. Club, '07; Senior Reception Committee; Senior Play '09. Thesis:—Development of Agricultural Implement Industry in the United States.

"A smooth answer turneth away further questionings."



John L. Scott.

Springfield, Illinois; A. B. in Scientific Course; State Life Diploma; Teacher of Mathematics and History in Springfield High School. Thesis:—Practical Lessons in Algebra.

"A moral, sensible, well bred man."



Emma Pearl Shore.

Chandlerville, Illinois; A. B. in Classical Course; Chandlerville High School '06; Orlandian Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.. Thesis:—Miracles in Early Christian Ages.

"Ye have many strings to your bow."



Irene Elizabeth Staley.

Φ II

Decatur, Illinois; A. B. in Scientific Course; Decatur High School '05; Y. W. C. A.; Philomathean Literary Society; Vice President Y. W. C. A. '08; Treasurer '09; Recording Secretary of Philomathean '07; Chaplain '08. Thesis:—Development of the English Romantic Period.

"As long as I can speak a word, or wag a finger, I won't admit I'm crushed."

"The world is a pickle bowl and he is the world."—Alex Long.



Ruth Stevens.

X Σ Φ

Alton, Illinois; B. S. in Domestic Economy; Bradley Polytechnic Institute '05; Shurtleff College '06; Y. W. C. A. Thesis:—Economic Conditions Governing the Cost of Food.

"She had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade,
And a hand to execute any mischief."



Celia Louise Still.

Φ II

Decatur, Illinois; B. S. in Domestic Economy; Decatur High School '05; Y. W. C. A.; Orlandian Literary Society; Corresponding Secretary of Orlandian '08; Marshal '09. Thesis:—The Evolution of the Industry of Linen.

"But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them
They make anow them selves to vex them."



William A. West.

Omaha, Illinois; A. B. in Scientific Course; Southern Illinois State Normal School '07; University of Illinois Summer School '07; Superintendent of City Schools in Eldorado, Illinois '08. Thesis:—The Influence of Nationality on Scholarship in American Colleges.

"Genius is nothing but labor and diligence."



Joseph B. Williamson.

B Θ II. I. T. G. O. S. T.

Evansville, Indiana; A. B. in Classical Course; Evansville High School '05; Indiana University '08; Varsity Foot Ball '06; Varsity Track Team '06. Thesis:—Development of Roman Law.

"See how sickly looking and deathly pale and thin;
Over work and study are surely killing him."

"Let me have the song of the kettle."—Julia Fisher.



Bertha Eaton.

A. B. James Millikin University '08; Fellow in Latin, J. M. U. '09; M. A., J. M. U. '09. Thesis:—Roman Characteristics.

"How much better it is to get wisdom than gold."



Philip A. Lehenbauer.

B. S. with Pedagogy, James Millikin University '08; Fellow in Biology, J. M. U. '09; M. A., J. M. U. '09. Thesis:—The Organology of one of the Aphididae.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding."

"If ladies be but young and fair
They have the gift to know it."—Grace Shaw.

History of the Senior Class

“Backward turn backward, oh, time in your flight,
Make me a Freshie again just for to-night.”



O sooner have we spoken than the Angel of Things Past draws aside the mystic curtain and brings to our view once more a scene at Millikin in September, 1905. We see ourselves a happy band of children entering the fold. Prexie stands waiting to receive us, his countenance beaming with no ordinary joy. We see the older brothers and sisters gazing on us with wonder, and then, imbued with the spirit of their Alma Mater come up and extend to us the hand of fellowship. Then we hold a class meeting and decide to lay aside the emblem of green for purple and white. The whole picture would be one of bliss were it not for one rough game, hazing, by name, which our Soph. brothers persisted in playing with us and in which it was always our turn to be “it.” The curtain falls and when it rises again the scene has shifted to Millikin in September, 1906. We have grown into strong husky boys and girls and are showing Prexie’s youngest brood the games we were taught. All this vanishes and in a trice there comes in their stead a company of youth who have put away all childish things and are diligently living up to the maxim—“when night hath set her silver lamps on high, then is the time for study.” We are influential in all the organizations and societies of the college and our ability is fast coming to be recognized by all. Again the scene shifts. We are full-fledged Seniors! Our men are in charge of The Decaturian and bringing the character of the paper up to a higher standard than was before attained. One glorious moment we experience when the under-classmen stand in awe and the faculty clap as we march down to our chapel seats wearing the purple and white sweaters and waists. Ample proof is now given that the social side is not lacking; our party to the students and faculty is a grand success! Gradually all passes away. We can discern no more. We are in the living Present! The Angel of Things Past has taken flight and the Angel of Things to Come we cannot summon.

Now we are soon to receive our diplomas as an assurance that we know more or less, some of us a great deal more and some of us a great deal less. At any rate we are bound to carry away with us that spirit which characterizes a Christian college like Millikin, and there have been sentiments deeply planted in our souls which we do not find in books.

Before we take our leave, we turn to you, the newest members of our student body. You are entering as apprentices the institution which we as young journeymen are leaving. May your apprenticeship be as enjoyable as ours has been. To you, the older apprentices our word is, be as faithful to the interests of our Alma Mater as we have previously found you. Lastly we turn to you, the Faculty and President Taylor who as masters have lent their wisdom, care and tireless energy to prepare us for our life work. May we the young journeymen some day become masters of our craft and apostles of the doctrine and principles for which you have stood. With hearts full of gratitude we leave you now—“Farewell a word that must be, and hath been—

A sound which makes us linger—yet—farewell.”

Lucile M. Bragg.

“The girl with dreamy eyes.”—Nettie Johnston.



The Senior Reception

“And so I write unto you, oh, class of nineteen nine, that thou shalt have in the early part of thy Senior year, a Reception, given unto the Faculty, Board, and Students of thy College; and in order that thy Reception may attain the highest degree of excellency, thou shalt also appoint a Committee. And it shall come to pass, that that Committee shall never, in all time to come, forget the labor and sorrow, with which they toiled.” So saith tradition, and nineteen nine obeyed its stern command.

On Tuesday evening, December fifteen, from eight till ten thirty, the annual Senior Reception was held in the main corridor of the university. The receiving line, composed of the class President, Carleton Mattes, Miss Maude Carter, President and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Alice Dempsey, and Dean Rogers, were in the reception room. About three hundred guests gathered in the corridors and an informal reception was held until nine o'clock when all were invited into the Assembly Hall, where *Bianca*, a comic tragedy by Louisa M. Alcott, was presented by members of the class. Four Sophomores, Corwin Roach, Frank Shefler, Leslie Taylor, and Nelson Good ushered. After the play pineapple ice and cake were served at the ends of the corridor; Pearl Tippet, Edith Bowyer, LaRue Neisler, Leoti Swearingen, Blanche Redmon, and Blanche Good, six of the Sophomore girls, served. The mandolin orchestra played throughout the evening.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Bianca, a Spanish maiden	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dorothy Pyatt
Adelbert, betrothed to Bianca	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Norman Sansom
Huon, his rival	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	William Banfill
Hilda, a witch	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Goldia Atherton
Juan, a page	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Gary Hudson

“In summer or winter ’twas always the same
You could never meet either alone.”—

Carl Simcox and Lena Moore.



Presidents of Class.

C. F. Mattes, '09

W. H. Bell, '08

Geo. Owens, '07

H. K. Davenport, '06

Honor Students of the Senior Class

The following students are worthy of Special Mention for excellence in scholarship, having a grade of 90 or more.

Bragg, Lucile
Hudson, Gary

James, Mrs. Zuba
Lehenbauer, Benj.

The following students are worthy of Mention because of the character of their scholastic work having a grade between 85 and 90.

Atherton, Goldia
Banfill, William
Bell, William
Bellamy, Ora
Burgess, Mary
Carter, Maude
Culp, Frank
Davenport, Hubert
Elder, Mary

Hartwig, Charles
Leiby, Irene
McGee, Fred
Mattes, Carleton
Miller, Clifford
Mills, Helen
Staley, Irene
Stevens, Ruth
Still, Celia



"I do sing in many keys, while others sing in one."—Ward Bricker.



JUNIORS



Class of 1910

Ralph E. Jones	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Flora Ross	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Maurice Sly	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary-Treasurer
Edna L Strader	{	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Marshals
Robert Miller		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	

Motto

Peraget angusta ad augusta.

Colors

Black and Gold.

The World's Appeal

To the Senior Class of 1910

Ah! child of our Alma Mater,
Lift thy proud head to the sky.
And give the fulness of thy day,
To Mother earth's unchanging cry.

Men, who wield the sword and pen,
Men, who'll bear the Cross of Man.
Men, who only do their best,
Men who crown the mountain's crest.

Across the shadow of her path,
Let love shine forth a light divine.
And by the records of thy life,
Crown her soft brow for future time.

Men who stand with open hearts,
Men ever ready to do their part,
Men who grace the hall of fame,
Stamping out the weeds of shame.

The call is for the hero brave
Whose face is ever toward the foe,
And in the hour of defeat,
Will neither turn nor backward go.

Men who know their country's needs,
Men who live by honest creeds,
Men who wait not for the light
Climbing starward in the night.

But stands with courage and with will,
Or,—presses onward to the fight.
As He who conquered Calvary's hill,
To win or perish with the right.

Men who to God are true,
Men who to Man are true,
Men to self as true as gold,
Men not to be bought or sold.

The world is calling for the Man
Whose motto is, "I will and can,"
And with an insight broad and true,
Will lift aloft her faith anew.

Men of service and endeavor,
Men of wisdom bright and clever,
Men of joy, men of cheer,
Men who know not doubt or fear.

Men who when the day is done,
And this life they sever,
Have not lived by bread alone,
But by deeds that live forever.
—Clarence H. Flegel.

"Well bred maid and well made bread—what can surpass these."—Bessie Armstrong.



Starr
Cockrum
Armstrong

A. Ross
Lyons
Waser

Plegel
D. Ross
Bone

Jones
Reynolds
Sly

Poole
McGrath
Hodge

Nichals
Miller
Montgomery

F. Ross
Moore
Stevenson



SOPHS



Class of 1911

Officers

Frank Sheffler	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Everett Dickey	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Edith Hampton	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Harry Pifer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Walter Willis	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Marshal

Motto

"Non quis, sed quid."

Colors

Duo Blue.

Bell

Freshmen, Freshmen 1907.
Seniors, seniors 1911.

Poem

Each one an atom from a different source
We came to seek high learning,
Each followed his individual course
Respect to honor earning.

But now these atoms have been combined
By aims and classic lore,
And each small roughness has been refined
Into the class, Sophomore.

Into college spirit we come with zest
And bring a sufficient backing
Our debaters, athletes, and writers are best
No proper attributes lacking.

The class that will make these buildings ring,
Of all the classes four,
And into their halls true worth will bring,
Will be the class, Sophomore.

"I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths."
—Mrs. Valentine.

Wickard	Wornick	Taylor	Newell	Pifer	Thriff	Roach	Bowyer	Hadley	Tippet	Bone
Bell	Lead	Lamb	Good	McCrum	Wills	Towne	McClelland	Petrie	Brown	Yoder
Hudson	Querry	Vitum	Myers	Williams	Sheffer	Logan	Welch	Viers	Johnson	Noisler
	Finrock	Moses	Stevens	Buck	Good	Dickey	Henderson	Hahn	Shore	Wand





FRESHMEN



H.M.

Class of 1912

Officers

Grover C. Patton	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Grace L. Thrift	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Edna M. Davis	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Grover Yoder	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Burwell Million	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Marshal

Motto

"He can who thinks he can."

Flower

Red Rose.

Yell

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Millikin Nineteen Twelve.

Poem

When first we entered J. M. U.
Not knowing our true worth,
The Seniors smiled, the Juniors howled
Nor sought to hide their mirth.

They humbled us with jest and jibe
With open taunt and jeer
But with spirits brave, ambition high
Our hearts could know no fear.

And scarce had ten days passed away
When we had conquered all
No more we cringed, nor even blushed
As we passed down the hall.

Our teachers too soon found that we
Were certain to excel
In English I, in Math. class too,
In all we did full well.

In college spirit we surpass
All classes small or great
To base ball games, to contests all
We send our delegate.

So classmates all take note, beware,
We Freshmen do intend
To study and to persevere
And conquer in the end.

Lucile Fisher.

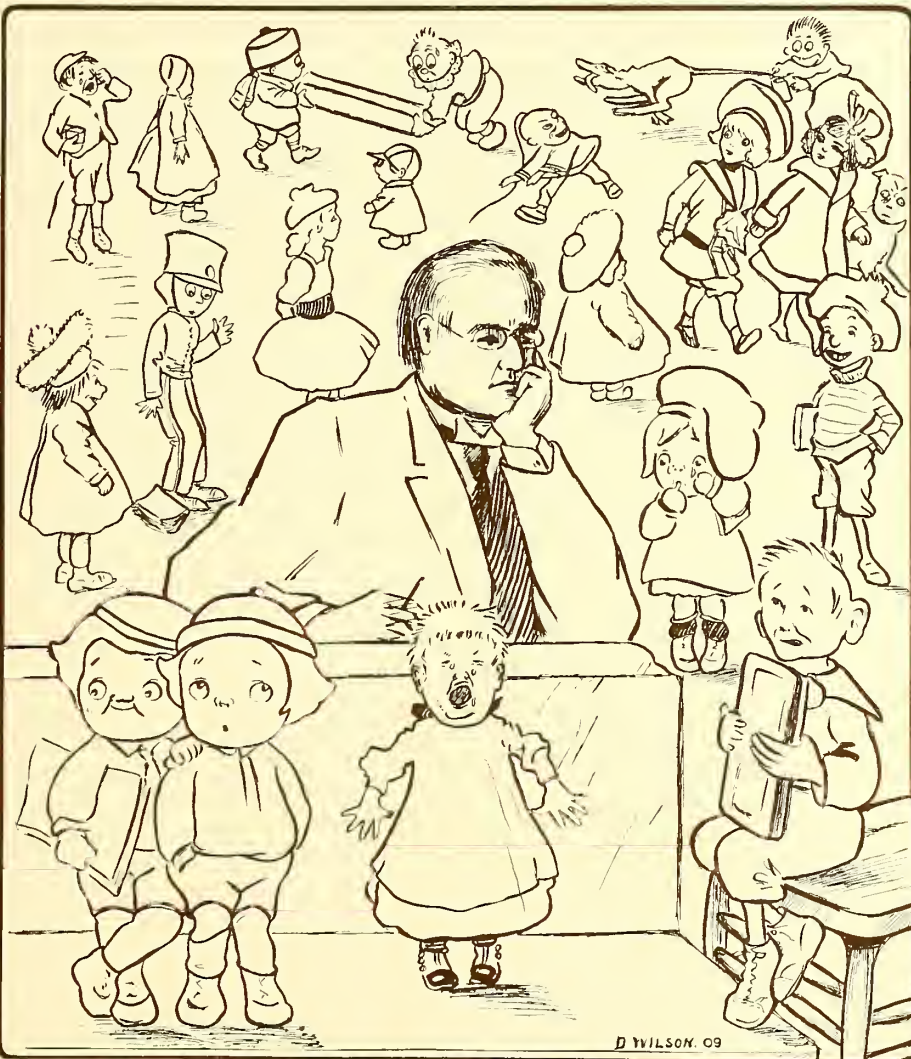
"I sit within my little room and see the world pass by."—Hope Finfrock.



Hill	Holcombe	Tuttle	Martin	Johnston	Amund	Scott	Bricker	Patterson	Allen	Kincaid	Shultz
Farrell	Shipp	Lewis	Owings	Burns	Dooley	Willite	Crowder	Freeman	Niedermeyer	Scott	Yoder
Bishop	Peden	Morgan	Linxwiler	Hall	Scott	Wood	Walter	Wahl	Butterfield	Blake	Meeker
Wentz	Young	Schenck	Rieger	Curtis	Millon	Brunsmann	Patton	Willbanks	Taylor		



PREPS



Class of 1909

Officers

Lee C. Moorehead	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Maude Yarnell	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Linna Hamilton	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Louis Hull	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

Colors

Black and Old Gold.

Flower

Chrysanthemum.

Motto

Virtute et Labore.

Class Poem

The Fourth Academy class is one
That likes to have all sorts of fun,
They have had many a lark.
Even planned one to Woodbine Park.

Old gold and black our colors are,
And chrysanthemum our flower.
We stand for all that's good and true,
And all that's right we try to do.

Three worthy presidents we've had,
And each an earnest, strong, true lad.
Each filled the office with success,
And did it well, we must confess.

Now here's to the teachers in J. M. U.
Who have been so kind and true.
And who have helped us through our work,
But of course we didn't shirk.

And here's to the Fourth Academy class.
We hope that in the days to pass,
We will do everything that pays.
And each one gain the Master's praise.

Helen L. Moffett.

"Lo, I will draw all men unto me."—Greata Butterfield.



Dedication of the Woman's Hall

Tuesday evening, November the twelfth, nineteen hundred and eight, the Faculty, Members of the Senior Class, and Friends in the City, were invited by the Board of Managers to meet Mr. and Mrs. James Millikin at the Dedicatory Reception at the Woman's Hall of the University.



The Woman's Hall.



Mrs. Lucy M. Valentine
Dean of Women.



Reception Room.



Dean Valentine's Office.

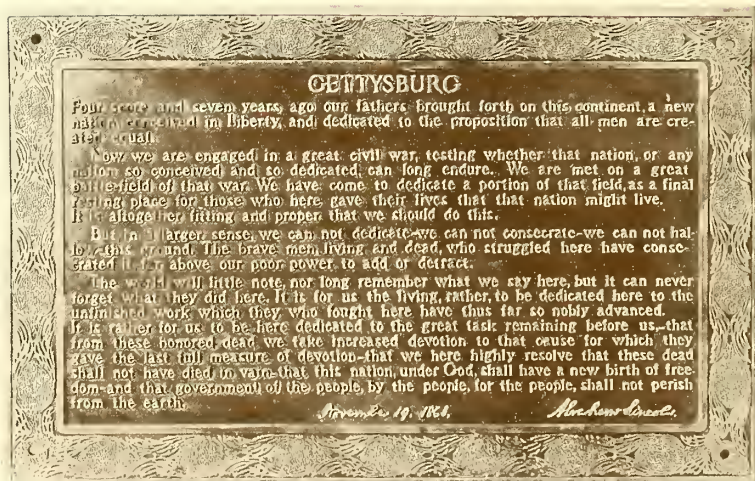


The Golden Rod

The road-side is ablaze with red and gold;
The primrose smiles with due timidity;
Moth mullin and the yellow cinquefoil.
The milk-weeds' ruddy sphere, and purple hue
Of astors and the Black-eyed Susan's glare
Make rich, slow paths no longer unadorned.
And weeds of common cast, made gladly bold,
Hold forth their unthought beauty, recompense
To him who still can see and hold in love
Unmindful of the judgment of the world—
And to the world on wing that linger there.
For love is cast where love has gone before
And those who show no heart will harvest none.
Among them, hold the golden-rod chief sway,
That wander by an old neglected fence,
Or journey down into the beaten way,
Like armies frowning from some defile down
Upon an uncourageous baffled foe.
From every stalk, a glorious spray leans forth
As tho it offered bounty of fine gold,
Assayed from summer sunshine, bound and held
In meshes of the dew, on morning hills.
So, grandly wave they with a pride that knows,
They have regained what else were profitless—
Fit nurturer of esteem—no truer is,
So grandly they wave like true democrats;
The king has place, the commoner as well—
They stand as equals when their work is true.
And so I praise the golden rod forsooth,
Not for caught gold adown the dripping sprig
But for its unconvention and conceit
That sprinkles all the way with courage strong
And cheers the ebbing of the summer tide.

William H. Banfill.

“ 'Tis better to have loafed and flunked than never to have loafed at all.”—
Pete Good.



Gifts to the University, Feb. 12, 1909.

Centennial Celebration of the Birth of Abraham Lincoln

February 12, 1909

The James Millikin University

Parade

Co. H I. N. G. Decatur Cadets. G. A. R.

Invocation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rev. N. M. Baker
Keller's American Hymn	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Chorus
Address of Welcome	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mayor E. S. McDonald
Illinois	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Male Quartet
Reading of "Gettysburg Address"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. E. J. McConnell
Address	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Cong. W. B. McKinley
Star Spangled Banner	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Leafbourg and Chorus
Address	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Cong. W. M. Howard
Dixie	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Chorus
Address	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Col. W. R. Jewell
Unveiling of Bronze Bust of Lincoln and Dedication of Bronze Tablet	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Judge W. E. Nelson
America	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Chorus

"The first thing necessary to win the heart of a woman is opportunity."—
Leo Brown.

Noted Visitors at University



Vice-Pres. Sherman.

Visited University Sept. 20, 1908.

Cong. Wm. B. McKinley.

19th Ill. District.

Chairman Republican Nat. Congressional Committee; Chairman House Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures; Pres. Illinois Traction System, etc., etc.

Cong. Wm. Marcellus Howard.

State University District of Georgia.

Member of the House of Representatives, 1890—

Col. W. R. Jewell.

Editor of Danville News.

Postmaster of Danville, 1876—

“Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.”—Harvey Wood.



An Organization of University Men in the City of Beratur

Officers

Dr. T. W. Galloway	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
H. B. Wilson	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
J. A. Montgomery	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary-Treasurer

Members

Bacon, George R.	McCullough, W. G.
Barnes, Dr. Lynn M.	McMillan, R. C.
Bowers, Dr. W. C.	McMillan, C. A.
Bowyer, Dr. S. H.	McDonald, Rev. J. W.
Brown, Dr. E. J.	Mills, A. H.
Burrows, J. Bering	Mills, Prof. A. J.
Baldwin, James S.	Montgomery, J. A.
Evans, T. L.	Murphy, C. R.
Evans, Dr. E. T.	Outten, W. C.
Ewing, C. A.	Penhallegon, Dr. W. H.
Gammon, Rev. R. D.	Rogers, Dr. J. D.
Galloway, Dr. T. W.	Shaw, Dr. J. B.
Gunnison, Binney	Stevenson, W. C.
Hardy, Warren F.	Smith, H. E.
Hessler, J. C.	Taylor, Dr. A. R.
Irving, E. P.	Vail, R. P.
Jack, T. B.	Wait, C. A.
Jones, Dr. H. C.	Wilson, H. B.
James, B. B.	Wood, Dr. C. M.
Kellogg, Dr. R. J.	Woodruff, Prof. E. C.
Lawrence, Rev. O. W.	Willets, Rev. J. C.
McClelland, Dr. S. E.	

“There’s something in that laugh, that reaches the innermost recesses of my spirit.”—Margaret Votaw.



LECTURE-COURSE



October 23.—Professor W. M. French—Illustrated Lecture on Composition.
Figure and Design.

January 8.—Song Recital—Miss Hedwig Nurnberger, Contralto; Mr. Adair
Hickman, Tenor.

February 12.—Leland Powers, Interpreter—The Dawn of A Tomorrow.

March 2.—Dr. George E. Vincent—Children versus Grownups.

April 1.—Whitney Brothers Quartette.

April 16.—Violin-Piano Recital—Miss Wideham; Mr. Walter Stafford.

“Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat and therefore lets be merry.”—Burr
Million.



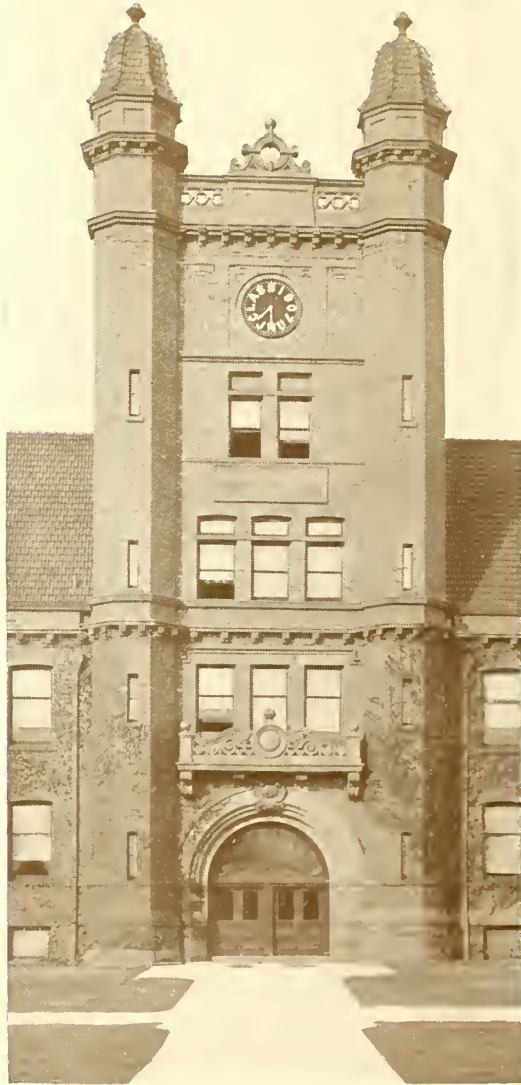
Officers

H. W. McDavid	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Minnie Redmon	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Lulu Laughlin	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary-Treasurer

The Fast Clock

That is the famous clock there in the tower,
 Looking as tho 'twere meant to tell the hour.
 That piece is a wonder. Its symbolic hands
 Ran busily a day. Since then they stand.
 Will't please you, stay and gawk at her. I said
 Symbolic by design—for never read
 Stranger like you of clock that had no works
 In the entrancing fables of the Turks.
 But for the class who reared it, it doth stand,
 Recalling those who without works still ran
 A transient course. You ask me how they durst
 Leave such an emblem there. Sir, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask this. They heeded not
 Wise-acre's warnings truly, and they thought,
 In spite of all advise, 'twould run. May hap
 They hoped to use unmitigated gab—
 They had some weighty engineers beside,
 That worked perpetual motion on the side.
 Perhaps they thought they'd make it start by bluff,
 Of which commodity they had enough
 For starting up a scenery store. They had
 A treasury? Six plunks per head from dad
 Were speedily required. And now it's where?
 They looked about, looked everywhere
 To find a wizard who would make the clock,
 And fashion it so it would tick and tock.
 Ah, there the man! His name was hard as flint,
 Or steel, and here I pause to slyly hint
 That Steel did steal—ah softly stole away
 The very hour that he received his pay,
 And on that hour the clock, as if it said,
 "You run. I'll not, till Judas Priest be dead."
 Refused to further go, and won't, my dear,
 Till Steel comes back with her running gear.
 Ah, an appointment?—pardon. Nay we'll go
 Down town together. You've seen it, tho
 A clock without works is a rarity,
 Its the pride of all the university.

"Little, but Oh my!"—Effie Morgan.







Philomathean Literary Society

Colors
Red and White.

Flower
Red Carnation.

Officers

First Semester		Second Semester	
President.....	E. H. Hudson	- - - -	Harry F. Hadley
Vice-President.....	Ora E. Bellamy	- - - -	Corwine E. Roach
Rec. Secretary.....	Mary L. Elder	- - - -	Alice H. Finfrock
Cor. Secretary.....	Bounita Boyd	- - - -	Bounita Boyd
Treasurer.....	Harry F. Hadley	- - - -	J. Ben Wand
Prosecuting Atty.	H. G. Hudson	- - - -	E. H. Hudson
Critic.....	R. R. Turner	- - - -	Thekla M. Siebens
Chaplain.....	Hope Finfrock	- - - -	Edgar M. Smith
Keeper of Archives.....	Charles King	- - - -	R. R. Turner
Marshals.....	J. Ben Wand	- - - -	Leo R. Brown
	Marguerite Votaw	- - - -	Alice P. Henderson

Members

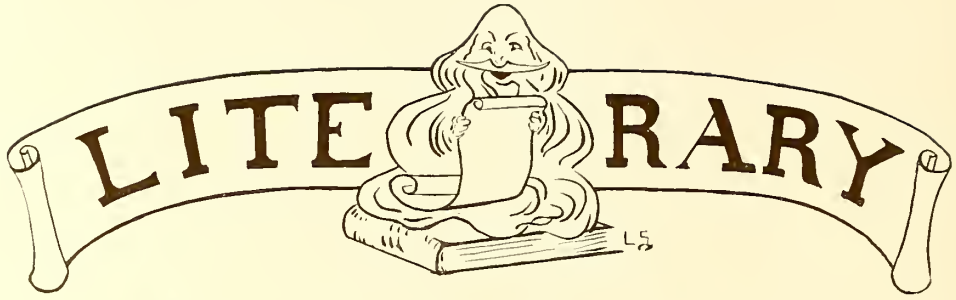
Albert, William M.
Allen, Edgar H.
Baxter, Gertrude
Baird, Mary
Banfill, William
Bell, William H.
Bell, Viola M.
Bellamy, Ora E.
Boyd, Bounita
Bowyer, Edith W.
Brown, Leo R.
Carroll, Mary E.
Cockrum, Cora
Cockrum, Pansy M.
Coombe, Perley W.
Durning, Nina M.
Durning, Orville
Elder, Mary L.
Finfrock, E. Hope
Finfrock, Alice H.
Fruit, Allen J.

Hadley, Harry F.
Henderson, Alice P.
Henderson, Lucy
Hudson, E. Herndon
Hudson, H. Gary
King, C. W. F.
Lehenbauer, P. A.
Moore, Lillian M.
Page, Florence S.
Petrie, Loyal J.
Roach, Corwine E.
Rogers, Bertha
Rogers, Ethel
Siebens, Thekla M.
Smith, Edgar
Staley, E. Irene
Swearingen, Leoti V.
Turner, R. Reuben
Votaw, J. Marguerite
Wand, J. Ben
Williams, Mabel E.
Young, Jennie

"For the sake of tobacco I would do anything but die."--Otto Shuck.



L. Henderson	Albert	Swearingen	Brown	Elder	J. Hudson	Wm. Bell
Moore	Smith	Baird	Roach	Staley	Williams	A. Henderson
Carroll	Lehenbauer	Cockrum	Hadley	V. Bell	Fruit	Turner
Petrie	Boyd	Goombs	A. Finfrook	Allen	G. Hudson	Stebens
						Bellamy
						Wand
						King



Orlandian Literary Society

Motto
"Non quis, sed quid."

Colors
Gold and White.

Flower
Marguerite.

Officers

	First Semester	Second Semester
President.....	C. F. Mattes - - - - -	Everett Dickey
Vice President.....	Flora Ross - - - - -	Irene Leiby
Clerk.....	Edith Hampton - - - - -	Madge Blake
Cor. Secretary.....	Celia Still - - - - -	Mildred Shipp
Treasurer.....	Grover Poole - - - - -	Robert Everett
Prosecuting Atty.	Frank Sheffler - - - - -	Edw. Ross
Librarian.....	Elmus West - - - - -	Maurice Sly
Critic.....	Fred T. McGee - - - - -	Ethel Jones
Chaplain.....	Charles Hartwig - - - - -	Clarence Flegel
Marshals.....	{ Chester Hyde - - - - -	Philip McGrath
	{ Irene Leiby - - - - -	Mary Scott

Members

Atherton, Goldia
Armstrong, Sylvia
Bane, Geneva
Bane, Leta
Belden, James
Blake, Madge
Bone, Alice
Bone, Howard
Bone, Wesley
Bricker, Ward J.
Cox, Vivian
Crowder, Harry
Dempsey, Alice
Dickey, Everett
Everett, Robert
Flegel, Clarence
Gastineau, Everett
Good, Blanche
Grady, Pearl
Hamilton, Lena
Hamilton, Ruth
Hampton, Edith
Hartwig, Charles

Holt, Ethel
Hubbard, Irene
Hyde, Chester
Jones, Hazel
Jones, Ethel
Ketch, Helen
Leiby, Irene
Lively, James
Lyons, John
Mattes, Carleton
Miller, Robt.
Mills, Helen
Morgan, Effie
Montgomery, Dwight
McClelland, Everett
McGee, Fred
McGrath, Phillip
McReynolds, Cecil
Niedermeyer, Arthur
Patton, Grover
Parr, Ferne
Pierson, Cordelia

Pifer, Harry
Pinkstaff, Everett
Poole, Grover
Reed, Miss
Reeter, Ethel
Ross, Albert
Ross, Edward
Ross, Flora
Scott, Mary
Sheffler, Frank
Shipp, Mildred
Shore, Emma
Sly, Maurice
Still, Celia
Stevens, Ruth
Taylor, Leslie
Tippett, Pearl
Toby, Eileen
Wasem, James
West, Elmus
Wilkins, Cory
Wood, Harvey
Yarnell, Maude

"They count time by heart throbs."—Hahn and Danzeisen.



McCrath	Dempsey	Niedermeyer	Hamilton	Belden	Pinkstaff	Bone	Miller	Taylor	Hampton	Fiegl	Atherton
Blake	Wood	Shore	E. Ross	Leiby	Lyons	A. Bone	Miller	Sly	Hubbard	Harwig	Holt
H. Jones	Dickey	Still	Warem	J. Bone	McJelland	Yarnell	E. Jones	Crowder	Pifer	A. Ross	Everett
F. Ross	Sheffer	Patton	G. Bone	Mattes	Tippett	Moore	Montgomery	McGee	Shipp	W. Bone	Armstrong
		Scott	Hyde	Cox		Morgan					

Inter-Society Contest Program

Readings—

Selection from "The Tale of Two Letters"—Dickens-----Miss Mabel Williams

"The Rescue of the Princess Orsa"—Anthony Hope-----Miss Irene Hubbard

Original Stories—

The Breath of the Sea -----William H. Banfill

The Evil Eye -----Fred T. McGee

Orations—

Abraham Lincoln-----J. Ben Wand

The Quest of Happiness-----James M. Lively

Debate—Resolved: That foreign immigration to the United States should be limited to the Caucasian Race; the method of admission being rigid consular inspection.

Carleton F. Mattes

Frank F. Sheffler

Corwine Roach

Loyal Petrie

Literary League

The Orlandian and Philomathean Literary Societies met in the Philomathean Hall, March 15, 1909, and perfected an organization for the control of joint enterprises and for disposing of such matters as concern both societies. After the constitution had been adopted, the following officers were elected, the officers forming an executive committee to superintend the work of the Organization.

R. Raymond Turner	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
John R. Lyons	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Edward W. Ross	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Chester B. Hyde	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Orlandian Representative
Ellis H. Hudson	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Philomathean Representative

"Night after night, he sat and bleared his eyes with books."—Clarence Flegel.

Orlandian Open Meeting Program

April 19, 1909

Instrumental Solo	- - - - -	Helen Ketch
Original Story	- - - - -	Ethel Jones
Reading	- - - - -	Irene Hubbard
Vocal Solo	- - - - -	Carleton Mattes
Oration	- - - - -	John Lyons

Cast of Play

James S. Goldthwaite	- - - - -	James Wasem
Robert Courtenay	- - - - -	Robert Everett
Flora Courtenay	- - - - -	Flora Ross
Susie Goldthwaite	- - - - -	Mildred Shipp
Miss Griffin	- - - - -	Alice Dempsey

Philomathean Open Meeting Program

February 26, 1909

Piano Solo	- - - - -	Reed Hensley
Story—"The Devil's Whip"	- - - - -	R. Raymond Turner
Newspaper—"The Philo Phanatic"	- - - - -	
- - - - -	William H. Banfill, Margaret Votaw, Alice H. Finfrock	
Tent Scene from Julius Caesar	- - - - -	J. Ben Wand, E. H. Hudson
Essay—The Development of the Short Story	- - - - -	Thekla Siebens
Farce—"No Men Wanted"	- - - - -	Alice Henderson, Irene Staley, Ethel Rogers

"There's a vast difference between being 'popular' and being 'well liked.'"—Fay McAdams.

The Breath of the Sea

Inter-Society Contest Prize Story.



TWICE they brought her up from the sea, once unto life and once unto death and there were just twenty years between. It was to our house that the dead form of her mother and her own little wailing body was borne the night of the great storm. One of the few vivid memories I have of my mother is connected with that event. I can still see her standing near the dead form of the woman and looking up pleadingly into my father's stern eyes. "James can not we keep the bairn?" she said. "Nae," he answered decisively. "It is foreign-born and it maun be nae honest woman's bairn—there is nae ring." And then a gentler look came into his eyes. "Is not the lad trouble enow for ye?" He was very fond of me in a stern parental way but my added childish pleadings only brought forth the shaking of his shaggy head. He had determined his course and neither love nor hate could change it. I will long remember the quivering lips of my mother and the words she spoke when she saw his mind was set. "Father before they came the breath of the sea blew against the panes and rattled them. May nae harm come to us because we ha'e refused the gift o' the sea and denied a Christian's duty to the outcast."

We were a wild race, the Clendenins; the tang of the sea had been too long in the blood. My father had been captain of a merchantman as his father had before him and for generations we had followed the sea. His character was cast along strong harsh lines with nothing of grace or fineness. He was of a moody, irritable nature and he could see little goodness or virtue in this world. The most vivid picture I have of those early days is of him as he sat before the great fire in his sea coat, smoking and reading the Bible with his finger running down the page as he read. His chief delight was ever in the psalmist, whose maledictions upon his enemies he made his own. My mother was different. Hers was a gentle and lovable nature, with a heart aglow for all injured and despised creatures. There was a certain romantic fervor about her that always kept the hard lines of her life wrapped up in poetic fancy. So much I have surmised from the little I can recall of her, for she died while I was yet young.

As I grew up I saw from time to time the little girl who was once the babe they had brought up that night from the sea—now the adopted daughter of the McNaughtons of the hill. For me she was a mystery and a wonder, for I knew well the tale of her coming, and I always approached her doubtfully and fearfully. All the old stories of mermaids and the spirits of the sea came to be wrapped up about her. And my awe of her was intensified by my father's counsel against her. Like all seamen he had his superstitions, and my mother's words about the breath of the sea had strangely affected him. In his eyes she became the source of some uncanny power that shou'd yet affect his life or mine. "She is foreign-born," he would say, "Maist like she is French, they are a wanton race, haters of God and all righteous authority. Ha' naething to do wi' her, son. The de'il himsel' maun ha' kept her safe while her mither deed." But most of all, it was the ring that occupied his thoughts and in a daze of revery he would discuss it pro and con, but always ending with "But when the maist is said, I much doubt that she is an honest lass's bairn."

"With thee conversing I forget all time."—Dr. Kellogg.

But when I had come back from my first voyage with all the fighting courage of our blood to the fore and with the first gropings for the love of a woman in my heart I found her the loveliest, the most interesting of all the lasses of the village. The rest were large-faced unimaginative Scotch girls but she had all the fire and vivacity of her race, tamed and tempered tho it was by her good Scotch upbringing. There was something in her too that reminded me of my mother, whether it was the dreamy patience of her eye or the elusiveness of her smile—for the sources of her spirit were deep and secret. All the old fear and awe were swept away and a new mystery had come, the mystery of one beloved. Those were happy days; it but added seductiveness to the pursuit that I must brave my father's wrath to be with her.

Since my mother's death, he had grown ever more morose and sullen. Especially as my suit progressed did he become more bitter in his hostility toward the girl. Often in the midst of a meal, he would break out in raillery of her, and I was forced to sit with compressed and trembling lip and hear it. He would wish to know if I intended to disgrace him by marrying her, and I would answer in sullen silence, not in words. Then he would begin again, angered by my forbearance,—for he knew that the will that was back of it was a piece with his own,—shaming me for my ingratitude and cajoling me to please an old father and marry some honest Scotch woman.

So matters had long stood and might have remained, but that he needs must force the issue. Meeting her upon the streets one day he openly reviled her, denouncing her as a sorceress and an adventuress who had dared to prey upon the simplemindedness of his son. And he ended his tirade with that attack upon her race and probable parentage that had always sent me from the table in moody rage.

When I heard from my father's lip his triumphant account of that scene, and from hers of how meanly he had acted, I determined to hesitate no longer, but to declare my love and brave the consequences. An awful hatred of him came over my soul, father of mine tho he was, and I cared not how harshly I acted toward him—he became as the heathen to me. It was not long after that I brought him the tidings of my marriage. I had been on a voyage and I did not return to the house until we were wedded.

"Sir," I said as I stood before his chair. "The cargo has arrived safely and I have married Miss McNaughton."

He looked at me dumbly, uncomprehending at first and then he rose and in a towering rage started toward me with cane upraised.

"Gae! Gae!" he cried, "And ne'er set eye of thine on me again. Gae with that wanton lass of wham before God I have warned ye and may his curses gae wi' ye." I know not what possessed me; but I lifted my hand against him for his ill words and would have struck him, but that, even in the height of his anger, God felled him, and he lay in a fit on the floor. I felt no compunctions nor any desire to help him—it was only with an effort that I made myself call a servant and gave instructions as to the treatment and the doctor. Then I closed the door and went over to the McNaughtons'. Such visitations had been frequent with our race. The spirit very fiery and intense would, under the strain of some fierce emotion, burst the tendons of the brain and leave the victim with a helpless wandering mind, save in those things which had caused the attack.

I felt neither sorrow nor excitement, and yet there must have been some sinister aspect of face that betrayed me; for even as I entered the room, she

"Go, with all speed to Doctor Shaw."—King Richard III.

shrank back and demanded what had happened. I told her the story, and it was almost with triumph that I related how I had withstood him. It was long before I realized the pain and shame that had come over her face. When I did I stopped short and regarded her fixedly, "What ails ye," I cried.

"Oh, David," she cried, "What hae ye done?" "Dinna forget, man, that he is your ain father," and she shook me almost fiercely.

"He is nae father of mine," I said, "Those ill words ha' ended all. I will ne'er come near him again. I will see that he does nae want, e'en for my mither's sake but more I will not do."

"Oh, it was my fault, my fault," she cried. "Could I not ha' kenned it wad be so? You twa are of ane kind and it was nae well to set you ane against anither."

"Hush, it is nae fault but his. His mind has been possessed o' the de'il these years and he can see damnation in innocence. Woman," I cried passionately, "He has ne'er spoken a good word of ye—he has ever hated you. You yoursel' kenn the words he spake to you. His blood is on himsel'."

She shook her head firmly and looked me steadfastly in the face. "David," she said after a long pause, in which she seemed to be testing her son and mine, "You maun go back to him and I will abide the time until he die or until—You will go for love o' me. My husband must do no cowardly thing or mean thing such as to let his ane father dee wi' strangers. Gae and care for him—for my sake."

"Oh—in God's name," I cried, "Do not ask such a thing of me. To listen for aye to his words against ye, to be alone with his sullen spirit, to be separated from you. I can nae bear it! Ask me to kill mysel'."

"Davie," she said pleadingly and yet with a little smile, "Ye kenn the tales o' the good knights. Ye are my knight and your task is to overcome yoursel' and tenderly care for him who even if he has done wrang to thee and me is still thy father and thy mither's man—For mysel'. I am going to France to find my ane true kin and then perhaps when I have found that they were good honest folk as my heart tells me they were, he will take me as his daughter and his son's wife. I will not take it harshly that he should wish her to be o' the best."

Long we talked but as I saw from the beginning, at last, I was to obey her and return. He was too ill to notice me at first but when he did he glared at me and wished to know why I was back. "She sent me," I replied. "So she tries thus to win my favor, does she? Tell her it will nae do." After that he accepted my return as a matter of course and things went on as before except for the constant care that had to be given him. He was always speaking wildly of her and 'his ungrateful son' whom he did not altogether recognize in me.

So things went on until she went over to France on her mission. And then one day there came a glad letter telling of the success of her quest.

"I am so happy, Davy," she had written, "For there was a ring. I hold it in my hand even as I write. She feared to take it on that voyage for it was an heirloom in my father's family. Little did she know how strangely that resolve was to affect the lives of us all."

In the meantime as his life drifted further out, a change came over my father and he came more and more to dwell on his earlier days, and my mother seemed to be constantly with him. His later troubles were all but forgotten. He read his Bible less and spent the time walking in the garden musing on the flowers.

"Gathering place for choice spirits."—Davis' Drug Store after "Lit."

And so I was beginning to look toward happiness again. She was coming home and we hoped that the old man had forgotten his animosity toward her and she could enter the house before his death. I knew how she had longed for this, especially since she had learned truly of her people. But it was not to be. The ship in which she was returning dashed on the rocks near the harbor's entrance in that memorable storm that strewed the coast with wrecks for fifty miles north and south. Her body was brought up to the house even as in days gone by her mother's had been. The breath of the sea had come and gone.

As she lay in the parlor where her mother and mine had lain before and I was weeping beside her, I looked up to see my father gazing steadfastly down upon her face.

Then he saw that I noticed him and he touched my shoulder, "Son, it is not thy mither, is it? I thoct she had died before. There is the same peace there, peace after work. It is a tired face, son, like thy mither's. She should ha' been a good woman. Wha was she, son?"

"She was my wife," I answered mournfully. He looked puzzled. "Her? I thoct she was a wicked woman. I—I dealt harshly wi' her. That day—I did na' kill her, did I, son? I wish I had kenned. But we shall place them side by side i' the churchyard and, on judgment day, she will forgive me. I did na' kenn she was sae like thy mither." And he fell to musing again.

So in the little bleak churchyard they lie side by side, peaceful after the toils of the day. And the salt winds coming up from the beach bring memories of her that was the breath of the sea.

W. H. Banfill.

"The light that was in woman's eye
Has been my heart's undoing."—Ira J. Pease.

Dramatic Art Club

Officers

Alex. Long	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Lois Yoder	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Charles Hartwig	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Burr Million	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Stage Manager

Members

Adams, J. Robert
 Banfill, William
 Foster, Edith
 Hubbard, Irene
 Hyde, Chester
 Hartwig, Charles
 Hahn, Clarence
 Long, Alex.

Million, Burr
 Montgomery, Jessie
 Stevens, Edgar
 Strader, Edna
 Turner, Raymond
 Wand, J. Ben
 Yoder, Lois



Hartwig
 Adams

Million

Hubbard
 Wand

Potter

Lyons
 Yoder

Hyde

Foster
 Long

"Let others hail the rising sun."—Leslie Taylor.

Dramatic Art Contest

Won by Dramatic Art Club

Orlandian Cast

Ingomar, The Barbarian

Translated from the German by Maria Lowell.

CHARACTERS.

Polydor, a merchant.....Charles Hartwig
Myron, an armorer.....John R. Lyons
Ingomar, leader of a band of Al-
lemanni.....Leslie R. Taylor
Actea, Myron's wife.....Blanche Good
Parthenia, her daughter.....Pearl Tippet

Dramatic Art Cast

Much Ado About Nothing

By William Shakespeare.

CHARACTERS.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon.....Robert Adams
Claudio, a young Lord of Florence.....Edgar F. Stevens
Benedick, a young Gentleman of
Padua.....Burwell Million
Leonato, Governor of Messina.....Wm. H. Banfill
Hero, Daughter of Leonato.....Edythe V. Foster
Beatrice, Niece of Leonato.....Irene Hubbard
Ursula, Gentlewoman attending on
Hero.....Margaret Porter



Dramatic Art Cast.

"Appearances to save, his only care
So things seem right, no matter what they are."—James R. Adams.



Y. M. C. A.

Cabinet

Charles Hartwig	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
H. K. Davenport	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Lloyd Wallace	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Frank Sheffler	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Ellis Hudson	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	House Manager

Chairmen

James Lively	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Religious Meetings
Robert Miller	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Membership
John Lyons	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bible Study
H. G. Hudson	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Missions
Harry Pifer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Social
Frank Sheffler	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Finance
Clifford Miller	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Music
C. W. Dyer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Faculty Advisor

"Conversation is the laboratory and work shop of the student."—Emerson.
In the Corridors.



Y. M. C. A. Delegation to Springfield Convention.

Ministerial Association

James Lively	- - - - -	President
Edgar W. Smith	- - - - -	Secretary

Members

Perley Coombe	Irvin H. Ade
Arthur Conel	Charles King
Everett Gastineau	Lloyd Meeker
John Lyons	Charles Hartwig

Student Volunteers

Louise C. Stevenson	Ethel Jones
Cordelia Pierson	M. Edna Burgess
Ethel M. Shore	John R. Lyons
Ethel O'Bannon	

"Of all the girls that e'er were seen
There's none so fine as Nelly."—Nellie Taylor.



Y. W. C. A.

Cabinet

Louise C. Stevenson	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Flora Ross	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Ethel Jones	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Irene E. Staley	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

Chairmen

M. Edna Burgess	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bible Study
Geneva Bane	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Missionary
Edith Hampton	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Religious Meetings
Helen Ritchie	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Academy
Helen Mills	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Social
Mildred Shipp	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Housekeeping
Blanche Redmon	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Inter-collegiate
Jeanette Trautman	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Music

"The personal pronoun 'I' is the coat of arms of some individuals."—Arthur Niedermeyer.



Geneva Delegation

Irene Staley
Ina Wornick
Geneva Bane
Edna Burgess
Goldie Atherton
Jeanette Trautman
Emma Garman
Eva Davis
Bessie Armstrong
Edith Hampton
Flora Ross
Cordelia Pierson
Celia Still
Louise Stevenson
Louise Guernsey





Officers

	Student				Alumni
President	Carleton Mattes	-	-	-	James D. Moses
Vice President	Wm. H. Bell	-	-	-	J. Arthur Moore
Secretary	Clarence Martin	-	-	-	Orris Bennett
Treasurer	Everett McClelland	-	-	-	Chas. A. Post

Members

Faculty

Wm. Wilberforce Smith
 Elmer A. Riley
 Henry C. Stanley
 Albert T. Mills
 Calvert Dyer
 Wm. C. Stevenson (Resigned)

Seniors

William H. Bell
 Carleton F. Mattes
 Norman J. Sansom
 Ewing Wilson

Juniors

Roy Hamilton
 Clarence Flegel
 Everette Hodge
 Clarence Martin
 Edward Ross
 James E. Wasem
 Cecil Cox

Sophomores

Harrison McCowan
 Nelson B. Good
 Everett McClelland
 Hobart I. Moses
 Floyd W. Perry
 Loyal Petrie
 Don Wickard
 Clarence Hahn
 John Johnson
 Laurence Myers
 Leo Brown

Freshmen

Edgar Allen
 Edward H. Bishop
 Clarence E. Hall
 Leslie Lewis
 Orville H. Martin
 Grover C. Patton

Henry Peabody
 Ray N. Rhines
 James Walter
 Rodger Young
 Grover Yoder

Not taking C & F Degree

H. K. Davenport
 Chester Hyde

"No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure."—Everett Gastineau.

Burns	Walter	Bishop	Rhines	Young	Hall	Johnson
McCleland	Moses	Cox	Myers	Martin	Petrie	Ross
Flegel	Hodge	Gee	Hamilton	Gool	Wesem	Davenport
Bell	Sansom	Dyer	Dr. Smith	Riley		Mattes





DEBATE



Officers

Corwine E. Roach	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Edward M. Ross	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
John R. Lyons	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

Members

William H. Banfill
 Clarence Flegel
 Chester Hyde
 Edward Ross
 Grover Poole
 Corwine Roach
 William Bell
 Otto Kyle
 Everett Pinkstaff

James Lively
 Carleton Mattes
 Dwight Montgomery
 John Lyons
 Everett Dickey
 Loyal Petrie
 Arthur Niedermeyer
 Ray Turner
 Roy Wentz

The debating Club of the University means a great deal to the students interested in public oratory and debate. Its endeavor is to interest the students in this line of work so they may see the need and value of public speaking.

The college man should be able to speak as well as think, and work under the direction of the Debating Club will cultivate the ability to do so.

The local Debating Club is a member of the Illinois Inter-Collegiate Debating League composed of three schools, Illinois Wesleyan University, Northwestern College, James Millikin University. Three teams were trained this year under the department of public speaking. One team debating Wesleyan University, one debating Northwestern College and a Freshman team debating a like team from Illinois College. The Freshman team, Arthur Niedermeyer, Roy Wentz, Otto Kyle, debating the question, Resolved, that there should be a National child-labor law.

"They say women and music should never be dated."—Blanche Hamilton.



Sheffler

Mattes

Roach

Millikin-Wesleyan Debating Team

Affirmative won by Millikin.

Negative—Wesleyan.

Resolved—"That foreign immigration to the United States should be further restricted by the imposition of an educational test."



Ross

Hyde

Lyons

Millikin-Northwestern Debating Team

Affirmative won by Northwestern.

Negative—Millikin.

Question—Same.

"For I was tender and beloved in the sight of my mother."—Calvert Dyer.



First row, left to right—Ora Bellamy, *Exchanges*, William H. Bell, *Bus. Mar.*, Anne M. Boyd, *Alumni*,
 Fred T. McGee, *Editor*, Flora E. Ross, *Literary*, R. Raymond Turner, *Assoc. Editor*, Edith Hampton, *Society*
 Second row, left to right—J. Ben Wand, *Athletics*, William H. Banfill, *Literary*, Mauriee S. Sly, *Jokelites*,
 C. G. Dowell, *Adm. Solicitor*, Harry C. Pier, *Literary*, Grover Poole, *Photographer*.

The Decaturian

"The Decaturian," the official organ of the students and faculty, a monthly magazine, has made marked progress during the year 1908-09. Through business-like methods and fair dealing it has attained an advertising patronage not approached in previous years. A card system has been instituted which, if followed by any considerable number of the student-body, will serve as a foundation for almost unlimited expansion in advertising. Many improvements in the office and much material betterment of equipment are evidenced.

The make-up of the magazine itself was changed considerably from that of former years by the present Management. Several ill-chosen and non-fruitful minor departments were abandoned, most of which found a re-creation in others of a more general nature. Greater emphasis this year has been expressed in the Exchange department. The "Jokelettes" section has been enlarged, and the content thereof systematized and purified. "A Page of College Verse" and an "Alumni and Former Students" page were successfully launched, and bid fair to retain a prominent and permanent place in the make-up. A photographer and artist-cartoonist were added to the staff. "The Editor's Drawer" has brought the editor into closer sympathy with his readers, while the "Editor's Note," explaining the longer stories, has resulted in greater stimulus to their reading.

Illustrated stories of college life have proven immensely popular. The grouping of advertisements in the back of the magazine has resulted in great artistic improvement in the general effect, as has a uniform frontispiece with a special picture for each month. One hundred and fifty poems, 50 more or less pretentious articles and stories, and many other smaller literary contributions have been presented. The number of pages was increased from about 180 in previous volumes to 250; the number of pictures from about 25 to 100. The circulation exhibits the remarkable advance of over 300 per cent in six months.

Other college magazines have been very favorable in their criticism on the form and content of "The Decaturian." A few brief criticisms selected from magazines in different sections follow:

"The Decaturian" seems to be an ideal college paper. In its twenty-eight pages it covers the whole field of college journalism and does it in a very creditable manner."—The Courant (Pa.).

"The Decaturian" is a magazine of excellent make-up, its orderly arrangement being a noticeable feature."—The Academician (Ind.).

"The Decaturian" is always interesting. It is a combination of town news, college news, stories, and poetry."—The Adelpian (N. Y.).

"You are a news-gatherer as few are."—The Trinitonian (Tex.).

"The Decaturian" is well-edited.—Milton College Review (Wis.).

"The page of college verse in 'The Decaturian' is to be praised."—The Delta (Mo.).

"Keep up your high standard, Decaturian. You are a first-class paper."—The Blackburnian (Ill.).

"Are women books, says Hodge, then would they were mine."—Everett Hodge.



Men's Glee Club

Officers

Otis R. Hill	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Lee Morehead	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Cecil Cox	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Manager
Howard Bone	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Librarian

Members

Earl Bryant
J. Ben Wand
Edwin Davis
Clifford Miller
Everett Hodge
Dean Viers
Ellis Hudson

Edgar Allen
John Lyons
Orville Durning
Warren Stadler
J. Robert Adams
William Keller
Edgar Smith

Men's Vocal Quartet

Mr. Edwin Davis
Mr. Cecil Cox

Mr. J. Ben Wand
Mr. Otis Hill

Ladies' Vocal Quartet

Miss Fay Mac Adams
Miss Mildred Randolph

Miss Jeanette Troutman
Miss Lillian Keown

'I shall tread in the steps of my illustrious predecessor.'—Prof. W. W. Smith.



Edson W. Morphy, Conductor.

Violins

Caroline Powers
Mary Hemenway
Helen Mills
Bertha Trautman
Reva Keagle
Ruth Lavery
Nellie Alvord
Walter Oehler
Leta Seeforth
Harold McNabb

Violas

Ellis Hudson
Albert Bukman

Violincellos

James H. Dickey
C. A. Morrow

Bass Viol

Bertram Dickson

Violin Quartette

Miss Caroline Powers
Miss Mary Hemenway

Futes

Paul Waggonseiler
Robert Mueller

Clarinettes

Frank Wallace
Montfort Peniwell

Cornets

Arthur Mattes
Roy Cairns

Horns

Abe Greenberg
Ray Doty

Trombone

Francis Gillin
Clyde Threlkeld
Myrton Doty

Tuba

Robert Adams

Miss Ruth Lavery
Mr. Edson W. Morphy

"A very unclubable man."—John Johnson.



Officers

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Paul Welch
Vice President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ellis Hudson
Secretary-Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Maurice Sly

Members

William H. Banfill
 Harry T. Hadley
 Ellis H. Hudson
 B. G. Lehenbauer

P. A. Lehenbauer
 M. S. Sly
 R. Raymond Turner
 Paul Welch



"Pearls like girls, require much attention."--Mattes.

Mary Jane's Triumph

Millidek First Prize Story.

MARY JANE guided her stubby pen painfully with stiff fat fingers across the decorated white envelope. Mary Jane's fingers were always stiff, by reason of their being so exceedingly chubby, and therefore writing was always a painful process, requiring much squirming and sighing, and generally much spilling of ink. Furthermore, this was only the second year of Mary Jane's pursuit of the art of letters, and hence the words balanced themselves tipsily along the line, which showed an undeniable tendency to slant wildly down hill into the bouquet of embossed white roses at the corner of the envelope. There were many bouquets of white roses on this envelope, bound together by yards of ribbons tied in true lovers' knots. There were also three fat white Cupids in the upper left hand corner, and beneath them a fat white bird, holding in its mouth a scroll inscribed "To My Love." And inside the envelope was a valentine more gorgeous still, with pink roses and tinsel leaves, more fat Cupids peering over the corners of pink and green landscapes, and even the fat bird at the top, but this time blue, and holding in his mouth a chain of tiny golden hearts.

But it was the bird on the envelope that was worrying Mary Jane. For the scroll which it held in its mouth was undoubtedly intended for the name of the person to whom the valentine was to be sent; and, as yet, Mary Jane had not fully decided who that person was to be. Mary Jane had sent other valentines in days gone by and had had no trouble in deciding what name to write, but she felt that those days were gone forever. It was Isabel's name that had heretofore, for two long years, decorated Mary Jane's valentines and Christmas cards, and it was Isabel's name that Mary Jane in her heart of hearts wished to write now, but the stubborn pride and resentment that had been burning in her heart for nearly a week, held her back, and caused her to erase for the third time the painstakingly written name, and hide the crumpled envelope in her desk. She would not put this gayest of valentines in the box today, for it was only a week ago that she and Isabel had quarreled.

It was all over Valentine's Day, anyway. Nearly a month since, when Mary Jane and Isabel were still the best of friends, Miss Ames had told the school of the valentine box. It was to be a large white box, decorated with tinsel and red hearts, with a wide slit in the cover intended for valentines. It was to stand on Miss Ames' desk, and on Valentine's Day it was to be opened. Mary Jane and Isabel had smiled at each other across the aisle, for there were no secrets between them then, and each knew perfectly well what was in the other's mind concerning valentines.

But all that was over now. For Miss Ames, not content with the box, had determined on a "program" to be given before it was opened, in which only the pupils who made the best records during the ensuing month, were to be asked to take part. And here lay the real cause of the quarrel. For Isabel had been asked to take part three times, and Mary Jane only once.

Not that Mary Jane was at all jealous. Indeed it was all Isabel's fault, she argued. She had never once referred to the matter except to say one day that

"To manage—it was her business, her duty; the thing she came into the world to do—and she did it."—Louise Stevenson.

she could not see how anyone could find time for so much work outside of school hours, and that she, for her part, did not like to show off. Whereupon Isabel had tossed her head and answered that such things were never hard for her. And she had tossed her head still more when she described the dress she was to wear as Queen of Hearts in the drill, all white and pink, with pink slippers, and a crown of pink roses on her head. Mary Jane listened with ill-concealed bitterness of soul, which had finally burst forth, arousing the storm of wrath which had sent Isabel in picturesque tears to Miss Ames' arms and ready, if short-sighted, sympathy; and had condemned Mary Jane to stay a half hour after school, dry-eyed and sullen, and resolving solemnly in her heart never to forgive Isabel, and never to speak to her again, never, never!

Isabel always had been a "teacher's pet," she thought, bitterly. She had never been a favorite with the girls, though, Mary Jane reflected revengefully. And that was true, for Isabel's imperious and dictatorial ways had made no firm friends in the school, save Mary Jane; and, sooth to say, Isabel had never tried to be imperious and dictatorial with Mary Jane, that is, never until now.

So Mary Jane put the valentine back in her desk unaddressed and set about studying her spelling lesson. As a rule, Mary Jane's heart rejoiced in her spelling lesson, and she generally studied diligently, for she excelled in spelling if in nothing else. Her place was always first in the long line at the west side of the room, and, as had seemed most natural until lately, Isabel had been second, kept from being first only by the fact that Mary Jane never missed a word which she might correct, and not from any inferior ability on her part. Isabel had always accepted this position with equanimity, and as a matter of course. But now, Mary Jane felt, with an uneasy glance at her friend, now, it might be different.

Isabel was certainly studying, with all her heart, bent close over her book, with flushed face and tumbled hair. Mary Jane's heart filled with bitterness, and she fluttered the leaves of her own book vigorously, turned her back on her friend and set stubbornly to work, entirely disregarding the wistful look that Isabel cast across the aisle as she turned away her head. For Isabel, too, had seen the valentine.

The class in spelling took its place with some confusion, and much dropping of books. There was always noise in Miss Ames' room, Mary Jane reflected, as she marched to the head of the line, much more than in any of the others. She watched Miss Ames curiously as she hurried nervously about the room, setting things to rights, and upsetting them the next moment. "She's pretty," thought Mary Jane, impersonally to herself. She mostly thought of Miss Ames in that detached fashion, especially since her quarrel with Isabel, when Miss Ames had so plainly shown her preference for her friend. Mary Jane's heart burned revengefully at the recollection.

"Teacher's pet!" she muttered to herself, but not loud enough for Isabel to hear. Isabel was following Miss Ames about the room with adoring eyes. Mary Jane surveyed her sullenly. She might have looked at Miss Ames like that, she thought, if she had been given half a chance. But Miss Ames always did make pets of the "smart" girls, she said to herself, gloomily, and because she was neither smart nor pretty, she had never paid the least bit of attention to her. Mary Jane looked again at Isabel, who was standing now meekly in the correct attitude of attention, while she herself slouched heavily on one foot against the wall. Mary Jane straightened suddenly, she could always surpass

"Running over with happiness."—Logic Class.

Isabel in deportment, and she did not intend to lose any of her few cherished laurels. In spelling, too, she thought, she could vanquish Isabel, but a remembrance of her hastily studied lesson destroyed her triumphant feeling, leaving in its place a very doubtful and hesitant one, which was not in the least dissipated by Isabel's air of quiet confidence.

The recitation began beautifully. But the lesson was a long one and Mary Jane thought uneasily of the last four or five words. She grew more and more uneasy as she heard word after word which seemed quite unfamiliar, and more and more fearful of the fate about to fall upon her. It came at last.

"Preyed, to get by violence," said Miss Ames.

The little girl at the foot of the class, whose turn it was, considered a moment, and ventured nobly.

"P-r-e-y-e-d, preyed," she responded hesitatingly. Mary Jane breathed a sigh of relief. She had not been sure, and the word would have come to her next.

"Busied, to be busy," said Miss Ames, turning to the head of the class.

Mary Jane thought wildly. She certainly had not seen that word in the list, but she had noticed that the juxtaposition of words in a lesson often indicated similarity of spelling. Time was short, she could only guess—

"Well, Mary Jane!" said Miss Ames, impatiently.

Mary Jane hesitated no longer. "B-u-s-y-e-d," she spelled anxiously, and waited in great doubt.

"Next!" said Miss Ames, sharply.

Mary Jane felt, rather than saw, the quick turning of heads in her direction, and heard, as in a dream, Isabel's voice spelling slowly.

"B-u-s-i-e-d."

Her brain was in a whirl, starting tears blinded her eyes, and she moved aside dully to allow Isabel to pass. Then she caught the smile with which Miss Ames greeted Isabel's success, and the whole consequences of her failure came upon her. It was Isabel—Isabel, who had spelled her down, and now stood in her rightful place as head of the class. Mary Jane's small back stiffened, and she choked back the rising sobs with all the force she could muster. She must not cry now, not before Isabel, not before Miss Ames' smile.

Isabel herself seemed curiously unrelaxed over her victory. She cast several glances at Mary Jane, who misunderstood them completely, and fought back the tears harder than ever. Isabel should not triumph over her altogether, she should not see her cry!

The recitation dragged out slowly, and the bell rang for noon. Mary Jane bundled her books together and marched out past Miss Ames' desk with a lump in her throat nearly as large as her revengeful little heart. Once outside, she paused a moment on the step, to keep back a struggling sob, and Isabel passed her slowly, passed, turned and came back.

"Mary Jane!" she said.

Mary Jane fixed her eyes on the maple outside the gate and said nothing. Isabel flushed.

"Ain't you going to answer me?" she asked, sharply.

Mary Jane turned and tried to look withering scorn at her quondam friend, but failed miserably and burst into unwilling tears.

"Oh, you smarty!" she cried, "I hate you, I hate you, smarty, smarty!"

"A girl who has so many willful ways."—Edith Hampton.

and burst into loud weeping. The girls gathered round her commiseratingly, casting looks of wrath at pretty Isabel, who stood undecided in the door.

"Don't you mind her, Mary Jane," said one, putting her arms around Mary Jane as she spoke.

"She's just the meanest thing that ever was. We know, don't we, girls," and the girls did know, for most of them had had experience of Isabel's tongue before.

Isabel turned and walked out the gate, holding her head high. Mary Jane burst into fresh tears at the sight.

"I'll never speak to her again, never, never!" she vowed, between sobs.

"Don't you never," advised the girls consolingly. "None of us won't. We're all your friends, Mary Jane."

Somewhat cheered by this, Mary Jane dried her tears and started homeward, escorted by a bevy of sympathizers. When she came to the corner, she turned and saw Isabel making her solitary way homeward. She was not holding her head so high now, and her small figure drooped in a way Mary Jane did not understand, but which made her feel vaguely uneasy, so that she almost hesitated a moment.

But a chance remark of one of the girls changed her purpose.

"Is your mother coming to the program this afternoon, Mary Jane?"

The program! Mary Jane had almost forgotten the program. Again her heart hardened.

"No, I think not," she answered primly. "My mother doesn't believe in children's showing off. But I s'pose Isabel's mother will be there. Isabel's such a smarty!"

Mary Jane's part in the performance that afternoon was not a long one. Miss Ames had chosen for her what she considered a suitable selection for Valentine's Day, and as Miss Ames' taste ran decidedly to the romantic, Mary Jane was forced to absorb a great deal of sentiment at which her matter-of-fact little soul rebelled. Her present trial was "Maud Muller," which Mary Jane despised for two reasons, first, because of its undeniable tendency to resolve itself into meaningless singsong and second, because there seemed to be no definite conclusion to be drawn from it, and Mary Jane demanded conclusions above all things. Consequently, after the first few days of conscientious study, she had abandoned poor "Maud" to her fate.

There were not many visitors that afternoon, and Mary Jane easily discovered Isabel's mother and sister, talking to the principal at Miss Ames' desk. Isabel was there too, in a new blue dress, with her hair in longer curls than ever, and tied with a rampant blue bow. She seemed much at ease, and tossed her head even at the principal. Mary Jane thought uneasily of her recitation, and wished her shoes didn't squeak so.

Isabel's song was first on the program. Isabel was always at her best when facing an audience, and today she was more than anxious to outshine her schoolmates, for the snub of the morning rankled still. So she smiled her sweetest and sang her best, and when she finished with a demure little bow, the applause of the visitors broke out heartily and, at once, that of the school following more perfunctorily. She took her seat with bobbing curls and bright eyes, never once glancing where Mary Jane sat in a tremor of apprehension, waiting for her name to be announced.

She faced her audience with a beating heart; and began in a tone scarcely audible. Her consciousness of this did not materially help matters, and pain-

"Who thinks too little and talks too much,"—Everett McClelland.

fully she stumbled on through twelve or thirteen interminable verses and stopped short, her mind refusing absolutely to work further. In vain Miss Ames prompted from her desk, in vain the principal coughed behind his handkerchief, no amount of urging could remind Mary Jane of what she had lost, and in a dead silence she took her seat. A faint-hearted attempt at applause began, but it soon died out and nothing but a strained quiet remained, except Mary Jane's flushed face, and Miss Ames' stern frown of displeasure.

The rest of the program was a meaningless jumble to Mary Jane. Two things alone stood out clear and distinct, the fact that Isabel finished her recitation without break or falter; and again, the sight of her triumphantly smiling face in the drill when all her attendant maidens, kneeling, presented her with a crown of roses as Queen of Hearts. All of the tears Mary Jane struggled in vain to keep back could not wash out the memory of that moment.

Most of the visitors left before the opening of the Valentine box, Isabel's mother and sister among them. Mary Jane watched them rustle out, and then turned her attention to the box. Even her misfortunes could not drown the natural curiosity she felt, and with the rest of the room, she watched breathlessly as the cover was taken off. And the first name called was her own.

She walked back to her desk with more than half the load taken from her heart. She opened the envelope and took out the valentine. And there, rose for rose, and tinsel for tinsel, down to the tiny blue bird with the chain of golden hearts in his mouth, was the counterpart of the valentine in her desk!

Mary Jane gasped. Then slowly, she turned the valentine over. And there, on the back, in the careful vertical penmanship which Isabel had always affected, was her name, "From your true friend, Isabel Macdonald."

Mary Jane gasped again. Then she looked across the aisle at Isabel. Isabel's attention was fixed on the box, from which many and various white missives were being distributed. None so far, however had come to Isabel. Mary Jane noted that wonderingly, before she looked again at the box. Then she was startled out of her confused whirl of thoughts by hearing her name called again. This time Miss Ames gave her two valentines, and hardly had she reached her seat before she was called again to receive another. The other girls looked at her with not unfriendly interest, but Isabel did not turn her head.

Twice again was Mary Jane called to Miss Ames' desk for a valentine, and still Isabel would not look round. Then Miss Ames rapped for order, and the children began the usual putting away of books before dismissal. While the monitors were making their rounds, the girl on the other side of Mary Jane leaned across and whispered,

"How many d'you get, Mary Jane?"

"Six," answered Mary Jane, displaying her treasures.

"My," said the other admiringly, "good for you." Then with a sharp change of tone, "Say, Isabel didn't get a one, did she?"

Mary Jane looked at her in surprise, hardly understanding.

"She didn't," affirmed the girl. "Not a one. Look, you can see on her desk. I sh'ud think maybe now she wouldn't be so smart."

Mary Jane looked at Isabel's desk. It was true, there was not a valentine on it. Mary Jane's heart sank as though it had been herself. Then she looked at Isabel.

Isabel's head was as high as ever, but there was a suspicious quivering about her determined little mouth, and a suspicious brightness in her eyes.

"Do you still love me?"—Mildred Shipp.

And even as Mary Jane looked, she saw an unmistakable tear fall on the desk before her.

A sudden wave of pity, as strong as it was sudden, swept over Mary Jane, and without a moment's hesitation she reached in her desk for the abandoned valentine. With fingers trembling with haste she wrote the address on the scroll inscribed "To My Love," and pushed the missive across in front of her friend. She saw Isabel's look of surprise and sudden joy, and then Mary Jane looked away, lest her own face betray her.

Mary Jane had been accustomed until lately to wait for Isabel at the door, and today, moved by a sudden impulse, she took up a half-doubtful stand in her old place. Her hesitation vanished when she saw Isabel's face, and she stepped forward hastily to meet her. Isabel began suddenly.

"Mary Jane," she said, then stopped.

Mary Jane's words came with a rush.

"I didn't mean that," she stammered, "what I said this morning, about your being a smarty. You're a better speller'n I am, I guess."

Isabel's feelings could express themselves in but one way. She sat down on the step and burst into tears.

Mary Jane was shocked.

"Don't do that, Isabel," she said, and seeing her real distress, Isabel became quieter, and at length got up, rubbing her eyes with a damp handkerchief.

"You goin' home now?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Mary Jane, picking up her books.

"So'm I," said Isabel, and together they started out of the gate in silence.

The silence was unbroken almost till they reached the corner. Then Isabel turned, her face shining with the honest joy of one who offers the olive-branch of peace.

"You did real fine on your recitation, Mary Jane," she said.

Frances Baker. '12.

The Vacant Lot

Country boys may have their acres;
We don't care a jot;
Just for simple, boiled-down pleasures,
Take the vacant lot.

It has space to lasso cattle
On the rolling plain;
Space enough to be a pirate
On the Spanish Main.

Room enough to scalp an Injun
In the forest gloom;
Room enough to lick an army
To a sudden doom!

Howsoever life is builded
Close in every spot,
Hope the years will leave for playing
Just a vacant lot. R. Raymond Turner.

"Separation still is union, if the hearts united be."—Lucy Penhallegon.

FRATERNITIES



Alpha Sigma Theta

(Local)

Established October 6, 1904.



Patron

President A. R. Taylor

Affiliated Members

Dr. T. W. Galloway

D. W. Morton

Laurence Sears

Fratres in Universitate

Seniors

William Bell
Walter Isaacs

Sophomores

Harrison McCown
Loyal Petrie
Floyd Perry
Corwine Roach
Frank Sheffler
Walter Willis
Arthur Gee

Louis Hull

Juniors

Lloyd Wallace
John R. Lyons
Ira J. Pease
Ewing Wilson

Freshmen

Harry Farrell
Otis R. Hill
Fred Aurand
Orville Martin
Grover Yoder

Pledges

Donald Wallace

Alumni

Ellis E. Bankson, B. S. in C. E.
Orris Bennett, B. S. in C. & F.
Edward King, B. S., M. A.
Edgar Morrow, A. B.

Ansel Magill, A. B.
Verne R. Ross, A. B.
Arthur Van Cleve, A. B.
Ray Oliphant, B. S. in E. E.

"A laugh never forgotten."—Ben McCrum.



Roach Lyons Arrand Pease Wilson Isaacs Perry Shetler
 D. Wallace Gee Willis Hall Hill Farrell Peirce Yoder L. Wallace Bell





Hamilton
Ross

Wasem
Patton

Dayenport
Hahn

Sansom
Redmon

Matties
Rhines

Bricker
Moses

Emis
Good

Taylor
Bishop

Kappa Delta Chi

(Local)

Established April 23, 1904.



Kappa Delta Chi House.

Patrons and Patronesses

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher
Mr. and Mrs. Smith Walker
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Powers
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Van Deventer
Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Shaw

Fratres in Universitate

Seniors

Hubert K. Davenport
Carleton F. Mattes
Ward J. Bricker
Norman J. Sansom

Sophmores

Hobart I. Moses
Nelson B. Good
Leslie R. Taylor
Clarence A. Hahn

Juniors

James E. Wasem
Roy M. Hamilton
Edward W. Ross
Lester E. Ennis

Freshmen

James Redmon
Edward H. Bishop
Grover Patton
Ray Rhines
Byron Burns

"For everything gave way before him."—Prexy.

Chi Rho Sigma

(Local)

Established 1908.



Faculty Advisor

Dr. J. D. Rogers

Fratres in Absentia

Elmo Drake

Waldo Drake

Fratres in Universitate

Seniors

Clifford Miller
Charles Hartwig
Fred T. McGee

Juniors

Robert Miller
Clarence Flegel
Grover Poole
Maurice Sly

Sophomores

Everett Dickey
Don Wickard
Howard Bone
James Lively

Freshmen

Harvey Wood
Everett Pinkstaff
Harrison Crowder
Arthur Niedermeyer
Thomas Myers

"So ugly that he is handsome."—Bob Everett.



Lively
Niedermeyer

Flegel
Poole

G. Miller
Dickey

Wood
Pinkstaff

Hartwig
R. Miller

Crowder
Wickard

Bone
Long



Hampton
Neisler

Swearingen
Mills

Boftrell
Dearth

Lichtenberger
Jacobsen

May
Hubbard

Hamilton
Stevens

Chi Sigma Phi

(Local)

Established October 13, 1904.



Faculty Advisor

Miss Grace P. Conant

Sorores in Facultate

Davida McCaslin

Theekla Leafbourg

Sorores in Urbe

Florence Dearth

Ethel Lichtenberger

Daisy Payne

Sorores in Universitate

Seniors

Helen Mills

Ruth Stevens

Juniors

Bertha McClelland

Ethel Rogers

Sophomores

Ilda Dearth

Edith Hampton

Blanche Hamilton

Jewel May

Leoti Swearingen

Cleo Lichtenberger

LaRue Neisler

Specials

Caroline Carr

Faye McAdams

Irene Hubbard

Pledges

Grace Bottrell

Bessie Jacobson

“Be flirtuous and you will be happy.”—Hazel Niles.

Delta Theta Psi

(Local)

Established October 1, 1904.

Faculty Advisors

Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Galloway.

Patronesses

Mrs. A. R. Taylor

Mrs. John A. Montgomery

Mrs. Robert Mueller

Miss Buckingham

Mrs. A. W. Conklin

Miss Nita Clark

Mrs. W. T. Wells

Sorores in Urbe

Myrtle Rugh

Katherine Trautman

Mrs. Alice Baker File

Mrs. Ruth Bicknell Walker

Mary Hostetler

Sorores in Facultate

Lucy Penhallegon

Jessie Penhallegon

Louise Guernsey

Irene Handlin

Sorores in Universitate

Seniors

Alice Bone

Helen A. Bishop

Dorothy A. Pyatt

Erma C. Anderson

Juniors

Esther Starr

Sophomores

Edith W. Bowyer

Pearl Tippet

May Field

Grace Thrift

Freshmen

Marie Scott

Marie Freeman

Jessie Patterson

“Oh, what a dangerous gift is a great name.”—Paul Smith.



Field
Penhalligon

Thrall
Anderson

Bone
Starr

Bishop
Hosteller

Patterson
Freeman

Patt
Bowyer

Guernsey
Hippett

Hanlin
Scott





Morgan	Armstrong	Ross	Redmon	Scott	Staley	Grady	Bellamy	Trautman	Leiby	Wornick	Still	Stevenson
--------	-----------	------	--------	-------	--------	-------	---------	----------	-------	---------	-------	-----------

Phi Pi

Established May 13th, 1908.

Colors

Garnet and Steel Gray.

Flower

Jacqueminot Rose.

Faculty Advisors

Dr. and Mrs. Hessler.

Patrons and Patronesses

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Park
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Persinger
Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Irving
Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Mueller
Mr. and Mrs. John B. Robinson

Miss Ada Lindsay
Miss Nina Crigler (In Absentia)
Mr. and Mrs. John Hogan
Dr. and Mrs. L. P. Walbridge

Members

Seniors

Ora Bellamy
Irene Leiby
Irene Staley
Celia Still

Juniors

Bessie Armstrong
Flora Ross
Louise Stevenson

Sophomores

Blanche Redmon
Jeanette Trautman
Ina Wornick

Freshmen

Pearl Grady
Effie Morgan
Mary Scott
Julia Owings

“On the brow the dew of youth.
On thy lips the smile of truth.”—Mary Scott.

Phi Delta Pi

Zeta Chapter

Established October 21, 1903.

Active Members

Florence Page
Clare Ferritor
Emily Powers
Eleanor Armstrong
Helen Ritchie

Mary Pickrell
Marie Allen
Eloise Brownback
Marjorie Powers
Helen Moeller

Associate Members

Ellen Irish
Lora Kinsman
Myra Powers

Marie Morgan
Alberta Barnes Beall
Mae Badenhausen

Susanne Imboden

Absent Members

Leonora Allen

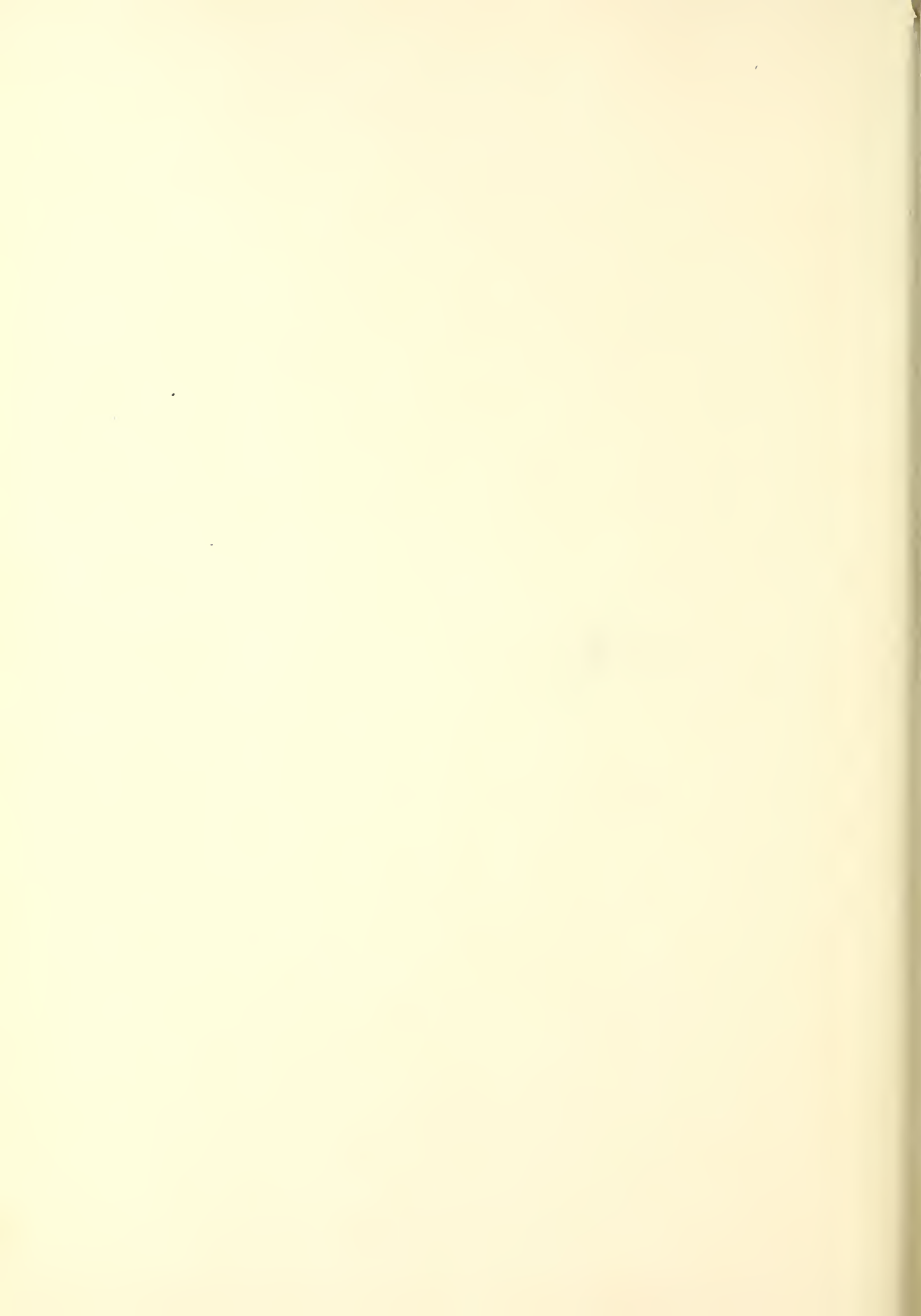
Hazel Bowren

Samuella Young

“That will make a very sweet little gown.”—Miss Forsythe.



E. Powers	Armstrong	Page	Kinsman	Brownback	Moeller	M. Powers	Allen	Ferritor	M. Powers
	Ritchey								



Adam

THE postmaster stretched a greasy hand across his grocer's counter, and held out a letter to the tall middle-aged woman standing there.

"Miss-Adelaide-Spring. Something for you, I guess."

"Oh, thank you," she said, indifferently.

She slipped the letter into her basket and walked out of the store. One glance told her the writer. Her lilac calico gown, laid away for years in a garret trunk, was dimly reminiscent of him. He had been in her mind a good deal the past week.

The pike curved upward toward the mountains, a dusty, warm-colored line, with here a house, there an orchard or some pasture land beside it. It had rained the day before, and the sudden little winds that beat down it were thick with the late August odors of withered grass or the last of the apples. Puffs of this red dust followed the tall woman up the road.

She carried her head high as she walked. Her stately name seemed to suit her. Under her thoughts and over and thru them ran that one of her letter.

"Adelaide! Adelaide!"

She turned.

Jane Roseborough held her skirts well up out of the dust as she came. Her round, goodnatured face shone like a full moon from under her starched sun-bonnet.

"I've just been down to the drug-store after some liniment," she stopped to say. "I wonder what makes you go so fast, Adelaide? You only had a minute ahead of me."

"I didn't know you were following."

"You ain't as fat as I am, Adelaide, or you'd realize how I feel. Well, let's go on."

"I guess the worst of the hot spell's over," said Adelaide a minute later.

"I hope so, anyway." Jane was staring wide-eyed at her neighbor. "How old-timey you look Adelaide! I believe you had a dress like that on when he first come to see you."

"Who?" asked Adelaide unflinchingly.

"Adam."

They toiled along, one heaving and crimson, the other erect and high-headed. A loaded haywagon, moving ponderously in the opposite direction, went by them. It seemed to Adelaide that the farmer's boy, perched on top, looked at her curiously.

"He's been talking a good deal about you today, Adelaide."

"Who?"

"Adam."

The tall woman's face was like stone.

"He just came back last night. I tell you I was mighty glad to see him. Eighteen year is a long time to do without seeing your only brother."

Adelaide kept dumb.

"His wife's dead and his children's dead, and he's come back here to stay—that is—that is—" She ended vaguely.

Ringin', love, for you and me."—Marie Webb.

"Jane Roseborough!"

"Well, Adelaide?"

"You needn't be afraid to say anything to hart. You can talk all you want to."

There was a moment's silence.

"Adelaide!"

"Well?"

"What was it that made you and Adam fall out?"

The only sound in the road was that of their footfalls muffled in the dust. Farther down, the hay-wagon still humbered. Adelaide measured out her words when she spoke; there was a snap to them.

"I've never told anybody yet, and I never expect to."

"I didn't think you would," said Jane, shrilly, "but I thought I'd ask, anyhow. Do you see this?" holding up the package in her hand; "it's liniment. Do you know what he's gone and done to himself?"

"No."

"He was fixing up my grapevine for me this morning, and he slipped and hurt his back. The doctor says he'll have to keep quiet for a week."

They were coming to a small frame house set well back from the road. Two rows of box, each as tall as a man, led up to the front door.

"How's Ellen?" persisted Jane.

"She's gone down to Haversham."

"John Emmet sticks as close as ever, don't he? You'll miss her when she goes."

"She ain't married yet."

They had reached the gate. Jane stopped irresolute. "You might let bygones be bygones," she blurted out. "You might send him a word or two, Adelaide. He hasn't forgotten you."

"It's no use to go on like that, Jane Roseborough."

"I know it ain't. Well, goodbye."

"Goodby," said Adelaide. She lifted the latch, and passed austere between the tall rows of box.

"Miss Adelaide! Miss Adelaide!"

"Oh, dear!" she said.

Back of the house stretched a fat vegetable garden, and over the fence, that divided it from the green, alley-like lane beyond, hung the owner of this voice, young, stalwart, white-shirted.

"Heard anything from Miss Ellen lately, Miss Adelaide?"

"Not a word." She put down her basket and faced him judicially.

"What's the matter between you and Ellen, John Emmet?"

He groaned.

"Who began it?"

"Ellen. She saw me stopping down the pike one afternoon to talk to one of the Bean girls. I only asked her how her mother was, and I couldn't run right off when she began to tell me all about the old lady's rheumatism. And Ellen got jealous and wouldn't listen to anything I said, and the next day she was down at Haversham. Miss Adelaide, she's been there a week, and I haven't heard a word since."

"That's like Ellen."

"I love the very ground she walks on," he cried, vehemently.

She looked at him kindly. "I guess it'll all come right."

"They say I talk like a book."—Dr. Galloway.

He swung himself off down the lane. She watched him with a new and yet strangely familiar pang at her heart. It seemed to her as if she were listening to some old story over again.

In the house she remembered her letter. She seated herself on the edge of a chair in her solemn little parlor, and read it:

Adelaide:—I'm coming back to Green Meadow just to see you.—Adam.

Her face hardened, grew soft, and hardened again. At last she cried out, "but he got married! but he got married!" and flung the letter from her.

Over the mantel in a cheap gilt frame hung the photograph of a young girl. Her face was dimly like Adelaide's.

She rose and crossed over to it, and shook her finger in the soft and smiling eyes.

"Is that the reason why you went off to Haversham?" she began sharply. "It was 'Aunt Adelaide' this and 'Aunt Adelaide' that, till I said yes. You ought to have said, 'I'm going away and make a fool of myself!'"

Then, after a long time, "We're all alike. I wouldn't make up with Adam Roseborough, and you won't make up with John Emmet, and you'll be sorry for it all the rest of your life."

Her voice had shaken as she drew towards the end, and her last words were almost a wail.

She picked up the letter again and held it out full in the face of the mysterious likeness.

"And look at this, Ellen Spring! But I can't make up my mind to answer it. I'm soft one minute and hard the next. He got married, and I stayed single. Seems to me I can't get over his taking a wife. I can't! I can't!"

She plucked at the waist of the gown she wore.

"Ellen Spring, did you ever see this lilac calico before? I pulled it out of the trunk this morning, where it's been folded up 'most twenty year. I knew he was coming, and I wanted something to put me in mind of him. He always liked this lilac so.—That's what you'll come to, Ellen Spring. You'll hunger and thirst and find nothing to satisfy you but a rag of old ribbon or a pile of old letters or something else. Some other woman'll get your happiness, and you'll sit and look on and make out you don't care."

Her voice was stern and appealing and passionate and sad by turns. It came back in tinkling echoes across the empty room. It seemed to her as if the house were full of ghosts.

Then she said suddenly, "I'm going right up stairs and take it off."

* * * * *

Late that afternoon her niece came home.

"I thought you were going to stay another week," said Adelaide.

"I got tired of it," said the girl. She dragged out a chair and sat down on it. "You needn't get me any supper. I'm not hungry."

Her aunt stopped in her passage across the kitchen.

"John Emmet was 'round here today, and he told me all about it. He's most crazy for you to make up, Ellen."

"I feel 's if I'd rather die than do it."

Adelaide Spring set her dishes down again on the table and looked curiously at her.

"I'm going to tell you something," she began. "I guess you've heard about Adam Roseborough? And that once he and I were going to be married, and then we had a quarrel, and we never made up, and he went away and got

"May your shadow never grow less."—Cleo Lichtenberger.

another wife? Everybody in the village knows that story. Well, he's back here again at his sister Jane's. He's come back just to see me. I got a letter from him, this morning, and he told me so. But it's too late, Ellen Spring."

"Well?" said the girl.

"But don't you go and make a fool of yourself like me. I'm too old to change, but you're young and can; you must."

"What was it about?" asked Ellen.

"He thought I talked too much to the minister. We had just got him, and he was handsome and had a tongue. I said I would, and Adam said I musn't, and there it all ended. Adam begged and begged, but I held out, and so he stopped begging and went away."

The young face stared up into the middle-aged one.

"I look at you, Aunt Adelaide, and it seems as if you were myself, only older."

"And I look at you," said Adelaide, "and it seems as if I were looking at me, only younger."

The rattle of china sounded again. Adelaide's heels made clicking noises over the bare kitchen floor. From the stove came a pleasant bubbling and steaming, and the room was full of a homely odor. From the window she could see the Roseborough chimneys, showing very black and plain against a sky that was all pale rose and emerald.

"Aunt Adelaide!"

"Well?"

"If you make up with Mr. Roseborough, I'll make up with John Emmett." Adelaide turned on her in a sudden passion.

"I don't see why you should try to make me do that, Ellen."

"I'll do just what you do," said Ellen.

A curtain flopped in the wind that was pouring down the pike. Up from the garden came the old and straitened odor of box. A door creaked.

Adelaide Spring went falteringly out of the room. Once more she climbed the stair to the garret.

When she returned, she carried over her arm the lilac calico she had worn to the store that morning. She began putting it on; her fingers trembled; a look of girlhood came over her face.

"I'm ready," she said at last.

Late August pinks bloomed thickly along the garden path Adelaide trod that night. She stooped and pulled a great handful.

The pike was a dim track running east and west; there was no moon; the stars were scattered and few. Far ahead shone a light in a window. It was lit in Jane Roseborough's little parlor, and behind it was the lover of Adelaide's youth. She hurried toward it. The gusts plucked her by the skirts; they beat the spice out of the pinks she had gathered. Vague whiffs of them reached her now and then.

The light drew nearer. The shrubs in a corner of the Roseborough front yard swayed in a sea of glory.

Adelaide knocked. Jane opened the door. Adelaide did not see Jane she was blind to the shadowy other figures in the room; she saw only Adam Roseborough, sitting pale and middle-aged by the chimneyplace.

"I've come to see how you are, Adam."

She held out the pinks.

"And he said unto them, 'confess your sins and be saved.'—Dean Rogers.

His hand caught hers and them in the same grasp.

"I've thought of you every hour since I've been here, and long before," he said. "You ain't changed a bit, Adelaide!"

Raymond Turner.



Flower Shower.

"Men possessing minds which are morose, solemn, and inflexible enjoy generally a greater share of dignity than of happiness."—Chi Rho's.

The Librarian Cop

When Eugenia's in the library and her eagle eye doth stare,
No sound waves stretch or modify the thin and tenuous air,
A physicist as great as James couldn't catch a single one,
Save here and there, in some odd nook, some stiff and frozen pun,
Left over from some moment when the Maltese was away,
And all the little mice had had a most side-splitting play.
But if, by some odd happening, we should forget a bit,
And some odd sentiment or more between some two should flit,
Upon their dear devoted heads she'd pour her storm clouds down,
And utterly annihilate with an awful, awful frown,
The Bleistift staff of regal power she would with vigor use,
And sentence terrible would make against such sad abuse,
And this is the spell of magic that cuts as a two-edged sword—
I'll say it for you reverently, I'll say it word for word;
"There is talking in the Library which is entirely
out of order and must be stopped immediately."
But if Doc, Shaw, or Billy Bell, or even D. A. M.,
Should come and take the chair reserved, and brightly say them,
The murmur of a thousand wouldn't be an ocean drop
To the murmur of the gentleman and our library cop.

Trouble in the Corridors

Did you ever see a rabbit when the hounds begin to snuffle?
Did you ever see a maiden when she's lost—we'll say a ruffle?
Did you ever see a cur when it's treated to a stone?
Or a boy out in the wood-shed with father dear alone?
As timid and as fearful as these can hope to be,
We turn and flee with one accord—if there is chance to flee—
When Prexy comes a-walking down the hall.

There a bunch of fellows talking of the prospects of the team,
And some girls discussing which is best, pale lavender or cream,
A group of quick-meal students are at work upon the stairs,
And in the window lovers sit apart from earthly cares,
Still others read the bulletins the sixth and sixtieth time,
But one and all they slink away for some congenial clime,
When Prexy comes a-walking down the hall.

When Prexy comes a-marching down the hall, we up and leave;
He is full of fatherly instruction that—believe!—
We haven't left the slightest wish to linger there at all;
There is a large and silent silence that doth swiftly fall,
A throbbing emptiness of space so suddenly beft
Of all the sweet and pretty faces that have left,
When Prexy comes a-walking down the hall.

"We know but little of thee, but that little is good."—Springfield Profs.

ATHLETICS

Football

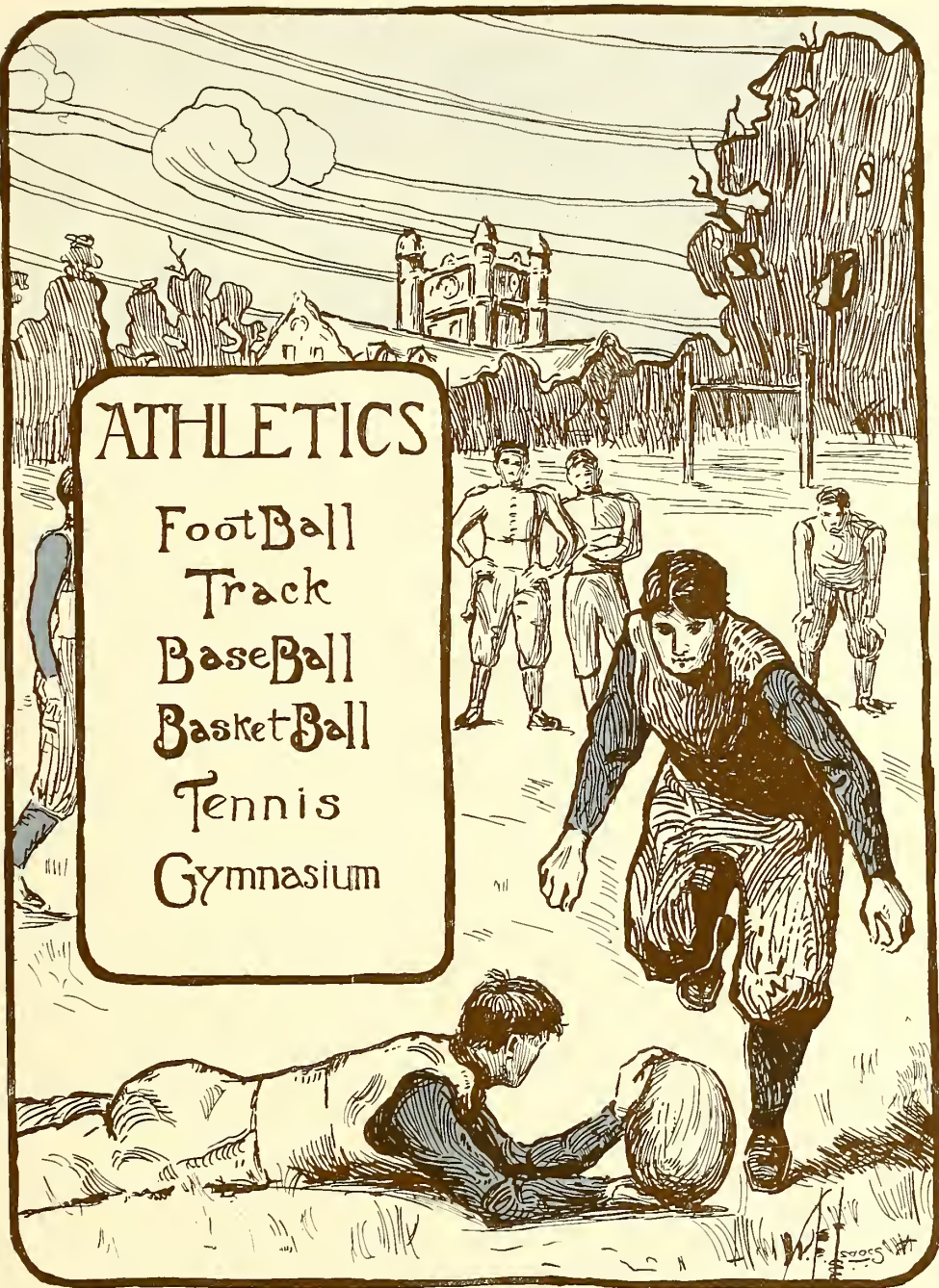
Track

BaseBall

BasketBall

Tennis

Gymnasium







L. L. Hoopes, Physical and Athletic Director.

Athletic Association

Officers

H. K. Davenport	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Edith Bowyer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1st Vice President
Dwight A. Montgomery	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2nd Vice President
Lester Ennis	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
C. W. Dyer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

Physical Director

L. L. Hoopes.

Section Managers

Football	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lloyd Wallace
Baseball	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Wm. H. Bell
Track	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Grover Poole
Basketball	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Robert Miller
Tennis	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Walter Willis

Faculty Members

L. L. Hoopes	Prof. A. T. Mills
Pres. A. R. Taylor	Dr. J. C. Hessler
Dean J. D. Rogers	Dr. E. C. Woodruff
Prof. W. H. Varnum	

"And her name was Maud."—Philip Lehenbauer.

WEARERS OF THE



MEM

Football, 1908

Cox
Hull
Johnson
Richmond
Yoder
Hill

Track, 1908

Davenport
E. Drake
W. Drake
Shumway
Hines

Base Ball, 1908

Sudbrink
Hamilton
Moses
Wasein
Wilson

Basket Ball, 1908 - 09

R. Miller
Bering
Long
A. Ross
Jones

"Since in laboring and resting
Life is divided best
Let others do the laboring
And I will do the rest."—Ed Ross.



Varsity Football Team

Hill	center
Hyde	rt. guard
Bennett, capt.; Yoder	rt. tackle
Taylor, Cox	rt. end
Hamilton, Taylor	rt. halfback
Pease, Green	fullback
Richmond	left halfback
Hull, Good	left end
Bell	left tackle
Johnston	left guard
Wilson, Perry	quarter

Schedule, Season of 1908

Oct. 3	 Millikin	8.... Normal	2	Decatur
Oct. 10	 Millikin	6.... Knox	4	Galesburg
Oct. 17	 Millikin	11.... Wesleyan	0	Decatur
Oct. 24	 Millikin	0.... Rose Poly	24 ..	Terre Haute
Oct. 30	 Millikin	4.... Monmouth	11	Decatur
Nov. 7	 Millikin	0.... Washington U.	16 St. Louis	
Nov. 14	 Millikin	0.... Lake Forest	43 Lake Forest	
Nov. 26	 Millikin	0.... Shurtleff	28.....	Decatur

"Not much talk—a great sweet silence."—Fred Benton.



Review of Season

NEVER in the history of the University were the prospects for a champion foot-ball team so good as they were at the beginning of the 1908 season. Ten men wearing M's were out besides some of last year's second team and some husky looking new ones. Sad to say, though, "the best laid plans o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley." Thus it was with Millikin.

Millikin made a good start. Their first opponent was Illinois State Normal on Millikin field. Normal beat Millikin last year and was counting on doing it again but thanks to Wilson's kicking, they were disappointed. Normal succeeded in scoring only a "safety" while two goal-kicks by Wilson scored eight points for Millikin. This game showed what Millikin could do against a team evenly matched with hers. This being the first game, more was expected from them later through Hoopes' coaching.

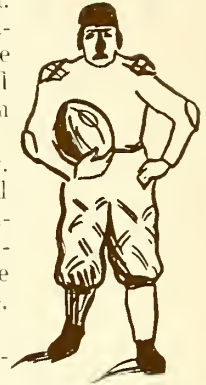
Millikin's second game was with Knox College at Galesburg. Millikin had practically the same men as in the first game and showed the same spirit of determination to win the championship. The teams were quite evenly matched in weight but Millikin showed her superiority in football playing and came home victorious. Millikin's goal line was not crossed at this game, the points which Knox gained being from a place kick.

Millikin's next opponent was Wesleyan University at Decatur. The "Invincible Armada" added another victory to its list. Millikin's goal was seriously threatened toward the end of the game and consequently everyone breathed easier when time was called. Millikin's goal still remained uncrossed and its reputation was increasing. The men in this game "showed off" to the home people, the results of the training given them by Coach Hoopes. The open plays were much more interesting to the spectators who could see the ball more often and could follow the play more easily.



As the Spanish Armada met with perverse winds, and Napoleon his Waterloo, so Millikin met its Rose Poly. The boys went to Terre Haute greatly elated over past victories and dreaming of more to come but were rudely awakened. They met a team which was stronger and heavier and which was able to intercept the forward passes for its own benefit. Millikin came back from this game sore in body and spirit. Pease, our reliable full-back was crippled in this game and retired from active service for the rest of the season. Hull and Hamilton also suffered from injuries the remainder of the season.

Bruised and battered from the Rose-Poly game, the boys faced the crisis in their race when Monmouth college team came down for a game. The team which Millikin put up against Monmouth was by no means the same team that met Normal or Wesleyan nor equal to it. Three of that team were disqualified by injuries in previous games and Bennett, the one on whom lay most of the burden of winning this game, was taken from the field after the third "down" and was unable to return. Although weakened by the absence of four veteran players, Millikin still put up a good fight. By losing this game, Millikin lost the opportunity of winning the state championship. This fact discouraged a few but the others were determined to fight to the finish and make a good record for Millikin.



"A moral, sensible, well bred man."—Grover Yoder.



The next game was with Washington University at St. Louis and was supposed to be the hardest of the series. Altho still crippled, Millikin had been practicing hard and took Washington University by surprise for they had been expecting an easy time. Millikin only lacked a few yards of scoring several times, a fact which spoke well for them against a much superior team. However, they were unable to score. Washington scored three times.

When Millikin went up to Lake Forest, they were also surprised. But Millikin could not stop in its slide down hill. Wilson, the man who had done so much for Millikin was not in this game. But no matter what was the cause, as a result Millikin was badly beaten.

The last bitter dose of the season was given Millikin by Shurtleff on the home grounds.

Thus perhaps, ended the football career of two of the best football men that Millikin ever had. Bell made a record that, perhaps, few men can equal. He



“The soul of this girl is her clothes.”—Bertha Tallman.

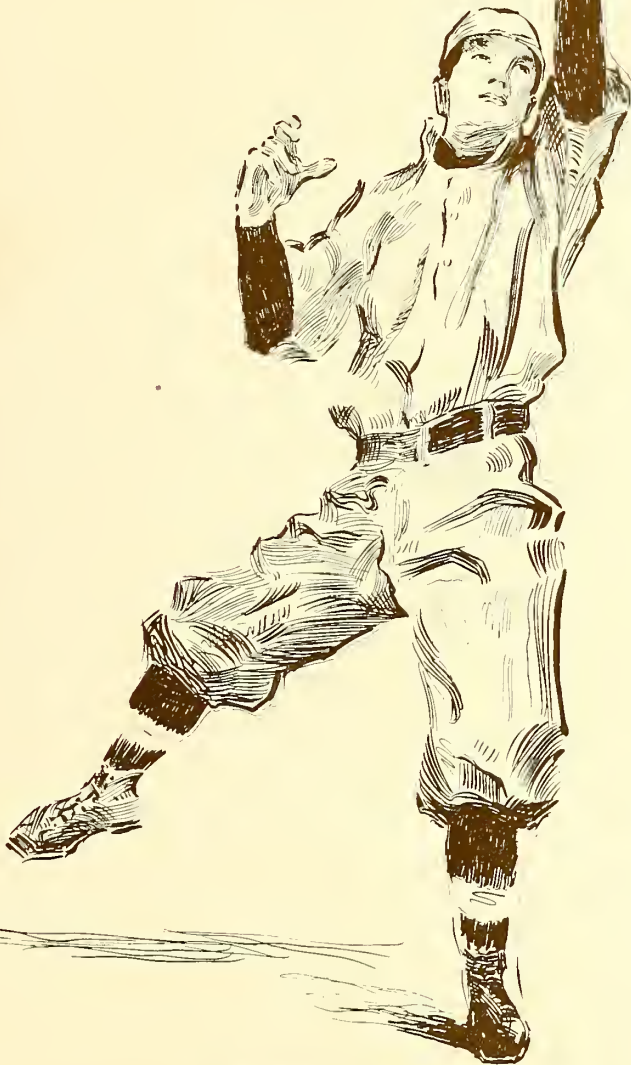
played in 25 games in the four years. And he was always to be relied upon to do his part. Wilson, as quarter-back, ranks high among the minor colleges. He was the ruling spirit and life of the team. Hyde is also another man who graduates this year. Though we lose these three strong men we still have a fine nucleus around which we expect to build a strong team for the season of 1909.



Why we lost the State Championship.

Tom boys.—Edna Shear and Louise Campbell.

BASE BALL,





Varsity Baseball Team

Sudbrink—Taylor	- - - - -	Catcher
Finney—Moses	- - - - -	Pitcher
Wasem—Smith	- - - - -	First Base
Hamilton	- - - - -	Second Base
Pierson	- - - - -	Third Base
Wilkins—Wasem (Capt.)	- - - - -	Short-stop
Wilson	- - - - -	Left Field
Good	- - - - -	Center Field
Moses—Sudbrink	- - - - -	Right Field

Schedule Season of 1908

April 23	Millikin	4....Bradley	6.....Decatur
April 25	Millikin	1....E. I. S. N. S.	2...Charleston
May 2	Millikin	Depauw*	Greencastle
May 8	Millikin	Monmouth*	Decatur
May 12	Millikin	5....Bradley	3.....Peoria
May 13	Millikin	Wesleyan*	...Bloomington
May 15	Millikin	1....Wesleyan	0.....Decatur
May 18	Millikin	1....E. I. S. N. S.	8...Decatur
May 23	Millikin	Depauw*	Decatur
May 28	Millikin	Monmouth*	...Monmouth
May 29	Millikin	Knox	Galesburg
June 6	Millikin	Knox*	Decatur

* Cancelled.

“An Irish answer to all questions.”—Ethel Burns.



Wilkin
Wilson

Baxter (Mgr.)
Moses
Hamilton

Finney
Waseem (Capt.)
Taylor

Elder (Coach)
Smith

Good
Sutlerink

Review of Season

BASEBALL of 1908 at Millikin did not come up to the standard. The lack of consistent training, together with the inclement weather well known in Baseball circles during the spring of '08 practically destroyed our schedule.

Coach Elder's first call for candidates for outdoor practice on March 5, was responded to by twenty-five "Warriors" appearing on the field to practice. A very healthy atmosphere hung over and around the practice season. There were several candidates trying for the same positions, with much promise of giving the old men a scrappy fight to retain their old strongholds. Pierson, Hamilton, Davis, Hackenburg, were in school, and constituted the nucleus around which to build the new team. Smith, a new man, entered the university with a Baseball reputation as a first sacker, Finney and Moses strong candidates for the twirling department, and Wilson, Good, Wilkins, Sudbrink and Lehenbauer aspirants for outfield positions. Our early hopes for a good training season were battered down owing to the disfavoring attitude of the weather man.



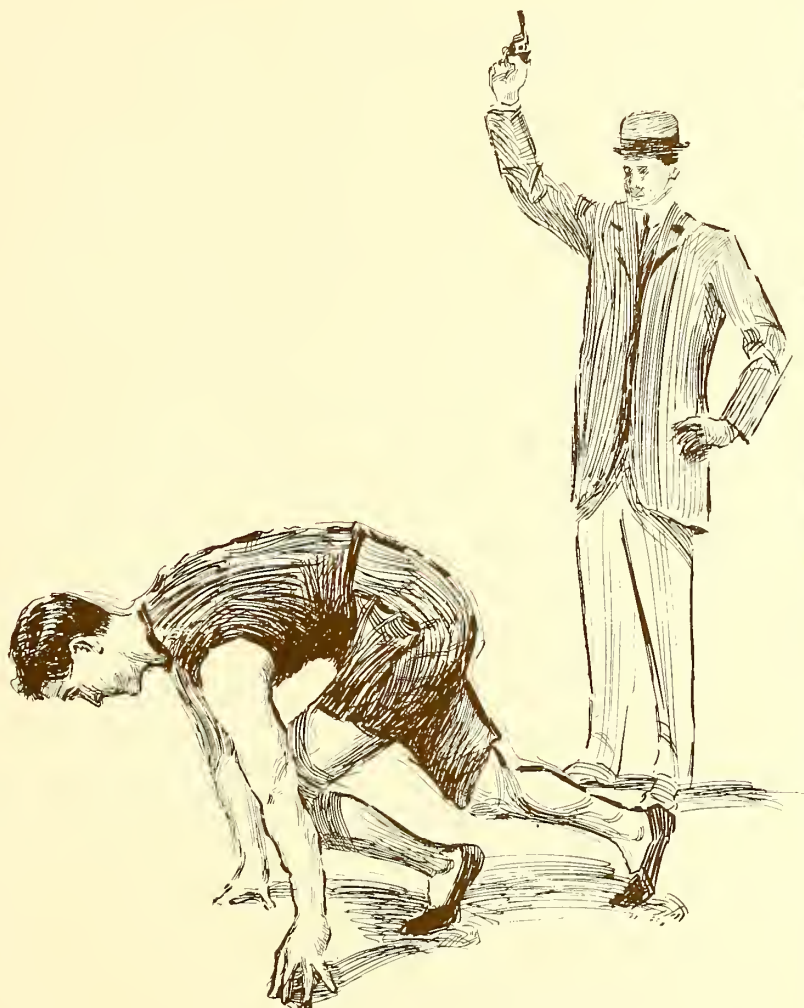
The first game of the season opened with Bradley on Millikin Field. Bradley came to Decatur with a clean record, having defeated Illinois Freshmen by score of 18—8; Wesleyan 10 to 1 and Indiana State Normal by score of 15—8. The game was called in the eighth inning owing to rain, the score being 6—4 in favor of Bradley. Moses a Freshman, pitched excellent ball, striking out nine men. With ordinary support both in field and at bat he should have won his game.

The above schedule and represented team, together with consistent work and favorable training season, should have added great reputation to "Millikin Baseball History" of '08. Among the twelve games scheduled a possible six were played. Two games with Depauw were cancelled by the latter, owing to unsigned Millikin contracts. Two games with Monmouth and one with Wesleyan were cancelled owing to inclement weather. The remaining game with Knox to be played on Millikin field was cancelled by the former team owing to a rearranged schedule.

Barring the natural drawbacks, for successful athletics at Millikin, there must exist certain conditions which can and must be remedied. The first and best known interfering conditions would be overcome by the building of a Gymnasium which would afford indoor practice not only to Baseball but to all teams, and put them in condition for the early games at the opening of the season. Another well known hindrance which needs be remedied is the development of a co-operative, not antagonistic spirit toward all athletics. Every organization must have leadership, therefore an appointed yell leader is needed, and a hearty support of the student body would add greater efficiency to Millikin's school spirit.

Rome was not built in a day. Cheer up, we may have a gymnasium!

TRACK





Varsity Track Team

Davenport (capt.)	50, 100 and 220 yd. dashes.
D. Wallace	Half mile, mile.
E. Drake	Hurdles, quarter mile.
W. Drake	Hurdles, quarter mile, 220 yd. dash.
Bennett	Shot, discus.
Shumway	Pole vault, high jump.
Viers	Broad jump, high jump.
Hamilton	Hurdles.
Perry	Mile, half mile.
Hines	Hammer, discus.
Poole	Half Mile.
Wilson	Broad jump, high jump.
P. Smith	Shot, 100 yd. dash.
Gee	100 yd. dash.
Isaacs	100 yd. dash, 50 yd. dash.

Schedule Season of 1908

Millikin vs. Indiana Normal at Decatur.
 Millikin vs. Wesleyan at Bloomington.
 Millikin vs. Illinois College at Jacksonville.
 Millikin vs. Rose Poly at Decatur.
 State meet at Peoria.

"Talks unceasingly but says nothing."—Cory Wilkins.



Wallace
Poole

Perry

Smith
Drake

Martin
Davenport

Wilkin
Shumway

Baxter
Drake

Review of Season

THE track team started out with a very poor following, but gradually the interest was increased until before the first meet, they made a very good showing. Our short distance runners were all back again. But, although our best long-distance runner had graduated, some new ones appeared who made their mark later.

Millikin's weak point was in her field events. One man truly said that we had several "first" men but not enough "second" men.



The first meet was with the Illinois State Normal on Millikin field. Millikin showed up well in the track events,—winning six "firsts" and seven "seconds." Davenport and the Drakes showed up as well as they did the previous year. In the field events Viers showed up as good broad-jumper, a reputation which he held throughout the season.

In the meet between Millikin and Wesleyan on Wilder field, Millikin was defeated. Wallace, in the long distance runs, and Bennett in the "weights," were unable to be there. Davenport did his usual amount toward winning but unfortunately he could not do the whole thing. Viers showed up well, again. The condition of the ground was unfavorable for any good records.

The first State inter-collegiate meet was held between the minor colleges of Illinois. This was the beginning of an organization known as the "Small Nine." This meet was held in Peoria on the Bradley campus. Millikin sent up some of her best men to measure its strength with that of the other colleges. A misfortune befell us there which handicapped us during the rest of the season. In the 220 yard dash, Davenport fell and injured himself so that he was compelled to quit active participation in athletics for the rest of the season. But for this Millikin would have won the meet. As it was, she was only third, Wesleyan getting second place by only one point more and Knox getting first place by 5 1-3 points more.

In the meet at Jacksonville with Illinois College, the absence of Davenport was greatly felt. Millikin got only one "first" in the track events. In the field events, she made a better showing than at any time previous, winning the majority of those events.

One of the most interesting meets of the season was with Rose Poly on Millikin field, Decoration Day. Davenport's absence thrust the burden on the other fellows. But they showed up well under it. The result was doubtful until the next to the last event, the quarter mile run. This being won by Millikin gave her the victory. The Drake boys were the main stays of Millikin in this meet, the two together getting 23 points out of 66½.

This ended another year in the history of athletics at Millikin. In some things it showed well for Millikin. And undoubtedly, Millikin would have held the championship among minor colleges in Illinois if it had not been for the injury to her best man. And since this year brought out some men who showed up well and are undergraduates, it augurs well for a good team next year.

"His hardest task was to get a girl."—Elmus West.

Track Records

Events	Name	Place	Record
50 yd. dash	H. K. Davenport	Decatur	:5-2
100 yd. dash	H. K. Davenport	Decatur	:10-1
220 yd. dash	H. K. Davenport	Decatur	:23
120 yd. hurdles	D. E. Moeller	Wesleyan	:18-2
220 yd. hurdles	E. Drake	Wesleyan	:27-2
440 yd. run	D. R. Lehman	Decatur	:51-4
880 yd. run	E. D. Morrow	Wesleyan	1:59-2
Mile run	H. G. Porter	Decatur	4:48-2
Shot put	D. E. Moeller	Wesleyan	38'-10"
Discus	D. E. Moeller	Monmouth	105'-2"
Hammer Throw	W. VanGuilder	Decatur	129'-4"
Pole Vault	Ira Sprague	Decatur	10'-2"
Broad Jump	Dean Viers	Peoria	20'-11"
High Jump	H. M. Shumway	Wesleyan	5'-5"



"A man never appreciates ashes until he slips on the ice."—Prof. Varnum.

Track Meets

Millikin vs. Normal

	Millikin
440 Yd. Dash	8
50 Yd. Dash	3
100 Yd. Dash	5
220 Yd. Dash	8
Mile Run	8
Half Mile Run	8
120 Yard Hurdles	3
220 Yard Hurdles	8
High Jump	3
Pole Vault	3
Running Broad Jump	5
Discus	5
Shot-put	3
Hammer Throw	3
Total	73

Millikin vs. Ill. College

	Millikin	Ill. College
440 Yd. Dash	0	8
50 Yd. Dash	5	6
100 Yd. Dash	3	8
220 Yd. Dash	0	8
Mile Run	0	6
Half Mile Run	0	6
120 Yard Hurdles	5	8
220 Yard Hurdles	0	4
High Jump	5	3½
Pole Vault	5	5
Running Broad Jump	3	3
Discus	3	8
Shot-put	5	3
Hammer Throw	5	8
Total	39	84½

Millikin vs. Wesleyan

	Millikin
440 Yd. Dash	3
50 Yd. Dash	5
100 Yard Dash	5
220 Yard Dash	5
Mile Run	3
Half Mile Run	3
120 Yd. Hurdles	—
220 Yd. Hurdles	0
High Jump	5
Pole Vault	3
Running Broad Jump	8
Discus	0
Shot-put	0
Hammer Throw	5
Total	45

Millikin vs. Rose Poly

	Millikin	Rose Poly
440 Yd. Dash	5	4
50 Yd. Dash	3	8
100 Yard Dash	3	4
220 Yard Dash	3	4
Mile Run	5	4
Half Mile Run	5	3
120 Yd. Hurdles	—	6
220 Yd. Hurdles	8	1
High Jump	3	3½
Pole Vault	5	5
Running Broad Jump	0	1
Discus	8	5
Shot-put	8	5
Hammer Throw	3	6
Total	59	59½

State Meet at Peoria

Knox	27½
Wesleyan	23
Millikin	22
Monmouth	17
Bradley	14

“Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm.”—Coach Hoopes.

BASKET-BALL





Varsity Basketball Team

R. A. Miller	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Guard
A. Long, George Byrne	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Guard
R. Jones	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Center
Horace Bering	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Forward
A. Ross, K. Brunsmann	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Forward

Schedule, Season of 1909

January 20		Millikin	20....	Bradley	40		Decatur
February 11	...	Millikin	30....	Monmouth	60	..	Monmouth
February 12	...	Millikin	36....	Bradley	50		Peoria
February 13	...	Millikin	19....	Illinois	Normal	70	Normal
February 20	...	Millikin	35....	E. I. S. N. S.	28		Charleston
March 9		Millikin	12....	Lincoln	26		Lincoln

"A smiling countenance is no small advantage."—Louis Hull.



Long

Bering

Brown

Jones

Brunson

Ross

Miller

Hoops (Coach)

Review of Season

IN years past at Millikin, it has been necessary to class Basket Ball as one of the unsuccessful sports. But we are thankful to report that, that would be unjust this year.

As usual, this season, the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium was secured for practice. Although it was an ideal place, the conditions under which it was secured barred many students for no one was allowed to use the gymnasium who was not a member of the association.

However, the call for candidates brought forth abundant material;—for-



mer varsity players as well as several of last year's second team and some good High School men applied.

From the beginning, Coach Hoopes held the confidence and good will of every man. "Short, quick passing" was his motto. Success as a result was soon evident.

We now, had the first real College Schedule for the Millikin Basket Ball Team and in it were included the best of the minor colleges in the state—colleges which had not been beaten for years and which had played with higher class colleges.

Some little trouble was caused by the inability of several good men to keep up their required school work. But in every game every player on the team well represented his Alma Mater, and no one was charged with rough playing or unmanly conduct.

The Team cannot boast over the number of games it won, for in fact it won only one out of six. But it can boast of one thing,—it won the first College Basket Ball game that has been won by Millikin.

The season just ended, although not an unqualified success, has demonstrated the fact that Millikin has taken her place with other colleges in producing a team to represent her in the "Cream of Sports."—Basket Ball.

"Care is no cure, but rather a corrosive
For things that are not to be remedied."—Psychology.



Faculty Row.



Miss Mollie Grubel,
Physical Director of Women.

Women's Gymnasium

During the past year much has been accomplished in the Women's Department of Physical Training. The increased interest is shown by the high standard of work done and the increased number in the classes.

Feeling that the physical development was of such vital importance in the education of young women, the work was this year made compulsory.

This work has been taken up in such a scientific manner that no phase of the physical training has been neglected. For the corrective work the Swedish system has been used, while the Gilbert system was used for the artistic work. These two methods taken together lead to the symmetrical development of the body and gives grace and ease of movement.

The crowning event is the May Pole, which gives a pleasing and artistic finish to the year's work.

"The word 'impossible' is not in my dictionary."—Prexy.



Gymnasium Classes.

Other Folds

Rodgers and Clark Prize Story

THERE was bitterness in the old minister's heart and sore temptation—bitterness and hardness there had ever been—for His foes he had no goodwill; he had fought for the Kingdom unsparingly. But before he had never doubted the might of Him under whose banners he had been a soldier militant. He had never doubted the final outcome and his own lasting reward. But these last days he was coming to realize that he had been fighting a losing fight and that the struggles of the years had been in vain.

The strength of all this had not come upon him at once; it had grown for days, but it had its origin in the troubles that he saw hourly gather about his scholar of older days, George Keith, now Superintendent of the Golden Bow mines. Keith had come back from an eastern scientific school filled with modern ideas of improvement and he at once began to put an end to the old slovenly, wasteful ways of the miners, to hold them to a stricter accountability in their work and to deny them many of their old privileges. The men had rebelled, at first silently and doggedly, but as he went on with his reforms serenely and smilingly working out his own sweet will, even as he had done in the old school days when he had bullied it over his comrades with magnanimity of heart and ebullition of spirit, the opposition became more open and determined. These were a different breed of men, he was to come to realize, from those of the olden days. Irish Americans brought up in the faith of trades unionism—Germans from the cities with their bluntness of response, and a riff-raff of foreigners and non-de-scripts from all points—these attracted by the growing industries of the great Northern iron mines, had largely taken the place of the sturdy Scotch farmers and lumbermen of the days before the mines had become so profitable—and these were men with no humor for reform, especially of such reforms as tended to enhance the productivity of labor to the employer.

Keith was slow in realizing that a strong, well knit body and a masterful personality can not save one from the consequences of his folly or that they are not a sure antidote against trouble and opposition. Even the warnings of the old dominie had, at first, no effect. And it was not till it was too late to retreat, when there was no other way in honor to do but to fight it out gamely, he, at last, had it borne in upon him that he had blundered.

"Hang me if I'm not done with all reforms and reforming, Dominie," he said, as he sat talking in the minister's little kitchen. "If I'm ever caught in such a box again—But there'll be one more good fight to my credit, I'll swear, or I was never Dominie Harde's scholar."

There was a gleam of fire in his eye that illumined the whole troubled countenance and as he spoke the last words and looked down at the little wizened man in the chair by the ingle side, his face softened and the hard tense lines disappeared a moment.

"Nay! Geordie lad," the old man replied with an affectionate lingering on the name. "You can na' run awa' from it. It wa'd na' be Gordon Keith's son to do see a thing. But my lad, my heart trembles when I think what may hap-

"Cute, decidedly cute."—Blanche Redmon.

pen, and I startle at every wee noise like a feckless thing, thinking the men are at work blowing up the mine or that there is a fecht on doon there. And when I hear your men's murmurings and see their gatherings, I tell ye, lad, I fear for ye. But what hurts me worse is that I am na' helpin' ye. Oh, lad, ye can ne'er kenn how it does my heart greet to see how the Kingdom has dwindled these years since the Irish ha' come and their priests and idols. Nae one listens mair to the pulpit and the minister of God e'en among our aye people. They have forgotten the faith of their fathers. But the Anti-Christ holds his own and mair—But God maun kenn that I have done the best I could—He kenns it—aye, He maun kenn it."

The old man's hand trembled as he lifted it imploringly aloft and his voice quavered with fear and petition.

"Aye that you have, Dominie, all these years, and I'll witness it before God and man, even the story my father told me. But he works his own will we are taught, Dominie, and I think the mission and the young priest who leads it have done the people a world of good. And they seem to love him quite for himself. I tell you, he is a power in spite of his quiet ways and—"

"Say na' mair, George Keith, say na' mair. I will na' listen to it. What! will ye speak for that dei'l's brood. Man, ha' ye not seen how they have opposed the spread of the true gospel ever since they came. Oh! I hate him, I hate him with his unctions ways and his smoothing his hands like a dotard. Ah, there'll be a rare sizzling of oil some day if God gives us each his due and I'll na' mind the lookin' on. Kenn ye not that heathen church with its bowings and bendings—it is the Anti-Christ—hark ye, the Anti-Christ. Well, I kenn hearing that great servant of God, David Forbes, filled with the Holy Ghost he was and how he talked with that as his subject—He—" And he went on to tell of the marvelous outpourings of the Word by the old Scotch divine.

Keith listened quietly, in spite of his impatience, to the story of the old man, and then with a "God bless ye, Dominie," he had gone back to his troubles, leaving the old man to struggle with his bitterness and his temptation. For the temptation had come even as Keith spoke and his talk querulous as it seemed, was but an instinctive attempt to stay off its force the while, till he could better reason with it. As Keith closed he door he rose slowly, and going to the window, watching the hurrying figure disappear down the darkening street. The snow lay over the ground and there was that dullness of the air that marks a winter sky in the early evening. Here and there the dark bulk of a house banked against the prevailing gray, but they were far apart. A sense of utter loneliness came over him and he quickly drew the curtain and went over and gazed meditatively in the fire. "Why does he not come in power and might? Look what his kingdom is? only a remnant. And here I stand"—he paused as though half doubting it—"Ready to sell out the remainder—Yes, for that is what it wa'd be. But I'll do anything to save Gordon Keith's boy—yes—anything. He saved us from worse than hell. His arm was about me to protect me when I could ha' killed myself with remorse and horror of that deed."

And he shuddered and quaked as he spoke, with fear as he thought of the awfulness of the words he had said and of the just anger of God at them and again, with fear at the horrible lurking memory of some past day.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, after a while; "He is the only man to do it. He is, as Geordie says, a power—the greater his condemnation for it. He has honeycombed the toon wi' the sin and iniquity of that modern Babylon from

"They shall seek me early, but they shall not find me."—Dr. Kellogg.

whose womb he came among us. Oh God Almighty, what ha' we done, that thou shouldst desert us. Doest thou not kenn the wild beasties that are about us? Oh, ye kenn how I lo' him—Save him—save him and me that I shall not do this great wrong. I can see you priest noo as he comes down the street and he puds his hands on the bairns' heads—and smiles. Oh—he has the venom and wiles of the old Snake. But if it wa'd save the lad, I'd ask the de'il himsel'! Oh God, ha' I not been thy faithfu' and obedient servant for forty years, save me from this great wrong. Show me the way!"

So he battled between the two impulses, the one to save his old scholar at any cost and the other to remain faithful to his God—a God who had failed him. And evermore his heart swung toward obeying the affections, tho' with unyielding stubbornness the opposing force hurled at him vast passages of scripture and half forgotten sermons of his own composition. All his old habits of rectitude and uncompromising duty battled against his heart, but bitter and unyielding as his character seemed—even with him Love was superior to Conscience. "If it's the only way, I'll do it" he cried at last. "Oh God, save me and show me a better way!"

That night in his troubled dreams he thought that Satan himself stood above him and in one hand was a book and with the other he held out a pen. It was dipped in blood and the arch-demon cried "Write." He took the pen when a great drop of blood fell upon the book and it ran off in great writhing hissing floods to the river and in it ever gleamed a face, a pale, wan face out of his early youth. He awoke screaming and in a cold sweat. Now all the terrors that he had been taught to fear from his youth up struggled to prevail against his resolution—but the memory of that face came to him. "I ha' not seen it syne the day Gordon Keith came into my life and e'en for his sake I'll na' baek doon." And with firm resolve he drove his fear away.

Now that the conflict was finally ended, all sorts of wicked impulses came over him. He could scarce restrain himself from casting his Bible—the last gift of his sainted mother, into the fire. He had a mad impulse to go about the streets cursing God and man. Without coat or cane he did start toward the market-place with some such idea in view when he was suddenly arrested by the words of some women talking. "Yes," the one was saying. "they will be walking out the day. Pat himself says so. And Sandy MacElveer is with them."

The old minister startled "Sandy MacElveer?" It started a train of unpleasant reminiscences. His harshness, he had been told more than once, had been the cause of Sandy's downfall. But Sandy MacElveer back—he knew that meant added trouble. He was a man who would stop short of nothing, who would lead the men into anything. Hastily he retraced his steps and calling to his aid a neighbor boy, he harnessed the old gray horse to the sleigh.

"Tell thy mither" he said as he started, "that I've gang to the mission. Some 'un might ca'."

"What? the Mission?" whispered the astonished youth.

"Yes," snarled the minister, shaking him roughly by the shoulder. "And why not?" He heeded not the sobbings of the boy. In his mind was but one thought "What if I'm too late?" "Oh God, help me!" he cried. Then he paused. "Ah, I forgot, it is anither body I should be ca'in on noo" he finished grimly.

The St. Feliste mission was situated on a little knoll some three miles from town and about it were the huge pine trees of the primeval forest, towering up

And all women on me so enamoured."—Prof. Hermann Kaeuper.

and up and up like pinnacles of some vast cathedral. Thither the Dominic drove with a speed that quite astonished the gray used to slow ploddings for some years past. And the inhabitants were no less startled at seeing the sectarian at their gates. They hesitated to open the door till a clean-cut smiling face was among them and was himself drawing the bar that still, in simulance of olden times, was used to fasten the door. It was the priest of whom the old minister had spoken so bitterly.

The Dominic paused not for greetings but with an agitated glance motioned the young priest to one side. "Ye maun come w' me" he whispered half aloud. "There is to be a strike—you—you alone can prevent it. I kenn your power wi' the men. If ye come not they will blow up the mine or worse and young Keith will be killed—for what can he do against so many angry men—and his blood will be on your head for ye have aided and incited them against him!"

"I know there will be a strike today as you say," the young man replied quietly and unmoved. "But I anticipate no such consequences as you imagine. The people are good people—good people at heart tho' ignorant. But you cannot blame them for the meanness of their lives—it is such as young Keith and those he represents that makes them possible. The workers must resist, they must fight for their rights—they must be taught to fight effectively."

"What! What!" cried the minister in anger. "Wa'd you teach them to kill and destroy? Are ye no better than in the days of your damnable Inquisition and St. Bartholemew. Man, if your mither's milk is not entirely dried in ye, if ye still have one spark of humanity and are not entirely gi'en o'er to the de'il, do one good deed and stay the murder and arson of the unkenning men whom ye ha' aroused to slay."

The priest bit his lip but continued as before. "There is no need of fear. Their leaders are tried men. They will keep the men cool unless—unless something unexpected happens. But I am not responsible for this, as you imagine. I have only tried to impress their leaders with moderateness and courage. But you—you have tried to wave back the floods instead of directing them into channels where they will bring forth harvests."

"Whist man! have a care. Ye play wi' fire. Kenn ye not Sandy MacElveer—he will be there today and thou kennest he is a fire brand among kindlin'. He—he is an example of your helpin' of man and your proselyting."

"He was a drunkard on the streets, thanks to his good Scotch brethren." The priest looked him sternly, accusingly in the eye. "I indeed tried to help him but what he is, is not my fault."

"Man! Man!" the old minister replied pleadingly and falteringly, all his pride gone now. "But he is among them and ye kenn well enow that fire fram heaven can na' weel stop him nor those that gae' wi' him and the whole toon will be at the mines at his heels. Come will ye not and do e'en your best. I take back the hard thoughts I had of ye, if ye will only help the lad. He is nay a bad lad and it wa'd be awfu' if he mun dee for one mistake."

"I like Keth—we all make mistakes—if it will do any good, I will go."

"Come, noo then."

"I am ready—"

Little was said on the journey back to the town and yet with every word and gesture, the minister found his repugnance to his comrade growing less and less. He held that common belief that those who have wholly given themselves over to sin, who were finally lost were deprived of all sense of moral order and imagined the good, ill and the sinful, virtuous. And to his excited imagination

"Few words well couched do most content the wise."—Myrtle May.

the movings of his heart toward the young priest were but the manifestation of the woeful bargain he half imagined he had made. The thought struck him with terror and he tried to summon all his powers of hatred to prove the truth a falsity of the idea. It was in vain. It seemed but to increase the disintegration of his old prejudices. A dull pain of fear seized him as he recognized this but he pushed it aside. "I'll see it thru noo" he said. "Yes—tho it's God Almighty I'm fightin'."

As they neared the mine they could hear shouts and murmurs as of a crowd, and even as they alighted at the foot of the hill a sharp fusillade of shot sounded.

"My God," cried the priest, "has it come to this? Can I do anything now they have fired upon a helpless crowd?"

"If Geordie fired" replied the old minister, "It was because there was nae-thing else to do. He was nae spolin' for this feeht."

Now they could see Keith with some dozen faithful men behind a barricade of boxes and metal cars at the entrance, while at some distance, especially about the sheds were huddled groups of men mainly armed with stones and clubs. The firing had injured none, it had been but an earnest of what to expect and it had failed in its effect. The men, undaunted and angered were preparing for a second attack. At their head was a tall, stoop shouldered gaunt fellow of forbidding feature, ever active in urging them on.

"It is Sandy MacElveer" whispered the minister. They were on the edge of the crowd now and the priest was pushing himself into the midst of it. He held forth a crucifix in his hand and the men fell back before it reluctantly, yet almost hopelessly it seemed to the old Dominie. Taking advantage of the pause he had created, the priest began to chide them and to reason with them. Angry voices answered him, accusing voices, pleading voices—men shook their fists at the mine and crowded one another to be heard of the priest. But calmly he stood, inflexible, and again his voice arose in its soft richness, appealing and threatening in turns till here and there they began to turn away in shame and confusion. His battle was already won as he stood with gleaming eyes and steadfast countenance before them. Those who saw him in those brief moments will never forget the power and strength of the picture. But Sandy MacElveer had no mind to see his plans thus easily brought to naught, the words of the priest had but brought anger at his defeat. "Kill the priest" he cried. "He has been bought—I myself saw the minister pay him—there the old hound stands noo" and he turned and pointed to the dominie who still lingered at the edge of the crowd.

Astonished at the bold accusation the men turned to look at him and even as they did so, Sandy hurled a stone at the priest with true aim. He fell with a groan—the stone had struck him in the temple. Instantly there was confusion, the men astounded with the suddenness of the deed were filled with horror and yet hesitated with the force of the accusation still upon them. A word here—a deed there—applause or vengeance—Sandy MacElveer's fate hung in the balance. But Sandy MacElveer started to slink away and at the same time Keith leaped from the barricade and intercepted him. He seized the murderer by the neck and turning him about, cried out to the men "It's a lie—a damned lie. Tell them ye lie, you whelp or I'll break your neck" and he gripped him with such vise-like power that the man cried out in agony and then stammered out that "he did not see the dominie gie him anything."

With that confession all the horror of the deed came over the men and they

"Has nothing in the world to think of except things to eat."—C. W. Dyer.

forgot even their enmity of Keith. All the old love of the priest surged over them and first one and then another took up the whisper "Hang him! Hang him!" The Superintendent himself it must be confessed was not displeased at the new turn of affairs. The deed had aroused his evil nature too.

But the priest who had somewhat revived called him to him. "By the Mother of God, Keith, they shall not harm him. I could not save him in life, God knows, perhaps I can in death."

Keith turned reluctantly to his man. "You have heard him. You may go since he wishes it. But I warn you, do not stay in these parts. Go and remember till your last day that the man you killed saved you."

And Sandy did.

"It was Christ's way" cried the astonished minister and he looked down upon the face of the dying priest. A great burden seemed to have fallen from him as he realized that he had been on God's side—that he had never been more truly on God's side than these days that he had imagined himself in league with the powers of darkness. "I could ne'er ha' done it. I ha' naething of that—and yet—that is the Christ-spirit—It was so he wa'd ha' us a' do. And I thoocht he was the de'il servant. Oh God forgive me—and judge me not."

Reverently he gazed at him as one might gaze at some heavenly creature. He could see now only the beauty of his sacrifice and the power of his life. He could not even think of him as misguided. He had shown himself to be guided by the holiest purposes—he had followed Christ's footsteps. What did Creeds matter?

They bore the priest to the old dominie's home while Keith behind his fastest horses made off for the mission to tell the sad news of the mortal wound of their leader and to bring back some one to administer the rites of his religion. Meanwhile a strange scene was being enacted in the little study of the minister. There on a cot lay the pale form of the priest and at his side knelt the minister. In his hand he held the crucifix the priest had held before the angry mob such a short time ago—that emblem the old man had so long hated but which today stood only as the scutcheon of service and sacrifice—the emblem of a common Christianity. At his side he held a little book and with eumbrous tongue he read from it, in the long unused words of the Latin tongue, the prayers for the dying. He faltered as he read, but it was the wavering of a heart full of anguish and sorrow—he had himself asked for the task. Long it seemed to those waiting in the quiet of that room with no sound save the heavy breathing of the dying man and the low quavering monotone of the minister. But at last the hard beat of hoofs came up through the night's stillness and stopped near by. Hastily the minister arose to go back to his little kitchen but the priest, missing the words, called him. "Dominie, they have come? God bless you, dominie—You have done a brother's part. May I not call you brother?"

But the old minister could only say in husky words? "Nae, nae, I am not worthy."

The priest looked up at him and smiled and then he repeated the word again, softly, "Brother."

Brother? Yes—For there shall be one shepherd and one fold.

"Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing."—Fraternity Man to Dress Suit.

The Breath of June

Into my open window blows
The spicy fragrance of the rose—
A breath that hints of June and tells
Of dew and moonlight in the dells
Where dreaming flowers and birds await
The opening of summer's gate.

And now and then, from fields afar,
Sweet as the singing of a star,
A strain of limpid melody
Drifts softly down the dusk to me—
The tender music of a tune
That stirs the happy heart of June.

So here I love to linger long,
Drinking the perfume and the song,—
Haunted by visions ever fair
And voices in the quiet air:
Until the shadows have withdrawn
And June comes blushing with the dawn.

R. Raymond Turner.

The Bugle-Call at Night

Night, at its pulseless noon,
When the far voice of waters mourns in song
And some tired watch-dog lazily and long
Barks at the melancholy moon.

Oh, wild, enchanting horn,
Whose music up the deep and dewy air
Swells to the clouds, and calls on Echo there,
Till a new melody is born,—

Swell out, in glory swell
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents
Steeped in the witchery of sleeps' sweet spell.

Hark, how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying in that silent sky;
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by
With far re-echoing roundelay.

Wake, wake again, the night
Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
With still stars burning on her azure crown,
Intense and eloquently bright.

R. Raymond Turner.

"A perfect little Miss."—Loyal Petrie.

The Webs of the Soul

TELL not me, oh wisemen, of these later years,
Who teach a daring that they can not feel,
And look into the yawning mouth of fate,
And foolish, bid us march right staunchly on;
Tell not me, the soul is maker of itself,
That life or death or parting or return,
That love and hate and all the woes of chance,
Are vanities that should no more affect
Its God-aspiring destiny and strength
Than pebbles do the ocean's mighty front.
'Tis doctrine sweet unto a dreamer's ear,
For idlers casting hooks in quiet streams;
'Twas wrought in hermits' caves or 'mid the hills,
Afar from murmurs of a working world;
It braved no wilderness of blinding tears,
No fog of sweetest hopes made profitless;
Has seen no battlefield where warm blood runs,
And it has closed no eye-lids of the dead.
My soul is but the record of my seeing eyes,
My feeling heart, my longings and desires.
By them, conditioned and by them, it lives,
And should my hills and vales and flowers die,
My birds and rushing waters cease to sing;
Should those I love depart and come no more,
And faith and all ambition fade away,
My soul would cease and I would wish it so.

Autumn

Sweet summer has gone on a journey--
They know not where she is gone.
For days, she was sad and lonely,
For weeks, she had no new song.

In her stead, has come calm Autumn,
The maid who is womanly fair,
With eyes that glitter in tear drops
And the glint of the sun in her hair.

Not with the promise of April;
Nor with the jewels of June;
She comes in the power of the dying,
And her mercies, afar, she has strewn.

Yes, she of the gray clefted morning,
The sister of mists and the rain
Has brought the beautiful harvest;
Her sheaves are dripping with grain.

Wm. H. Banfill.

"Would there were more like her."—Madge Blake.

At Gettysburg

The great gray rocks bask in the noontide sun,
The last leaves waver downward silently;
And brooding over all, beneficent,
The wideness of the unobstructed sky.

Is this a battlefield? This drowsy spot
Which noon and Autumn have conspired to bless
With color, warmth, and little cheerful sounds
That blend into a holy quietness?

Not thus it was on that far summer day
When battle's thunder shook the trembling air,
When clashed the desperate ranks of grimy men
Mid shrieking shells and trumpets' vibrant blare!

Not thus, indeed; for now no sounds of war
Are heard, nor groans of wounded as they fall;
Only the rustling of the burnished leaves,
A squirrel's chatter and a blue-jay's call.

On Little Round Top's crest the General stands
Wrought out in steadfast bronze; and gazes still
Across the valley, but no troops are there—
Only the cedars marching up the hill.

And on the upland where the loyal host
Beat back the fiercest charges of the Gray,
Serene white shafts of marble lift their heads
In mute memorial of that awful day.

Instead of smoke, the dreamy autumn haze
Blurs all the distant hills and meadows brown;
And here, where bullets stormed in deadly hail,
The shining acorns patter harmless down.

From struggle, rest! From strife, tranquility!
And praise to Him who maketh war to cease,
Wipes out its bloody scars, and so transforms
A field of battle to a place of peace!

Clara M. Baker.

Traced

A startled flamingo takes flight in the waste,
Flies east or flies west, but the bird may be traced
By one plume that was shed as it flew.
My Love, tho your heart on concealment was bent,
There was one rosy word in the letter you sent,
And my heart will follow the cue.

R. R. T.

"I have a heart to let."—Samuel Magill.

THE PRIZE WINNERS



Rodgers and Clark Original Story	- - - - -	Wm .H. Banfill
Brown Debate	- - - - -	John Lyons
Inter-Society Contest	- - - - -	Philomathean
Inter-Society Original Story	- - -	William Banfill, Philomathean
Inter-Society Reading	- - - -	Mabel E. Williams, Philomathean
Inter-Society Oration	- - - -	James M. Lively, Orlandian
Inter-Society Debate	- -	Corwine Roach, Loyal Petrie, Philomathean
Gushard Dramatic Art Contest	- - - - -	Dramatic Club
Millidek Original Story	- - - - -	Frances Baker
Second Prize	- - - - -	Raymond Turner
Millidek Full-Page Art Piece	- - - - -	Walter Isaacs
Second Prize	- - - - -	Della Wilson
Millidek Head Piece	- - - - -	Gertrude Dausby

For e'en tho vanquished, he could argue still."—John Lyons.



Assembly Platform.

CALENDAR



TO 1909.

HM-

“And frame your mind to mirth
and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms
and lengthens life.”

—Taming of the Shrew.



SEPTEMBER

15. Campus assumes a green appearance. Many Freshmen enter.
16. Y. W. C. A. tea to the new girls. Miss Butterfield arrives with twenty pounds of candy.
17. Sing 102 in chapel. (Good beginning).
18. Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. joint reception. Mr. Welch brings Miss Wilson.
19. September cases begin.
20. Della Wilson has a date with Mr. Welch.
21. Unveiling of the bust of Shakespeare in Philo Hall. They celebrate their Dramatic Art Victory.

22. Dean Rogers' first hour class were all three on time.

23. Coach Hoopes tries to arouse college spirit, and gives his first talk on new football rules at a noon Mass Meeting.

24. Prexy has a few words to say about our conduct in the buildings. "No gentleman would whistle—not in this institution of higher learning any way."

25. The Freshmen Art Students decide that Mr. Varnum's face is so angelic.



15



16

26. Mr. Varnum re-arranges the furniture in his study. The large brass bowl reflected the light from the wrong window.

27. Mr. Welch has a date at 1526 N. Main Sunday—All students stay religiously at home.

28. Miss Butterfield receives ten pounds more candy.

29. The new pipe organ arrives. Roach reads in his Bible about Barnabas.

30. Dr. Robert McKenzie of New York addresses the students. The first Senior class meeting. The Freshies ducked.

"A seemly lass and modest withal."—Amy Booze.



OCTOBER

1. The Sophomores are ducked.
2. William B. Olds introductory recital. The new pipe organ is installed. The Chi Sigma Phis have a Wiener Roast.
3. First foot ball game; Normal 2—Millikin 8, in Decatur.
4. Dan Moeller comes back. Old phone 565. Miss Wilson at home—Mr. Welch at 1526 N. Main.
5. Dot Pyatt arrives and swells the number in the Senior class to forty-three.
6. First Millidek Meeting. Phi Pi Progressive Dinner.

7. The Hall girls have a bonfire and supper on the campus.

8. Still working on the Pipe Organ. Pete Good takes an invoice of what he has spent on Esther Starr so far this year.

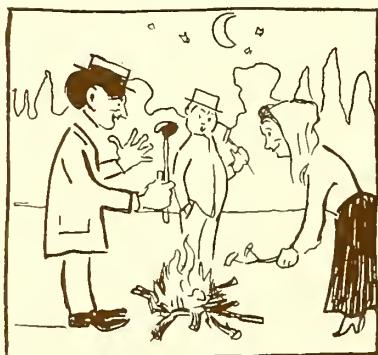
9. Favorable reports of the Organ's condition. It is losing its asthmatic wheeze.

10. Knox College 4—Millikin 6, at Galesburg. Board fence is erected on Millikin Field.

11. Mr. Welch takes Miss Wilson to the



1



12

Cumberland church. Yoder goes to Taylorville to see "Somebody."

12. Delta Theta Psi formal dinner. Philo Wiener Roast at Wilson's. Orlandian Wiener Roast at Sunnyside.

13. A snake is put in little Miss Allin's desk. Naughty boys!!! Chi Sigma Phi Fourth Annual Slumber Party.

14. Pledge Day for Sororities. Nothing doing. The advent of the Zeta Gammas; much excitement.

"The College Pest."—Davy and his Camera.

15. Sophomore-Yearling Push Ball Contest. Everybody wants their ten cents back.

16. Prexy's Birthday. We all throw bouquets. Sing 102. (by request). Kappa Delta Chi Informal.

17. Wesleyan O—Millikin 11, at Decatur. Alice Dempsey loses her pump on West Main St. while doing the barn dance.

18. Leslie Taylor breaks a comb. Advised to get a hair cut.

19. The Literary Societies attend Comus, presented by Donald Robinson.

20. President Riggs of Shurtleff College speaks in chapel. Another ideal to strive for in our college course.



17

21. Married—Ruth Bicknell '08, Edgar Walker. Secretary Sutton of Y. M. C. A. addresses the students.

22. Miss Conant entertains at a Pan-Hellenic reception. Jimmie Redmon and Grover Patton didn't go. Jimmie couldn't find his girl, and Grover was afraid to even try.

23. First Lecture Course Entertainment; Art Lecture by W. M. R. French. He draws a cat so realistic that it makes its appearance in the balcony.

24. We sing three songs in chapel. Rose Poly 24—Millikin O, at Terre Haute.

25. Bloss and China make up. Welch signs for every Sunday night. Don't worry—they're happy.

26. Chi Sigma Phi Dinner. Little Steve goes to class. The Millikin Y. M.s bring back word that they were strictly "it" at the state convention in Springfield.

27. Rev. J. Wood Miller presents the Niebenlungenlied to students. Married—Gladys Smith, '06—Dean McGaughey, '05.

28. "Don't stay at your girl's house after nine, for she doesn't want you," says Prexy. Y. W. C. A. Mass Meeting for girls.

29. Prexy goes to Jacksonville. We all loiter in the corridors.

30. Monmouth 12—Millikin 4, at Decatur.

31. Prexy comes back; no place for incurables. The corridors are quite deserted. The Alpha Sigma Theta Hallowe'en Party.

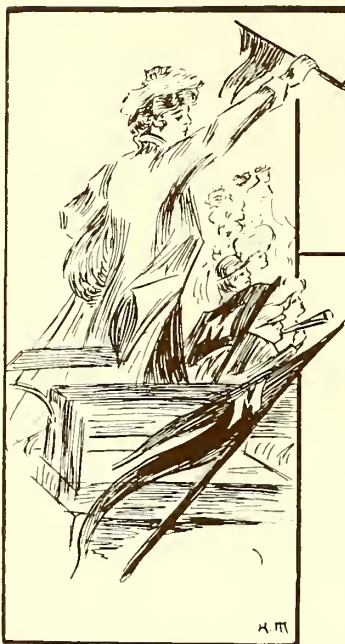


13



28

"Still waters run deep but shallow ones attract attention."—Bloss Field.



NOVEMBER

1. Corwine Roach makes his first Sunday evening call this month.

2. Mattes loses some fine chickens. Now watch the price of books!!!

3. Dr. Hoster of St. John's Church leads chapel. Invitations for Dedicatory Reception at the Hall are issued. Some of the Seniors call at the office for theirs.

4. Election Day—Taft forgets to send Isaacs a ticket home, so he couldn't vote. Chi Sigma Phi's entertained by Mrs. Parr.

5. Y. W. C. A. Tea. Dr. Galloway gives a lecture in Theoretical Biology without men-

tioning "differentiation," or "response to stimuli."

6. Kappa Delta Chi Roller Skating Party. The floor rises to greet everyone.

7. Washington University 17, Millikin 0 at St. Louis. Dean Rogers shrugs his shoulders thirty-seven times by actual count in chapel.

8. Over-flow at Chi Sig House. Ruth and Ewing take the kitchen.

9. Week of prayer for colleges. The two Lit Societies meet in Philo Hall to form a Literary League.

10. First Initiation of the Season—Kappa Delta Chi. Patton, "I wish Davy were here; he's so conservative."



11. Wilson resigns from the foot ball team. Dr. Willets speaks in chapel.

12. Dedicatory Reception at Woman's Hall. No lesson in Psych.

13. Ward Bricker recites in Psychology. The J. M. U. Methodists are entertained at the Parsonage on W. Main.

14. First snow of the season. Lake Forest 43, Millikin 0 at Lake Forest. Chi Sigma Phi Initiation.

15. Davy has a boil. Mr. Varnum sweeps and moves again.

16. Davy has two boils. Car conductor flirts with Grace Bear. Philo Leap Year Party. Progressive Luncheon.

17. Davy sings praise of Antiphlogistine. Prexy, "You know a ring will make a little girl quite happy."



"A sort of ministerial air."—Erwin Ade.



15

18. Davy has more boils; finally succumbs and goes home for a few days. Dean Rogers tells his Philology class about his Dorothy.

19. Professor Varnum goes to Champaign. Bob Everett, looking at Mr. Rouse, "That man looks as if he had swallowed a plumb line."

20. Alpha Sigs tell us they will have plenty of jokes on themselves for the Millidek.

21. General International Y. M. C. A. Secretary McMillan speaks in chapel. Gene Allin gives him the glad hand. Phi Delta Pi Anniversary Dinner at Miss Ferritor's

22. Cory Wilkins and Earl Drinkall call on the Hall Girls.

23. Miss Isabel Mets Introductory Piano Recital. Bricker recites a second time in Psych.

24. Chi Rho Sigmas entertain. Hyde manages to answer "yes" to a question in Psych.

25. Professor Gunnison reads the President's Proclamation. Miss Butterfield—candy!—candy!!—candy!!!

26. We all eat turkey. Thanksgiving Game—Shurtleff
26. Millikin O. Kappa Delta Chi Dance. Alpha Sigma Theta
Dinner Dance. Married—Ethel Yanders '06. Ralph Foster.



25



26

"And he could tell the time of day
By geometry or algebra."—Ben Lehenbauer.



DECEMBER

1. Turkey Gobblers return. Ethel Jones says she has had enough "beau" to last her until Christmas. Mary Hemenway disturbs chapel with her violin practice.

2. Seniors in 1909 sweaters and waists. Faculty encore. The colors—awful!!!

3. Day of Prayer for colleges. Banfill writes to Chicago for costumes for Senior Play.

4. Presbyterian Brotherhood visits University in a body. Y. W. C. A. serve supper to the Brothers.

5. J. H. Freeman, returned missionary

from Lampoon speaks in chapel. Everett Hodge discovered working.

6. Cory and Earl at the Dorm again.

7. Faculty and wives visit the Herald Plant. Dr. Rogers wonders how Marie Webb got in. Chi Sigma Phi entertained by the Misses Dearth and Kincaid in honor of Miss Judith Mills.

8. Banfill receives a reply to his letter regarding Senior costumes.

9. Prof. Gunnison's first hour class on time.

10. Professor Gunnison tells his age. Mrs. Cole-

grove. "Really, Miss Field, how do you do your hair?"

11. Orlandian-Philomathean Contest. Philos celebrate their victory in lemonade; the Orlandians console themselves with an oyster supper.

12. Miss Dempsey writes to Chicago in regard to Senior costumes. Athletic Association banquet. Smoker afterwards at Alpha Sig House. New fire buckets installed.

13. Eight Chi Rhos attend church.

14. Miss Dempsey telegraphs about Senior costumes. Dwight asks six girls to go to the Senior Reception with him. Philos hold their Annual Jubilee Social.



1



2

"Such a lady's man."—Dean Viers.



15

15. Telegram from Chicago 10:30 A. M. "Costumes are shipped." 6:00 P. M. No costumes on Banner Blue. 8:30 P. M. Senior Reception and Play, minus Chicago frills. Dwight wears his dress suit, but goes alone.

16. 8:00 A. M. Costumes arrive. 8:02 A. M. Costumes returned unopened. Charles H. Richmond elected Foot Ball Captain for 1909. Basket Ball—Y. M. C. A. 62, Millikin 23.

17. Chi Sigma Phi Christmas Party. Delta Theta Psi Christmas Party. Applied Arts III "Will the class please understand that this is not a pink tea."

18. Phi Pi Christmas Party. Organ prepares for a vacation along with the studes. Pupils' Recital in School of Music. Kappa Delta Chi Dance.

19. We all leave—with heavy suit cases.

25. Santa Claus brings Professor Cole a new moustache.

31. Married—Judith Mills '07, Keach Bone '07.



15



16

"Tresses of gold with sunset fires
Burnished and ruddy like a red light flung
Full on a brazen shield."—Flora Ross.



JANUARY

1. Leap Year is over. Mr. Riley heaves a long sigh. "Safe for another four years."

4. Married—H. Guy Porter '07, Lottie Lamb '08. At last!! Suspense is over!!!

5. We all come back with colds. J. Wilburforce Smith, successor to Professor Stevenson arrives. Box Social Benefit for the Basket Ball Team. McGrath brings his friend "Miss" Sly. Rev. Charles Record '04 visits Millikin. Ethel Jones has a solitaire.

6. Collection for earthquake sufferers; one billiard check received. The organ has a new motor—Santa must have brought it.

Everybody has a new tie or waist that Santa brought.

7. Dean Rogers announces that he had three proposals. Report—Every Senior girl is engaged to an out-of-town man. Why are the Senior boys so unpopular?

8. Lecture Course Entertainment. Prexy catches three girls dancing on the stage in chapel. Something doing!

9. One of the "three" studies in the Council room with Prexy.

10. All regular dates resumed after Christmas.

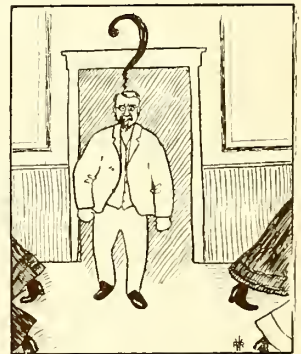
11. Edgar Nitchals goes to the Court House on Business. Are congratulations in order, Edgar? Van Deventer sends Hammie home to have his coat

pressed before he will take his picture. Organ working fine. Clarence Hahn comes back to say good bye.

12. Reverend Mr. McIntosh of Springfield leads chapel. Seniors try to work up a bobsled ride; boys can't go—why?—no one knows.

13. Davy is nearly run over by a train. Seniors have their pictures taken in chapel.

14. Senior girls give themselves a bob sled ride. Senior boys look on from the window. Stung? Did any one say?



"Eyes darkly blue—like autumn skies at night
Veiled by long lashes."—Ina Wornick.

15. Dr. Shaw's 1:30 class understood what he was talking about. Dramatic Art Contest. Winner, Dramatic Art Club. Leslie surely looked slim as a barbarian.

16. LaRue announces that there are three men for whom she'd jump into the river. We know that two of them are Wiley and Carleton, but who can the third be?

17. Louis Hull forgets to smoke. McGrath has a hair cut.

18. "Dad" Elliot, National Student Secretary for the Y. M. C. A. speaks at men's meeting (Fifteen present).

19. Prexy—"Let me introduce Mr. Elliot, who spoke to a large audience last evening." (Prexy was evidently not there). Y. W. C. A. candy sale. Reverend Mr. Otis T. Smith speaks in chapel.

20. Mary Elder appears in her Louis XV collar. Prexy. "Mr. Isaacs, did you ever turn up your nose at any one?" Walter—"Yes, lots of times."



22

21. Mr. Varnum slides down his porch steps. One hour late to classes. It is also reported that Miss Alkin fell.

22. Wesleyan-Millikin Debate in Decatur. Northwestern College-Millikin Debate in Northwestern.

23. Professor Kaeuper plays "Mornin' Cy" in chapel, thinking it a hymn—Great enthusiasm. The Millidek Board has a spread—all the men, even Dean Rogers are present.

24. Yes, Ina, has a date tonight. She always has a date Sundays, so she says.

26. "Stude" Powers has her Spanish sentences. Thinks maybe she'll be excused from Mid Year Finals.

27. Mid Year Exams begin. Sans and others busy on a crib for Psych. Mrs. Colegrove entertains with a French luncheon. Mr. Varnum has a birthday cake with (?) candles.

28. Psychology class all ride through their exam in an automobile. 6:30 P. M. Edith calls 1007. 7:30 Roach comes over.

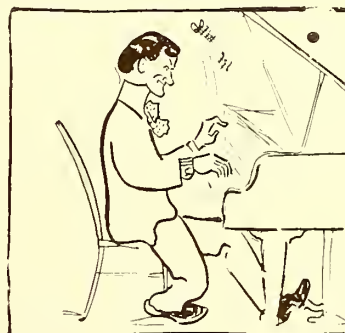
29. 8:00 P. M. Mother Bowyer, "Mr. Roach, you stayed until 11 o'clock last evening. Don't you know that 10:30 is the rule?" Roach, "Why, I never knew that before; Edith always lets me stay till 11:15."

30. Frank Sheffler bemoans the fact that he must leave the Alpha Sigs to struggle on without him.

31. Miss Weilepp at home to Lep Emnis. Some of the rest of us have dates too.



21



23

"There was a lover."—Fred Aurand.



FEBRUARY

1. All the Kappa Deltis not at the Bijou have their tri-monthly housecleaning.

2. Registration for Second Semester. The Dean raises the standard of scholarship much to the dismay of a few Seniors. Dot Pyatt carries Biology. Mrs. Anna Sloan Walker, platform speaker, joins our happy throng.

3. Prexy's semi annual advice to new students. Alice Bone and Mrs. James burn their Psych books and notes at 3 A. M.

4. Miss Allin returns early—finds library in uproar. Then—. Student Recital of School of Music.

5. Kaeuper using slang; "As the boys say, "a rib snorter."

6. Lincoln Medals for sale. Head Agent Prexy. Nominal fee 10c. Prexy and Dean Rogers have new caps and gowns. Wonder how much they cost?

7. Mr. ——— and Mr. ——— of Moweaqua are visiting Lelah Hackenberg and Celia Still.

8. Banfill takes up posing for modeling class. Mary Scott asks Dean Valentine if she is a member of the faculty.

9. Seniors appear in Caps and Gowns. President Taylor and Dean Rogers wear their new ones for the first time. Thunderous applause!! Marie Webb dreams of Zink's return from Chicago.



10. Marie meets Zink up town. Now she is a firm believer in dreams. Ray Rhines buys a Kappa Delt Pin at Goldberg's, the official jeweler.

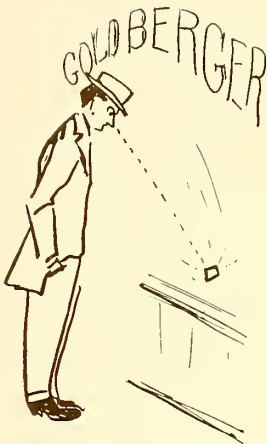
11. Basket Ball—Illinois State Normal 70—Millikin 19. Dr. Rogers keeps "China" Taylor with him. He can't bear to have him go with the team.

12. Lincoln Centennial Celebration. Basket Ball—Bradley Polytechnic 50, Millikin 36. Helen Ketch entertains with a neighborhood party. Dwight spends his good money on roses to send to Mechanicsburg.

13. Delta Theta Psi entertain at a Valentine



"Co-education is the thief of time."—Ben Wand.



10

Tea. Basket Ball—Monmouth 60, Millikin 30. Phi Pis have a candy party in preparation for March 17. Ethel Jones and Peter McEwen take supper with the Chi Rho Sigmas.

14. Arthur Niedermeyer calls on his lady friend, Miss Shipp.

15. Dr. and Mrs. Hessler entertain the Phi Pis. Miss Hampton receives a second box of roses from her suitor. Mon.—Mr. Bricker returned from his Sunday evening date in Harristown. A little late.

16. Phi Pis wear Chi Rho Sigma roses. Evidently had a party somewhere. Senior class meeting—big doings—Irene moved we adjourn.

11. The kitchen is opened for the girls' lunch room with Edna Burgess as head janitress.

18. Professor Morphy's Violin Recital. Finest of the season.

19. Prexy extends an Invitation for Mrs. Valentine to an At Home at the Hall. He gives us full instructions on when to go, when to leave; also mentions refreshments.

20. Mr. and Mrs. Bricker take a picture of the Bransby children.

21. Miss Staley says Mr. Sly is game at the goodnight business.

22. Washington's Birthday. Colonial Tea at the Hall. George and Martha receiving with Mrs. Valentine. Greata (in planning for the tea) "I'm going to wear a patch on my face." The Dean—"That would be very nice for you."

24. The Senior class attends the funeral of Mr. Bragg.

25. "Dan" Moeller entertains the Kappa Delts at a Dutch Treat affair at the Armory. Charley Hartwig has a tooth pulled and then goes to Mother Atherton's for supper.



16



20

26. Dr. Lee of N. Y. speaks in chapel. Philomathean Open Meeting. Kappa Delta Chi Annual. Jessie Penhallegon gives a splendid toast and makes an awful hit.

27. Dr. Lee speaks again, leaving us two mottoes to remember. Jimmie Wasem's New York girl is back.

28. Mildred Shipp and Paul Willets are stung by their Sunday school teacher, Prof. Mills. Mr. Grover Poole visits Lady Lake.

"Ambition is no cure for love."—Frank Sheffler.



MARCH

1. Shuck singing, "I want to be loved like the leading lady!"
2. James Millikin dies at Orlando, Fla.
3. President Taylor asks Dot Pyatt and Alice Dempsey to help Miss Allin keep the Library quiet. Frank Bogle entertains Kappa Deltas at a Roller Skating Party.
4. Erma receives a note from Dwight at chapel. At noon Erma announces she has a date for the Junior-Senior banquet.
5. Biology Department needs cats. Deluge follows.
6. Mr. Millikin's Funeral.

7. Carleton and LaRue went strolling in the afternoon. Wonder if Davy was at the Herald or Van Deventers.

8. Goldie Atherton treats the Modeling class much to the chagrin of the dear teacher. Chewing Gum!!!!

9. Mr. McGee appears in the Library with his Automobile mechanism. Prof. Lanphere wears a new purple tie.

10. Prexy explains to us the meaning of "cat-tie." F. A. class have a calling down for disturbing all classes with their noise. Second yearly



10



5

meeting of the Ministerial Association.

11. The Lunch-room Human Pipe Organ has its first practice at 12:55 A. M.

12. John Johnston is downcast—just received a note from Grace. Stung! The Commons entertain Hali girls. Miss Pierson happy—has a beau.

13. Candy Party by Phi Pis—getting ready for another blow out. Delta Theta Psi Tea at Helen Bishop's.

14. Ask Winifred Davis why she held her cheek at 9:30 one evening. Juniors begin collecting dues for Senior banquet.

15. "Five years ago tonight," Alice says, "she

"I'll print it and shame the fools."—Wand and Byrne.



12

had her first beau and it was John Lyons." Chi Sigma Phi Annual Theatre Party.

16. Seniors have their picture taken on the roof. Aerobic feats accomplished in getting there. Mr. Gunnison's Vocal Expression class gives its first Recital. Miss Hubbard does remarkably well, so the Herald says.

17. St. Patrick's Luncheon at 12:05. All the hall girls are distinguished from the others. Wear clovers, etc. Phi Pi Party.

18. Emma Shore receives her first love letter; says they're great. Corwine Roach serenades Edith.

19. Dr. Kellogg speaks to us in Chapel on the first commandment. Alpha Sigs entertain Delta Theta Psi girls in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Sheffler. Mock wedding; some-

thing swell.

20. The Tower Clock is started again. Class of '07 spends some more money. Miss Clark is seen kneeling on a chair at the phone. Her usual attitude when ordering groceries.

21. Fred Aurand (coming in late Sunday night) "Gee, fellows I got in bad tonight but I don't care, I'll get out as easy as I got in."

22. Mr. William Bell nervously paces the halls waiting to make up that 'con' in Psych. Misses Conant and McCaslin entertain with a tea.

23. Dr. Galloway speaks on the second commandment. Miss Allin discovers she has a right to prefix "Prof." before her name. Henceforth Professor Eugenia Allin.

24. Dr. Hessler speaks on the third commandment. McGrath's new yellow shoes and green socks make a pleasing combination. Juniors elect Flora Ross (editor), James Wasem (business manager) for 1910 Millidek.

25. Mildred Shipp announces to Prof. Gunnison's class that Miss Atherton is wearing a rat. As if we didn't know it. Y. M. C. A. Delegates arrive for convention.

26. Y. M. C. A. Reception to Delegates and students. Many hearts lost. Mrs. Zuba James called home.

27. Baseball game Y. M. C. A. Delegates and Millikin. Delta Theta Psi Tea at Marie Freeman's.

28. Mrs. Valentine entertains Mr. and Mrs. Stone and Mr. Baker at dinner.

29. Mr. W. W. Smith speaks on the fifth commandment. Dean Rogers attempts to sing, did any one hear him? Rodgers & Clark Original Story Contest. William Banfill winner. Brown Debate, John Lyons, winner; Dwight Montgomery, second place.

30. Mr. Gunnison speaks on the eighth commandment—Thou shalt not steal.

31. Here endeth it all.



18



20

"Oh! lady with the sunlit hair."—Mildred Young.

Bertie's Tea Party

BERTIE T.'S mama told him one day that he had been such a good little boy all week, that she was going to let him have a party for his little neighbor, Johnnie Rouse, who had just moved to town. So that very afternoon Bertie started out to invite some of his friends.

On the following Friday afternoon, half an hour before the appointed time, a stiff little figure with a green bag under his arm, marched up the steps and rang the bell; it was Johnnie. Bertie's mama went to the door.

"Is this where the party is going to be?" asked Johnnie.

"Yes, come right in; Bertie will be so glad to see you." As soon as he had taken off his coat and hat, and unbuckled his arctics, he went down stairs, with his bag still clasped tightly under his arm. Just then the bell rang again and Mrs. D. came in, bringing her little son Calvert. Bertie rushed right up to him and said, "Oh, good! you can sit on this stool by the door and let the people in." And Calvert sat right down, after kissing his mama good by.

In just a minute, there was a flurry at the door, and Gracie C., in a fluffy, ruffly pink dress, ran in, almost knocking Calvert off his stool. "Oh, Bertie, see my pretty new dress; don't you just love it?" she cried. Johnnie Rouse squeezed up a little tighter against the wall and smiled vacantly into space. She ran right over to the window, exclaiming, "See those two funny little girls coming; aren't they just too roly poly for anything!" While she spoke Genie A. and Myra C. came in together.

In a few minutes almost every one had come, and Bertie suggested that they play some games, and asked his little friends what they would like to do. Jamie Rogers said he'd tell them some stories about Greece and Rome, but Bennie James said he didn't want to hear them; he'd rather hear Bobbie Kellogg sing "Der Christbaum." But Bobbie said he had such a dreadful cold that he really couldn't sing very well; he was awfully sorry, and if there was anything else he could do, he would be very glad to, for he was so sorry to disappoint them; he suggested that they might play "Mein Schiff ist Angekommen." But Gracie didn't want to; she tho't it would be so exciting, though, if Jimmie Shaw would do his little stunt for them. Jimmie was bashful and didn't want to, but Gracie dragged him up to the front of the room, and he slowly raised one eyebrow and at the same time lowered the other. Every one wanted him to do it some more, but he was so shy that he ran and hid his face in Bertie's mama's lap.

Just then two late arrivals came in; they were Willie Varnum and Birdie Kaeuper. Birdie politely explained that he had to wait for Willie to get dressed. Genie snickered and said she'd bet it was because it took Birdie such a long time to get his tie just the same shade as his little lavender half socks. Birdie didn't hear her because Calvert was asking him if he knew where Ada was.

Demure Elizabeth C——rove surprised every one by suddenly bursting into tears because Gracie told her she talked too much. "Anyway," she sobbed, "I don't wear my hair as awfully as you do yours." Bertie's mama tactfully restored peace by asking them to all come out into the dining room. Calvert and Billy Cole were the first ones to start, but Tommy Galloway hung back and said he hoped they would have Sanatarium Food, because everything else was so "undigestible."

"Answer him one question and he'll ask you a dozen directly."—Dr. Hessler.

Limericks

We all know C. W. Dyer
To cleanliness he doth aspire;
A thing out of place
He considers disgrace—
We pity the future Frau Dyer!

Ben Lehenbauer, Now you hark!
He lives in a tree in park
You can see him each night
By his library light
Turning over the leaves after dark.

'Twas Doctor Kellogg who said, "There,
I will sneak out during this prayer."
But the squeak of his shoes
So enlivened the pews
That he sat down again in despair.

Jessie a young lady did sigh
For her shape was like capital I
She said, "It's too bad,
But then, I can pad,"
Which shows you that figures can lie.

There was a notorious guy
As thin as my landlady's pie
His manners were bad
His words were sad
And his name its shocking; 'tis Sly.

There was a young lady, Goldee
Who invited Sir Pifer to tea
He said, "You quite shine
In the house wifely line."
"Oh, this is so sudden," said she.

There was a young man named Sansom
Who was so exceedingly handsome
That he lived on his looks
And ne'er opened his books
Did this young man known as Sansom.

Now Turner who lived by his pen,
Cried "Goody, I've got 'em again
A poem I'll write,
'Bout the dawning of night
That will easily collar a ten."

"It's very little use trying to be dignified, if dignity is no part of your character."—Marie Allen.

A Senior Jamboree

ONE bright morning, an old Lady and her son decided to go out in the country for a walk. Now, William,—son of the old lady, was not content to be Still and walk sedately by his mother's side, instead he ran here and there, and the first thing she knew, he had darted into a clump of Elder bushes, and was out of sight. Thinking that he would Hyde there for a few minutes, she walked on; but when he failed to reappear as soon as she expected he would, she went back, and, going behind the thicket, she found herself on the muddy Shore of Stevens' Creek. There in the mire her son was Lehen-bauer of bushes over him.

"Oh, dear," she cried, "what a fix we're in! You were dressed fit for a King, and now you are all Demp;—sey how I am covered with this Bur,—gess as I knew I would be! I can never Bragg again!"

"Oh! Ma!—Gee, don't scold me so! I am not wholly Culp-able!" Billie wailed.

"Well, don't cry! I'll see if I can pull you out. But what can I stand on? If there was only a little San(d)—some pieces of Brick-er—oh, even a Bone, I could get you out, I know. But let me think!" An idea came. Rushing out in the road, she found some grass, and, coming quickly back, she wove Matt(e)s of them, upon which she could stand, and in this way, get her boy out of the oozy mud.

But Billy's mother was so overcome by the great exertion, that she almost swooned; her Hart-wig, teeth and all chattered as if with the ague. "Oh, I fear I shall die; if there were only a Davenport, near by, upon which you might Lei-by side me, I wo-Hud,-son, be content.

Just then there was a rustle in the bushes, and a white-haired man appeared; surprised at the pitifnl sight which met his eye, he said, "I am Jones, the Bishop; can I be of help?"

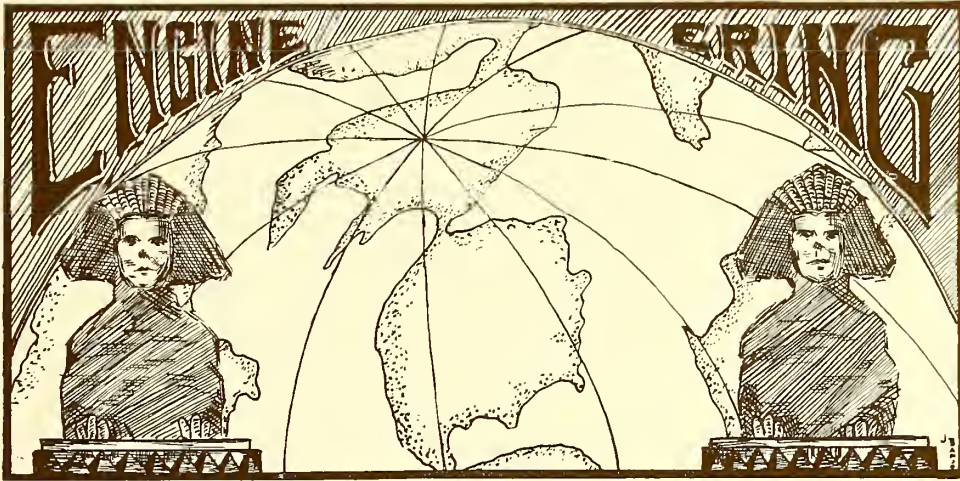
"Oh, sir," cried the little lad, "my mother is ill; tell me where I can find some one to Cart'er home!"

"That I will do. Here comes Jamies, Richards'-son; he has a wagon and is going West to the Mills, with grain; he will take your mother."

And so they put the old woman in the wagon and drove away; when they had ridden a little way, Billie asked the man what he did.

"Well, you see, in wet we-Ather,-tons of wheat in the Barnes grow too Stale(y) for the cattle to eat and so I-saacs it and hauls it to the Miller to make into flour. But, great Scott! hear that Bell! we must hurry. That's the dinner Bell-Amy, my wife, doesn't like to wait. And sakes! you look as if you was under the Ban;-fill yourself with Py-att my house, and when you've Eaten you'll be all right."

"I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so."—Lulu Dick.

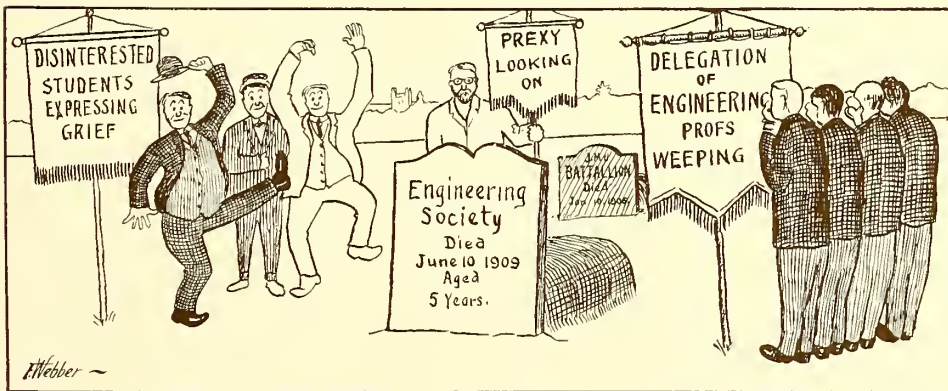


Officers

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	F. R. Culp
Secretary-Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. M. Miller
Business Manager	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	H. K. Davenport

Members

Albert R. Taylor, Ph. D.
 Harry E. Smith, M. E.
 Charles W. Lawrence, C. E.
 Eugene C. Woodruff, E. E.
 J. Byrnie Shaw, D. Sc.



“The windy satisfaction of the tongue.”—Edna Strader.



Here's One On You

Marie Webb hands Prof. Varnum an Invitation.
Prof., "Ho! Ho! Is it a Wedding Invitation?"
Marie, "Oh no! Dr. Rogers sent it up."

Miss Forsythe, "Won't you come and go down town with me?"
Miss B., "No I have to take Gym."
Miss Forsythe, "Can't you take him along with us."

Senior Girl, "Yes Maurice, Irene had a red dress on."
M. Sly, "Why how could she? I wore that in the play. It was a tight fit for me and she is not so compressible."

La Rue Neisler, "Miss Conant gave a nice talk to unengaged girls, but she didn't say a word about after you are engaged."

Reported in the Review—"Judge Nelson will unveil the tablet and bust."

Montgomery gets library book for Wasem. Signs slip—Wasem—by D. A. M.

Everett Pinkstaff—"Where two or three pieces of calico are gathered together, there am I also."

Some one asked Mattes why Wesleyan lost in Debate.
Mattes, "Why one of the Debaters flirted with Pearl Tippet."

Mr. McGee (in Experimental Psych)—"The sense of hearing is always accompanied by some muscular sensation, for when we hear anything our ears sort of move around towards the stimulation."

Street Car Conductor—"Your fare, Miss."
Young Chi Sig (who was dreaming)—"O! thank you. Do you think so?"

H. K. Davenport has been elected Mascot of the Presbyterian choir. How old is Ann?

Clarence Flegel (in front of capitol at Springfield)—"What church is that there with such a large dome?"

Mattes, (in bookstore)—"You will have to endorse this check."
(Inexperienced young lady)—"Why my father is the richest man in B—."

"Should you miss the sunlight go seek it in her hair."—Edna Brunsman.



(In German)—“Musst er dunkel oder hell sein?”

Miss Bragg (answering in German)—“Oh, hell.”

Junior Girl, “Yes, I think I’ll make Delt this year. The girls who didn’t like me are all gone now.”

Dr. Galloway, (after Hartwig had been trying to explain geyser action for a half-hour) “But you haven’t a geyser there yet.”

Hartwig (hopefully), “No but I will have pretty soon.”

Prexy (in Psych), “Now that might have been a lemon.”

Class Laughs.

Prexy—“Mr. King what are you laughing about?”

Mr. King—“That’s a slang expression.”

Prexy—“Might it not have been an experience.”

Mattes (to Fresh Coed), “Do you realize that your Book Store bill is about four months old?”

Coed, “Well its several months ’till the end of school, age will not hurt it.”

Mattes, “Gee! ! !”

Bob Everett, “They used to make fun of electricity; now they make light of it.”

Ellis Hudson (in Lit), “The question is whether we shall allow the vote by prexy (proxy).”

Ethel Jones, (speaking of a water fountain), “Would the water come up in bubbles and we drink the bubbles?”

Prof. Rouse, “Tut! Tut! my man, the girls won’t hurt you.”

Prof. James, “Now what kind of electricity was that?”

Class (unanimously), “Positive.”

Prof., “And if not positive?”

Class, (again unanimously) “Negative.”

Prof. Mills (in Lecture), “The Scotch Irish were a tall rugged, stout people.”

Mrs. Walker, “I am Scotch Irish.”

Charley King, “I don’t believe you understood what I said on my exam paper.”

Prof. Rouse, “I don’t think I did. I spent thirty minutes trying to find out what you meant.”

“Well I says I does, ‘stude’.”—Emily Powers.

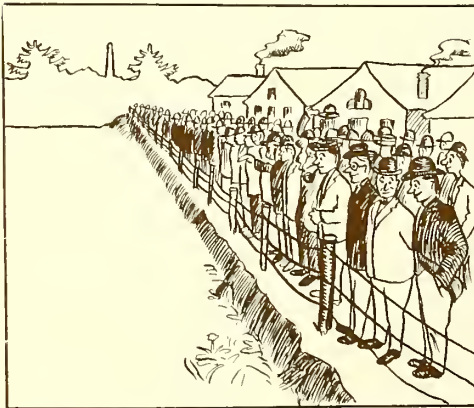


T. W. G.

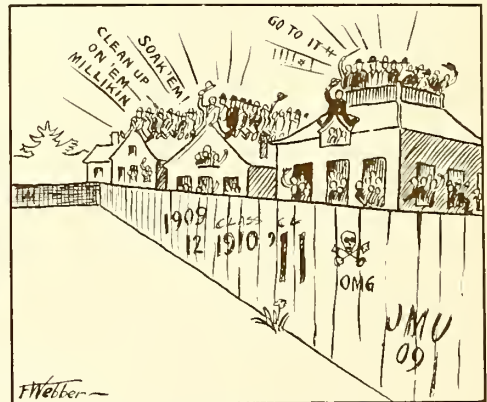
The modality of the proper response to stimuli is a matter of the most fundamental importance. The justification of my presentation of so fundamental a proposition is questionable. The deficiency and inadequacy of the adaptation of our language for the explication and elucidation of the underlying significant factors of our environment depending on the inability properly to discriminate in the relativity and identity of terms is responsible for my lucitation.

The invariable accompaniment of such manifestations of demonstrably deficient procedure on your part is conclusive evidence that the inexplicable is sometimes the only potentiality in forecasting probabilities. Concomitantly, the incomprehensibility of the complexity of differentiating the truth is invariably the result of the inefficiency of our present system of education.

What is most needed is the elimination of the intrinsically theoretical and the stressing of the functionally permanent causes of our fundamental make-up. To the failure to appreciate the uniform cumulative effect of our environment is due the marvelous deficiency of the student in the ability to reciprocate.



*In the old days the bummers lined up
along the north line of the
Athletic Field like this*



*But since the high board fence
has been built, they must
seek higher things!!!*

Beloved of the Greeks.—Lois Yoder.



The Educational Foundry

[illegible]

Their Office.

“How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof! And I have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me. I was almost in all evil in the midst of the congregation and assembly.—Proverbs 5: 12-15.

Leslie R. Taylor.

There was a young man up at college,
Who said he went there to get knowledge,
When commencement came, twas not knowledge
That kept him at college.—Ewing Wilson.

“The mirror of all courtesy.”—Fred McGee.



The Millikin Zoo

Head Trainer and Ring Master - Thompson Stone
(Direct From Paris)

Lambs	-	-	-	-	-	-	Frances Baker, Alice Bone
Black Sheep	-	-	-	-	-	-	Leslie Taylor, Ewing Wilson
Sapsuckers (butting in)	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ben Crowder, Nellie Taylor
Humming Birds (swiftness)	-	-	-	-	-	-	Junior Class
Snails	-	-	-	-	-	-	Grover Patton, Clifford Miller
Bald Eagles	-	-	-	-	-	-	Coach Hoopes, Mr. Frederick Baker
Red Headed Woodpeckers	-	-	-	-	-	-	Flora Ross, Wesley Bone
Clams	-	-	-	-	-	-	Frank Culp, Albert Ross, Bessie Cooper
Butterflies (all species)	-	-	-	-	-	-	Phi Delta Psi
Sponge	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. B. Williamson
Monkeys	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dona Shipp, Ruth Schenck
Siamese Twins	-	-	-	-	-	-	Clare Ferritor, Florence Page
Living Skeleton	-	-	-	-	-	-	Edna Burgess
Dwarfs	-	-	-	-	-	-	Eloise Brownback, Ed Ross
Giantesses	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lucy Henderson, Viola Bell
Triplets	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hudson, Shipp, Keagle
Gold-Dust Twins	-	-	-	-	-	-	Helen Mills, LaRue Neisler
Double Jointed Girl	-	-	-	-	-	-	Della Wilson

(Shows Off When Requested)

Top Heavy Man	-	-	-	-	-	-	Arthur Niedermeyer
Leading Lady Magician	-	-	-	-	-	-	Marie Webb
(Can turn any color or conversation into zink)							
Amateur Magicians	-	-	-	-	-	-	Elmus West, Sam Magill
(Very successful in causing beauties to disappear)							
Richest Man in the World	-	-	-	-	-	-	Carleton Mattes
(Owns what he considers the most valuable Pearl)							
Clowns	-	-	-	-	-	-	Blossom Thrift, Bob Everett

We also have a large exhibit of all kinds of Stuffed Animals, Birds, Snakes, Toads and Fishworms by the world-famous Prof. Lehenbauer.

"Slumberland."—Freshman Mathematics.



How We Know Them



Professor Rouse By his green bag and arctics
 Dr. Rogers By his peg top trousers
 Dr. Kellogg By his squeaky shoes
 Professor Stanley.....By his resemblance to Bryan
 Professor Gunnison By his running gait
 Dr. Shaw By his "mincing" walk
 James Lively By his valise
 H. K. Davenport By his moods
 Professor Cole and Mr. Dyer By their appetites
 Bertha Danzeisen By Hahn
 Clarence Hahn By Danzeisen
 Mrs. Colegrove By her dislike for comic opera
 Miss Allin By her rotundity
 Ray Turner By his lean and hungry look
 Miss Clark By her aversion to Van Deventer
 Professor Lanphere By his pocket comb
 Kid Kappa Delts.....By their "smoke"
 Jean Morris By her "loudness"
 McGrath By his hair



Much Ado About Nothing at J. M. U. for this season.

Star Performer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ethel Jones
Next Best	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Emma Shore

Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
 So much the better, you may laugh the more.

Pope—Epilogue to Satire.

"I love to flirt."—Frog Campbell.



Overheard in the Corridors

Ethel Jones, "I can remember for generations—."

Mollie Grubel, "I can paddle my own canoe."

Willam Bell, "I don't see any class to that."

Phil Lehenbauer—"Hello, Sauer Kraut."

Emily Powers—"Hello Wienerwurst."

Prexy, "Move along friends."

Jimmie Wasem, "Slipper kid."

Blanche Good, "When we run the bookstore."

Miss Conant, "Isn't it nice to find things out by yourself?"

Davy and Erma, "You must get that work in by the end of the week. It must be in."

Goldia Atherton, "Well, well, but look here."

Walter Isaacs, "I don't believe that."

"Helen Ritchey expects to get a 'Head' some day."

Fred Aurand, "Nobody in school has as good a stand in with his girl as I have."

Eleanor Armstrong, "Welcome back to our college, Gee."

Roy Hamilton, "The memory of a great love can never leave my heart."

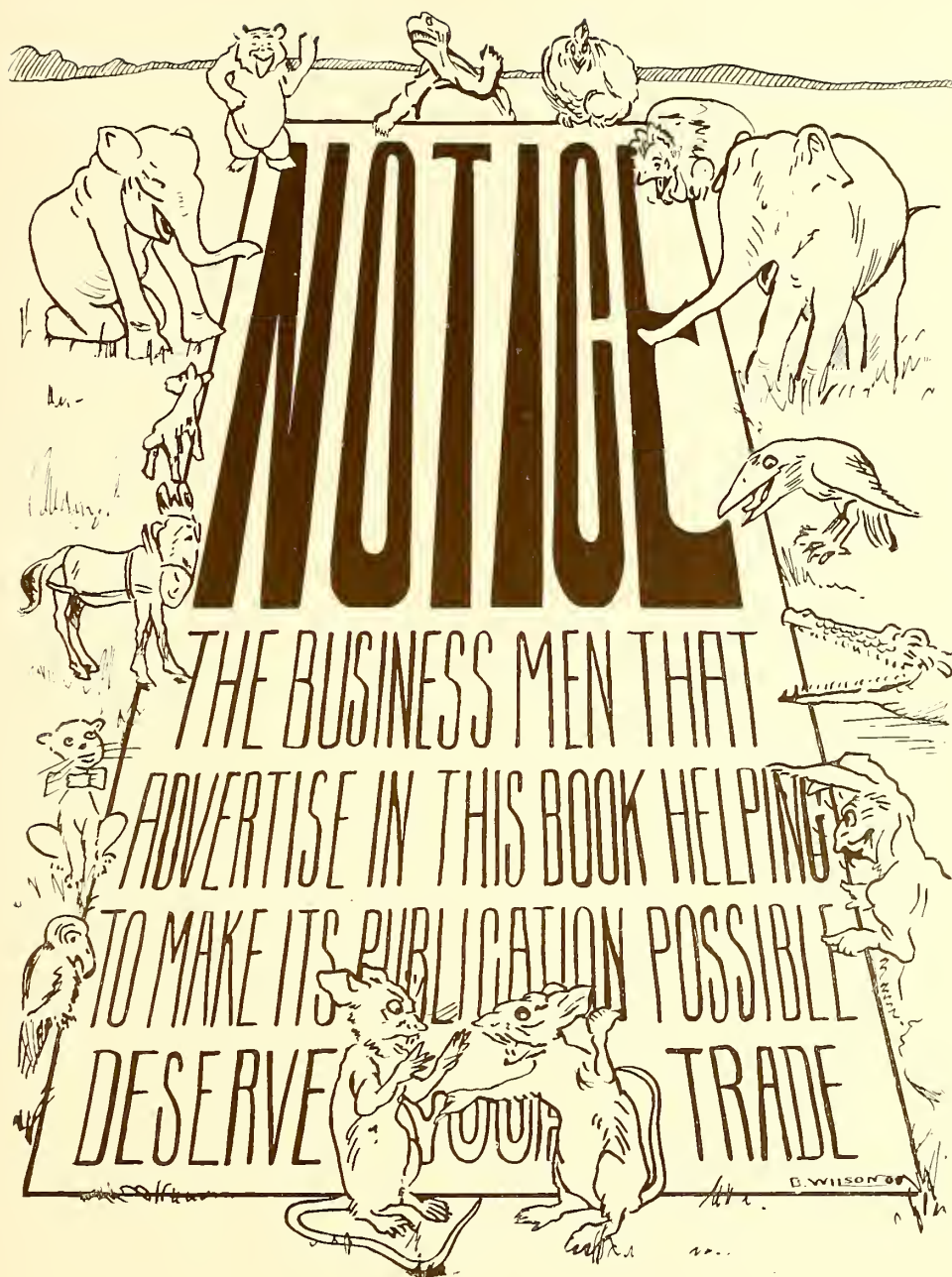
Ina Wornick, "I have a frat pin, I am sure I won't be an old maid now."

Helen Moffett, "I'll entertain a young man (such as Burr Million) just as late as he will stay."

Maude Carter, "Think of it, five bids for the Whitney Bros. Concert."

The cup will o'erflow and drinking be fine
So long as you drink to the class of '09.

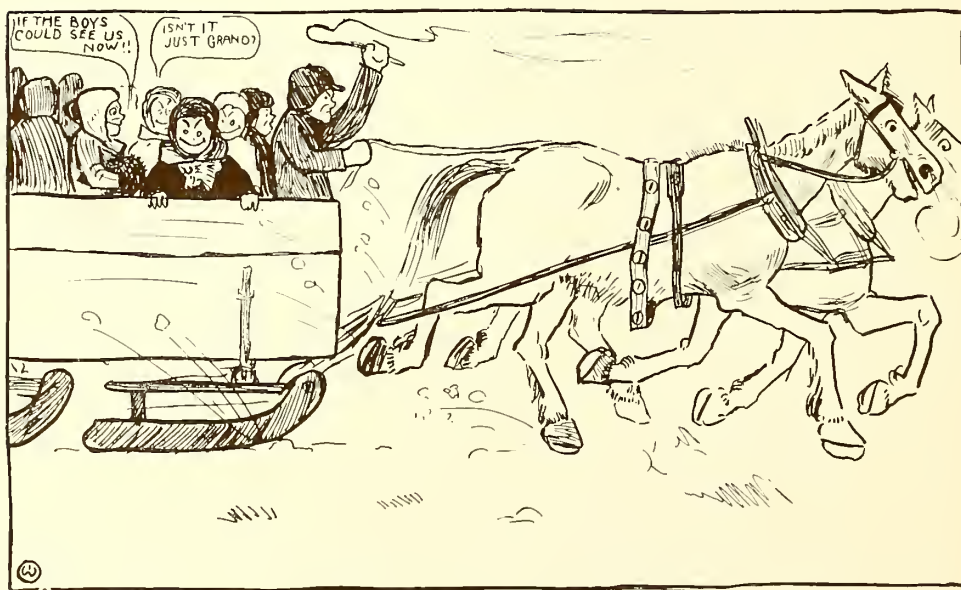
"The chaos of events."—Last week of school.





The Enthusiast

Oh Brownie, dear Brownie, you are a funny kid,
I wonder at the brilliant things transpiring 'neath your lid.
I wonder at your fables, I wonder if they're true,
I wonder if sweet Alice ever doubts your stories, too.
You have the proper spirit about three days a week,
And then you get the deadly blues, and with all the knockers speak,
But in spite of imperfections and the frown upon your face
You're 'bout the most good-hearted cuss about the whole dang place.
And when you're good and married if you'll send a piece of cake,
I'll save it till we meet again beside the burning lake.



Senior Girls Have a Bobsled Ride.

"Some of us will smart for it."—Publishers of the Millidek.



THE FRATERNITY JEWELRY STORE

Special Pieces in Fraternity Jewelry made to your orders ❁ ❁ ❁



YOHE

146 E. Prairie
DECATUR



Spence Bros. & Pease

Wall Paper and Paints

Painting and
Decorating a
Specialty

When in need of anything in our line give us a call. Both Phones



213 N. Main St., Decatur

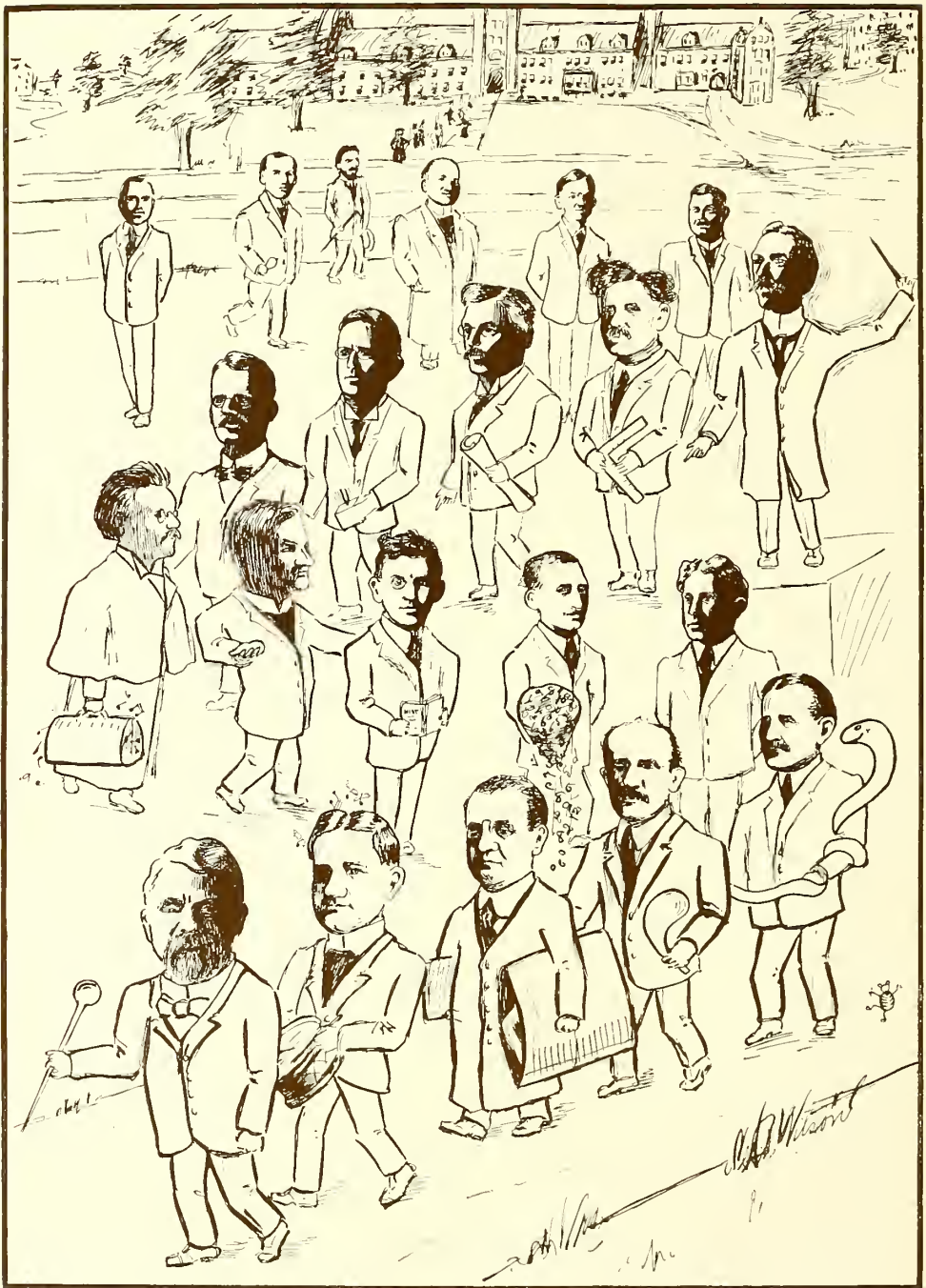
NEUSTADT'S
MASONIC TEMPLE
DECATUR

DECATUR'S GREATEST CLOTHING STORE

NEUSTADT'S
MASONIC TEMPLE
DECATUR



"True worth is in being, not seeming."—Geneva Bane.



SCHILLER PIANO COMPANY

Factory Branch of the
**Emerson and Schiller
PIANOS**

The Largest and Most Complete Stock
of Pianos, Player-Pianos, Talking Ma-
chines, Records and Sheet Music in
Central Illinois.

322-8 North Main St.,
DECATUR, ILL.



*Decatur's Most
Up-to-Date
Music House*

The College Student

Who desires to combine neatness and correctness of style, with dependability and value of merchandise, will find in this great store everything that can be desired. It is our invariable rule to buy only the best of merchandise in every class and we will not sell goods which, so far as our experience and judgment in selection permit us to determine, are not thoroughly reliable.

With unexcelled purchasing facilities and a resident buyer constantly in the New York market, we own our goods at less cost than does the average merchant, and, in the spirit of square dealing and sensible business policy which has built and maintained the reputation of this store through nearly half a century of progressive growth, we give to our customers the advantage of the concessions which our commercial standing obtains. The great advantage of trading at this store with its thirty complete departments, is summed up in our well known motto:

"The Best for the Price--Always"

**LINN & SCRUGGS DRY GOODS and
CARPET COMPANY**

"Happy am I, from care I'm free."—Blanch Linxweiler.



Clubs

The Auger Club

Motto

"They called them augers because they bore so well."

Officers

Lord High Augery	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. B. Burkhart
Lady High Augery	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Edna Strader
Lord of the Exchequer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dwight A. Montgomery

Members

Louise Campbell
Everett Gastineau
Bull Williamson

1 1/2-inch Augers

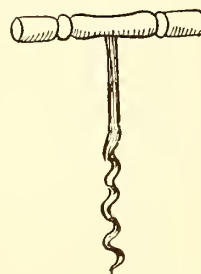
Cyrus A. Potts
Ethel O'Bannon
Guy Rodgers

1-inch Augers

Dona Shipp
Lora Willbanks
Eugene Cope
Ben Harry Crowder

Simlets

Insignia



The Spirayra Club

Motto

"I love to see a little dog and pet him on the head."

Officers

The	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	William H. Banfill
Spira	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Raymond Turner
Gyra	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ellis Hudson
Club	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Gary Hudson

"I am not in the roll of common men."--Horace Bering.

THE PRINT SHOP OF QUALITY

Is a title we are proud to bear. Quality Printing is what you need to tone up your advertising matter. That's the kind we do. This issue of the Millidek is a sample of our work. We are equipped with the most approved machinery and up-to-date type faces for the proper execution of all kinds of job printing. No job too large, none too small. Let us figure with you when you are in the market for anything in the way of Catalogues, Booklets, Folders, Announcements, Office Stationery, Invitations, Etc. ¶ A telephone call will bring our representative to your office. Estimates furnished on request. ❀ ❀

HERALD PRINTING AND STATIONERY COMPANY

New Phone 29 DECATUR ILLINOIS Old Phone 43

"He was utterly without ambition."—Cecil Cox.

RAT O CLUB

Officers

Grand Master of the Psyche	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bloss Field
Chief Supporter of the Hair Mattress	-	-	-	-	-	-	"Stude" Powers
Wearer of the Wire Halo	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dot Pyatt
First Acquirers of the Mouse Trap	-	-	-	-	-	-	Irene Staley Ora Bellamy

Members

Della Wilson
Marie Allen
Eloise Brownback
Blossom Thrift
Ruth Summers
Jessie Penhallegon

Marie Freeman
Bertha Danzeisen
Davida McCaslin
Lucile Tuttle
Esther Starr
Mable Edmonson

Anti-Fat Club

Object—Reduction of Epithelium.

Motto—A little bit of exercise will do a world of good.

Officers

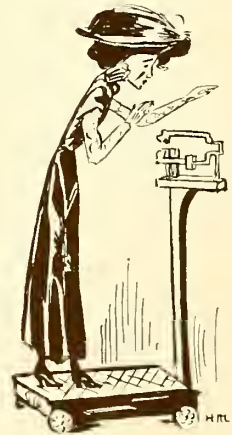
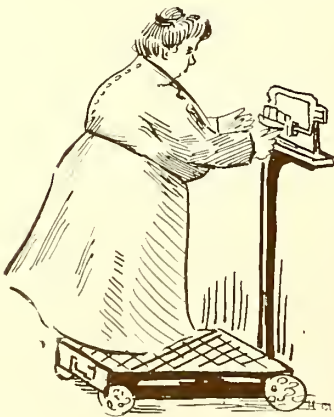
President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Anna Sloan Walker
Vice President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Gillman

Members

Edna Burgess
Bull Williamson
Tub Hill
Artie Wilhite

Finished Products

Blanche Redmon
Don Wallace
Don Lawson
Cleo Lichtenberger



"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."—Our college spirit

DAVIS' DRUG STORE

For all the Popular Magazines; the
Best Sodas (Fruit Flavors without
preservatives); Conklin's Self-Filling
Fountain Pen; Eaton-Hurlbut and
Crane's Box Paper; Car Tickets

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY

N. BOMMERSBACH

FLORIST



City Store,
318 N. Water St.

Greenhouse
Spring Avenue

BOTH PHONES

FINE TAILORING

WALTER E. DIXON

MERCHANT TAILOR

UP-TO-DATE STYLES

117 E. MAIN STREET

2d Floor, over West's Drug Store

MOREHOUSE & WELLS CO.

DECATUR, ILLINOIS

Hardware

Athletic and Sporting
Goods

Glass, Paints and
Varnishes

House Furnishing
Goods

and

Artware

Fine China and
Glassware

Furnaces and Stoves

Mantels and Grates

The Most
Complete Stock
in Central Illinois

“When work and me fell out.”—Walter Rogers.



Dab Esac Bulc

Snorepahc

Nnamreh Repueak
Ada Yasdnil

Mailliw Munrav
Adivad Nilsac cM

Srebmem

Anre Nosredna
Ydobon Swonk
Layol Eirtep
Ahtreb Sregor
Siuol Lluh
Eitten Nosnhoj
Drawde Ssor
Ehenalb Doog

Remle Knirbdus
Neleh Rengaw
Lrac Xoemis
Anel Eroom
Derf Dnarua
Eissej Nosrettap
Naed Sreiv
Htide Notpmah

C. C. C.

Mew Mew Chapter

Founded by Cato at Catacecaumene B. C. 250.

Charter Members

Felis. jata Katzer eat. chat ucco

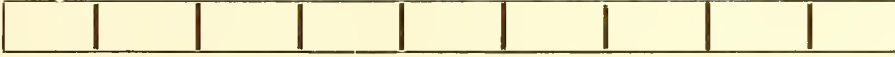
Motto

Yawl and the world yawls at you.

Fratres in Negotio

Mc	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Manager of Backyard Quartet
Bay W.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Chief Spitter
John L.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Chief humper
Chas. H. II.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Low growler
Chas. R.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	High squaller soloist

“Why aren’t you all contented like me?”—Arthur Gee.



The Photographs in this Book

are from

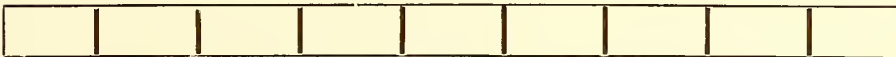
The Studio of

Van Deventer



Isn't this Evidence
that Portraits from this Shop
are the

Highest Class Photography



“Conspicuous by her absence.”—Corwin Johns.



Athletic Benefit Box Social.

The Lunching Squawl

Did you ever chance to wander
 Down toward the dining hall,
 About six minutes after twelve
 And see the lunching squawl.—

There's a merry peal of laughter
 From the depths of mother's pie,
 And an incarriated chuckle,
 Votaw's what they call it by.

Girls, the models of sedateness,
 Act like tom boys in a tree,
 E'en the little German teacher
 Half-forgets her dignity.

Such a deal of giggling whispers,
 Wonder what it's all about,
 Some one whispers, "it's the fellows,"
 Maybe 'tis—and maybe not.

"What shall I do with all the days and hours
 That must be counted ere I see thy face again."

Esther Starr to Peter Good.

Have You Bought Your Summer Suit?

If you haven't, see me. I have a fine line of
cloths especially suited for up-to-date
College Clothes

E. A. DENZ, *Tailor*

112 North Water Street,

Decatur, Ill.

DR. I. SUNDBERG

DENTIST



Suite 210 Millikin Building

DECATUR

ILLINOIS

Davis Livery Co.

Stylish Turnouts

Fine Carriages, Tallyhos, Six
Passenger Surreys

Trunk and Cab Calls

*Our Clothes are all Graduates from the Uni-
versity of Style*

KAUFMAN'S

**Clothiers and Furnishers
for Young Men**

245-249 North Water Street

"I do know him by his gait."—Dr. Shaw.



What's What

(Special Guide for Students.)

Illness—A reason for being absent or late. Generally seen on excuse blanks.

Chapel—For some, a chance to study, for others a chance to smoke.

Domestic Science—What the girls learn that their mothers could teach them better.

Suspension—For the diligent, a reward for studying in chapel. For the class cutter, a chance to stay away from class without being marked absent.

Class Treasurer—One whom few care to see but whom many ask to see them again.

Canned—Many look for it but none deserve it.

Decaturian—Receptacle for amatory explosives.

Absence Reports—A means of determining the Public Health.

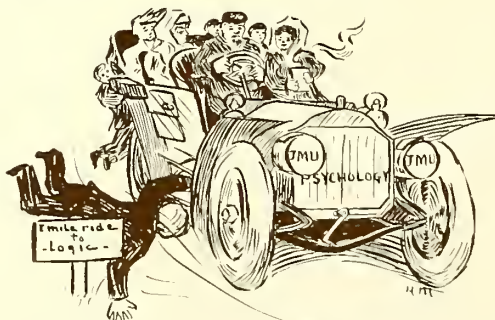
Sheepskin—Money making scheme of Prexy's.

Cap and Gown—Not necessarily a sign of a prospective graduate.

Fairview Park—Cupid's highway.

Pipe Organ—A noisome pestilence.

Woman's Hall—Where some of the girls stay.



Psychology class at the Mid-Year Exam.

"Let's to billiards."—Don Lawson.

“Meet Me at Louie’s”

L. G. NICHOLS
CONFECTIONERY

*Special Attention Given to Reception and
Theatre Parties*

*Ice Cream and Candies Made Especially for Receptions,
Weddings, Parties, Etc.*

OUR BOX CANDIES OUR PRIDE

Elwood & Handlin Co.

135 North Water Street,

Decatur, Ill.

*Clothing
Furnishing Goods
and Hats*



Our Specialty

*High Class Young Men’s Suits and Merchant
Tailors*

“Thy clothes are all the soul thou hast.”—Lueile Tuttle.



Popular Plays

The Merry Widow	Bloss Field
The Hashers	Launch Room
The Spring Chicken	Virginia Bowyer
The Witching Hour	Commencement
Madam Butterfly	Dorothy Pyatt
Girl from the Golden West	Scott and Butterfield
The Pony	The Students' Friend
Honeymoon Trail	The Shefflers
The Stubborn Cinderellas	Maud and Alice
The Right of Way	Millidek Board
The Honor of the Family	All the Seniors
The Yankee Prince	Thompson Stone
Under Southern Skies	Fred McGee
The Lion and the Mouse	B. B. James and the Preps
Peggy from Paris	Pet Hunt
The Melting Pot	Room 44
The Man of the Hour	Rogers on Lincoln's Birthday
The Soul Kiss	Ed Ross
The Girl Behind the Counter	Pearl Tippet
The Top of the World	Ray Rhines
The Servant in the House	Calvert Dyer
Paid in Full	The Bookstore
The Strollers	Davy and LaRue
The Thief	Still Unknown

The Reformer

When Hudson gets excited and rises from his chair,
And pounds his bleeding knuckles for that's his way to swear,
Then Turner slinks in terror and Philip crouches low,
While Banfill tears his eyebrows—with Gary on the go,
They cannot tell what's coming—they only hope and pray,
That it be slow in coming and never come their way,
I tell you—air and ceiling are filled with lurid charm,
When Gary rises up in Lit and starts some great reform.

“Perfect ladies.”—Petrie and Pifer.

Tooth Powder

Face Cream

The Armstrong Pharmacy
262 N. Main Street

Perfume

Stationery

MYER & SON

*Painters and
Decorators*

Wall Paper, Paints, Glass, Varnishes,
Artist Supplies

A Square Deal to All Our Motto

250 N. Park, Decatur, Ill.

**ST. NICHOLAS
HOTEL**



*The Popular Place for
University Functions and
Fraternity Banquets*

The
Millikin National Bank

—
Capital
Surplus and Profits
\$320,000.00

—
4 Per Cent City Bonds For Sale

"We all have faults."—Grace Bottrell.



New Magazines

Independent	Margaret Votaw
Century	Blanche Hamilton
Red Book	Mrs. James
Youth's Companion	McCaslin and Viers
Portland Advertisers	Scott and Butterfield
The Christian Endeavorer	Calvert Dyer
All Story Magazine	Cecil Cox
Modern Woodman	Prof. Rouse
Country Life in America	The Hudsons
The Motor Age	Marie Webb
Everybody's	Madge Blake
Somebody's	Blanche Good
The American Boy	Edgar Stevens
Literary Digest	The Phi Psi
Outing	The Senior Sleighride
Puck	Chester Hyde
Christian Advocate	John Lyons
L'art de la Mode	Bertha Tallman
Woman's Home Companion	H. K. Davenport
Review of Reviews	Before the Psych Final
The Theatre	Burr Million
Modern Priscilla	Celia Still
Outlook	Ethel Jones
Foreign Missionary Monthly	Edna Burgess
Success	Lucile Bragg
The House Beautiful	Miss Conant's

The Means By Which

If you do not have your lesson,
Get the brilliant Docs to talk.
Galloway will spout religion,
Shaw through four dimensions walk.

Question Binney's new found theories,
Tell J. D. R. the Greeks weren't wise.
But for ease get Kellogg vexed,
Later he'll apologize.

"Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so."—
Arthur Conel.

FOLRATH & FOLRATH

*Shoes of Elegance and
Distinction*

211 North Water Street - DECATUR

NO RENT
LIGHT
HEAT
FIXTURES

*Wholesale Grocers to the
Consumer*

If you think our prices are not right,
ask "Davy."

FREEMAN & MANNING

Both Phones

Chas. M. Robbins Co.

13 Maiden Lane, New York

*Manufacturing Jewelers
and Enamellers*

Badges, Medals, Emblems, College and
Fraternity Pins. Enameled
Souvenirs and Novelties.

COLLEGE GOWNS, CAPS

Contract for 1909 Class

The Best Work-
manship and
Material at
Lowest Prices



*Silk Faculty Gowns
and Hoods,
Pulpit Gowns,
Judicial Robes*

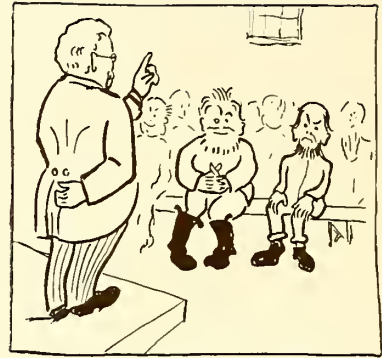
COX SONS & VINING

262 Fourth Avenue, New York

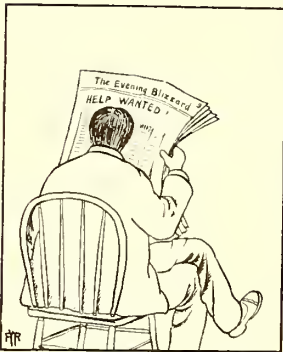
"How pretty her blushing was, and how she blushed again."—Pearl Grady.



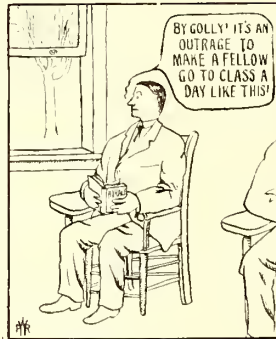
Push Ball Sing Fest



Prexy Addresses Farmers



W. West Seeks a Job.



Harry Pifer



Buck

Bricker



Bill (A-m-m's) Remains.



Sec'y.

Pres.

"Speech on Woman's Rights."—Anna Sloane Walker.

You can always depend upon the
goods bought of

Hilligoss Bros.

Corn Belt Drug Store

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

Prescriptions a Specialty Toilet
Articles and Sundries
Both Phones.

243 NORTH WATER STREET

C. W. LINDSEY

Old Phone 598

New Phone 165

Carriage, Baggage
and Livery

St Nicholas Hotel Transfer Line

240-246 WEST WOOD STREET

American Book Co

LEEDY

Has a Fine Assortment
of Box Candy

Messenger Service
Both Phones

WE show the largest line of
White Fabrics for 1909. ❀ ❀
Silks, Linens, Lawns, Swisses,
Dimities, and Batistes.

Q Same goods are shown made up on
second floor in newest designs.

Bradley Bros
DRY GOODS & MILLINERY
Decatur Ill.

“The Lady in White.”—Julia Fisher.



The Bijouology Class Report

Those who never miss a Monday afternoon class.

Mial Lamb
Ralph Query
Jessie Penhallegon
Esther Starr

Ben McCrum
Charley Richmond
Clarence Hahn
Edna Schrear

Those who are occasionally absent.

Ruth Stevens
Fred Shakelton
Helen Wagner
Walter Willis

John Johnson
Lewis Welch
Lelah Hachenberg
Arthur Gee



Everybody Works in The Decaturian Office.

"As we advance in life, we learn the limits of our ability."--The Faculty.

Getting An Education

is an important event in the life of anyone. Our education has been mostly in the line of Lumber and Millwork. We have excellent facilities for handling our business and solicit your patronage in this line.

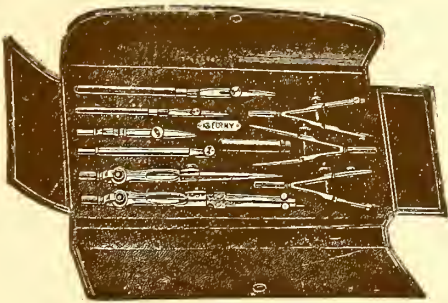
G. S. Lyon & Sons
Lumber & Manufacturing Co.

127 Fulton Street
NEW YORK

General Office and Factories
HOBOKEN, N. J.

Keuffel & Esser Co.

CHICAGO ST. LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL



Drawing Materials
Mathematical and Surveying Instruments
Measuring Tapes
All Requisites
for the Drafting Room

Our goods are the recognized standard of excellence, and are obtainable from dealers everywhere. All of them bear our name and trademark, which carry with them our full guarantee. Our complete catalogue sent on request.

"I wish I was a grown up."—Dona Shipp.



The Everlasting Nay

(With Apologies to Thomas Carlyle.)

While Federation Tickets are used instead of a compulsory Athletic fee.
Until we do something in Athletics.
Until we have some good college songs and yells.
Until more young men make dates.
While there are no traditions.
While Prexy is able to bluff the Freshmen out of having a color rush.
While Dr. Shaw talks in riddles.
While Flunkers flunk.
Until we have a training table for all Athletes.
When Prexy does not attach a Table of Manners to every invitation.
When Dr. Rogers ceases to be a detective.

The Everlasting Dea

When we have a large Gymnasium.
 When we have Student Government.
 When loafers abandon the halls.
 When school spirit is awakened.
 When the boys stop playing pool.
 When Miss Toby stops telling her troubles.
When Psychology is taught differently.
 When there is no suspense about graduating.
When Chapel Attendance is not compulsory but so attractive that everyone
will desire to attend.
When the Millidek is finished and the roasted have had their say.
When the Art Department is arranged to please its Professor.
When school supplies are cheap at the book store.
When Greata Butterfield is as cute as she thinks she is.

Here's to the man who speaks me fair
Who stops to give me a little hot air.—Lulu Dick.

“My Father was a Farmer.”—Ralph Jones.



THE MAN BEHIND THE CAMERA

Makes You Certain of Getting the Results You Desire

IF YOU WANT GOOD PHOTOS	of..... Class Groups Athletic Events Post Cards Book Illustrations Bromide Enlargements Developing and Printing Lantern Slides Stereoscopic Views	DO NOT FORGET TO SEE ME
---	---	---

**SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO CLASS FUNCTIONS,
PICNICS AND ATHLETIC WORK**

See Illustrations in this volume other than portraits, as to Quality of Work. I have dozens of negatives from which you can choose for Albums, Etc.

Bell Phone
627

BRUGH WERNER
COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER
454 N. CHURCH

Home Phone
1508

“ 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print.”—J. Ben Wand.



The Bijou

We are happy to let you know
That in our town's the "bestest" show.
Now, it is run by Siegfried, a Jew,
And its beautiful name is "The Bijou."

Why the Bijou, it is a jewel
And admittance costs less than fuel.
So why sit at home around the fire
You don't want to study or I'm a liar!

Why bother one's head over Greek?
From Psychology and History we'll sneak.
For when we have ten cents to spare,
To risk Prexy's anger we will dare.

Yes, Prexy's dreadful wrath we dare,
"Stolen sweets are best" so, we don't care.
"Profs" may frown, "sissy" students can "chill"
But we rush on to the vaudeville.

Have You Read These?

"When I was at Columbia."

"Decatur vs. New York."

"The Spirit of Columbia Students as Compared with Millikin Students."

"Advantages of an Eastern College over a Western."

All by Helen Adelia Bishop.

"The slys are no rogues?"—Taming of the Shrew.

CITY BOOK STORE

FOR

Commencement Gifts, Books, Purses, Ladies' Bags,
Fancy Stationery, Kodaks.

Parr & Parr, 122 Merchant St.



Dainty Apparel For Millikin Girls

(The Store Which Serves You Best)

All the Dainty Fabrics and Fashions desired by the
girl or graduate—all the Dress Accessories to complete
the wardrobe of the summer girl are assembled here
in a pleasing variety.

Tailored Suits, Shirt Waists, Dresses, Millin-
ery, Oxfords, Neckwear, Hosiery, Dress
Fabrics, Gloves, Etc.

Wm. Gushard Dry Goods Co

WE WANT YOU TO HAVE AN ELECTRIC IRON

There were no Electric Irons when Adam
and Eve ironed their clothes, so they had to
suffer from the heat. Now all that is neces-
sary is to turn the switch and we do the rest.
Why suffer from the heat of a coal range to
do your ironing? Call us up over either
phone and ask to have our demonstrator
show you how easily and cheaply you can
use an Electric Iron.

Decatur Railway & Light Co.
Old Phone No. 1 New Phone No. 67

"H is for Helen and B for Burr."



Want Ads

- Wanted—To know how much the Delts contributed for the board fence?
Wanted—To know whether the Hall has a mouse or bird this year?
Wanted—To Buy, Borrow or Steal a 1912 Pledge—The Chi Sigs.
Wanted—To Exchange. Will exchange Harry Pifer for any other man, preferably Charley Hartwig.—Goldia Atherton.
Wanted—To sell my Diamond Ring.—Helen Mills.
Wanted—A steady girl.—Dwight Montgomery.
Wanted—A prominent place in the chorus in Heaven.—C. W. F. K.
Wanted—Everyone to know that I carried Calculus.—Leslie Taylor.
Wanted—Some one to take care of little Hammy next year. Urgent.—Lucy Penhallegon.
Wanted—To know who sent me the flowers!—Ruth Schenck.
Wanted—Some more pennants for our room.—Scott and Butterfield.
Wanted—Alex Long to make a date with me.—Ann Tennell.
Wanted—Everyone to know I am chief engineer of the Phi Pi Sorority.—Ray Rhimes.

Records Established at Millikin 1908-09

Standing broad grin	- - - - -	Jimmy E. Belden, 23' 3"
Chest expansion	- - - - -	Maurice Sly
(Forward bulge 57". Net measurement allowing for depression between shoulders 30".)		
Head Expansion	- - - - -	Philip Henry McGrath
(At 74 $\frac{3}{4}$ " the tape broke.)		
Largest foot measurement	- - - - -	Bill Reeter, 2 ft.
Most lovable man	- - - - -	Clarence Dowell Sam Magill
Most lovable lady	- - - - -	Hazel Niles Ina Wornick
Best Substitute for a furnace	- - - - -	H. Air Flegel
Steam Hammer	- - - - -	Alex Long (2,000 knocks per minute.)

Who Is This?

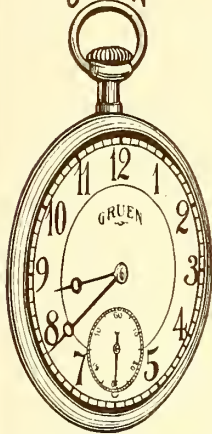
Like an oak, he's very tall;
Like an iceberg, condescending;
Like a crow, he's over all;
Like a crowbar, when he's bending.

"She has strong opinions."—Grace Bear.

Headquarters for Fine GRUEN Watches

and all kinds
of

Emblem
Goods



Frank Curtis Co.

JEWELERS

156 East Main Street

Osteopathy

Is no cure-all, but it
does cure many acute
and chronic ailments
where other systems
have failed. My sev-
enth year's practice in
Decatur. Consulta-
tion free.

Dr. E. Martin

OSTEOPATH

SUITE 405, FOURTH FLOOR POWERS BLDG
Both Phones

Lady in Attendance

WALRUS Manufacturing Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Walrus Soda Fountains

*Also Show Cases,
Bank, Store and
Office Fixtures*

Decatur, - Illinois

Union Iron Works

Western Shellers and Cleaners

*We also do General Foun-
dry and Machine Shop
Work.*

630 to 660 E. William St.

“There stands not a hair amiss.”—Mildred Berry.



Because a poet says 'twill do.
Don't put it down that it is true.
"Whoever loved, who loved not at
First sight?" Now what's the truth in that.
At first they're only friends as these:
Loves long sweet dream's a later squeeze.



But here's an article that's real.
A case that will, to all, appeal.
They are content and so are we;
Pass softly on and let them be.
But if the truth they should deny,
We'll say "The camera can't lie."



Rip said, "How soon are we forgot?"
A very pessimistic thought.
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Queer!
Did Rip say true or old Shakespeare?
Let's see how absence treats these two.
The case is plain. What will they do?



Some people never had a case:
They lead old Dan a sorry pace;
They're always proof 'gainst every snare,
And Dan can't head in anywhere.
But they should watch out what they do,
For Dan still knows a trick or two.



If anything is downright sad,
It's to see your girl with another lad.
Beware! sweet miss, his love will end.
If, to such pranks, your thoughts still bend.
In maidens all, 'tis held a flaw;
In married life, it leads to law.

" 'Tis nothing when you are used to it."—Edgar Stevens.



ENGINEERING HALL

LIBERAL ARTS

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

The James Millikin University

This group of buildings is four hundred forty feet long.

Twelve good reasons in favor of your attending this new and progressive institution of learning:

1. **Its five new buildings** are unexcelled in beauty and convenience. They are as thoroughly up-to-date as modern science can make them, giving perfect ventilation by fan system and plenty of light for study and laboratory work. The Woman's Hall is an ideal home for young women.

2. **The equipment is modern** in every particular.

3. **The ease of access and the healthfulness** of the city in which located. The attractiveness of its homes, its beautiful churches, its enterprising daily newspapers, its public library, its wide-awake citizens, its social and educational spirit combine to make it a desirable home for a modern college.

4. **The large number of factories** open for inspection and study to students in the different technical courses.

5. **The great variety of courses** offered in the different schools, giving a student wishing to specialize a rare opportunity to elect related subjects to strengthen his general culture or to fit himself for an occupation in view.

6. **The interrelationship of the different schools** of the College, thus utilizing their facilities in a most economical and profitable way for all classes of students. The following Schools constitute the College organization: Liberal Arts, Engineering, Domestic Economy, Commerce and Finance, Fine and Applied Arts, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Pedagogy, and Library Science.

7. **The rare opportunities offered for special studies** in the Academy and in the collegiate departments. The Academy also offers full courses preparing for entrance to all the schools named above.

8. **The character of the faculty**, nearly fifty in all, at once commands attention. In scholarship and experience it ranks with those of the best colleges of the West.

9. **The spirit of the student body** is wholesome and stimulating.

10. **The high rank which the institution** has already taken among its sister colleges, and the character of the graduates in these first five years attest the recognition which will be given students completing its courses in the future. It is a good thing to be an alumnus of a college of such standing. Its popularity is shown by the character and number of students; 937 enrolled last year, representing 24 states and territories and nearly 200 cities and towns.

11. **It is coeducational**, an organization which has been approved and adopted by nearly all of the colleges, great and small, established in this country in the last fifty years, as well as by a large majority of the older colleges. The association of the young men and women in class and laboratory work develops intellectual activities and traits of character more comprehensive and more desirable than in other institutions.

12. **The expenses are lower** than at colleges offering similar facilities elsewhere and every effort is made to keep them within reach of students of average means.

If you are interested, send for Catalog-Bulletin at once.

Address, A. R. TAYLOR, President, Decatur, Ill.

"He that loves a rosy cheek."—Howard Bone.



We Wish We Knew

If Brown always takes the whole family.
If Ora Bellamy is engaged.
If Sansom has a girl now.
If Bell's nose will ever be straight.
If Bertha Eaton enjoys teaching a private class.
If Dorothy Pyatt will graduate.
If Banfill was ever in love.
If the Decaturian next year will be as interesting as this year's.
If Pearl Tippet ever missed a day without going to the bookstore.
If Mary Baird will always be so infantine.
If Miss Emma Baker is fed every day by the Domestic Science students.



Styles of Hair Dressing As Seen in Chapel

"The quiet man."—Jess Conel.



HARRIS

HE SELLS HATS

154 MERCHANT ST.

D. S. Shellabarger, Pres.
John Ullrich, Vice Pres.
B. O. McReynolds, Cashier
J. A. Meriweather, Ass't Cashier

The National Bank of Decatur

Depository of the United States

Capital \$200,000 Surplus \$100,000

Undivided Profits \$135,000

SAFETY BOXES FOR RENT

DIRECTORS: K. H. Roby, C. P. Thatcher,
W. C. Outten, D. S. Shellabarger, J. Ullrich,
B. O. McReynolds, J. M. Clokey.

FRANK H. COLE SHOE CO.

The Middle Shoe Store

FLORSHEIM DOUGLAS
QUEEN QUALITY

148 E. Main St. Decatur, Illinois

GREIDER'S CAFE



135-139 E. Main Street
Decatur

Ellis W. Armstrong DRUGGIST

160 East Main Street

T. F. MULEADY

MERCHANT TAILOR

High Grade Suits at the Right Price

230 NORTH MAIN STREET

"Modest and shy as a nun is she."—Mary Carroll.



Prexy Welcomes the Prodigals Back.

The Senior Vocalist

Those who sit in chapel
 Very far from Mister King.
 Certainly miss something,—
 They do not hear him sing.

Mr. King, he is a senior
 And his voice is very sweet.
 If the music does not meet
 His approval, he will cheat.

Yes, he'll cheat and change it.
 But this is a fine treat,
 For with the other music
 His makes it quite complete.



Mrs. Valentine, "Girls I can hear every word you're saying, clear downstairs! I can even hear you five miles!!!"

Skate and your skates roll with you
 Slip and you sit alone.—Ralph Querry.

"Mistake, error is the discipline thro which we advance."—The Psych Thinkers.

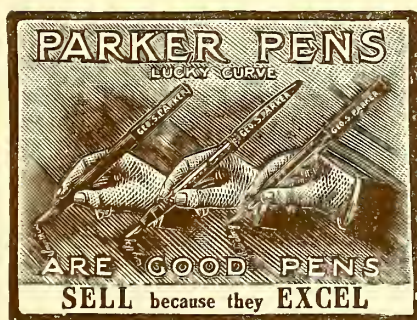
Investments

Investing money in speculative ventures can only be excused on the grounds of inexperience. Wise investors place their money where complete security and good returns are assured.

Deposits in this bank are safe and earn 3% compound interest.

Citizens National Bank

DECATUR, ILL.



YOHE Jewellery

International Flag Company

*Furnishes the Pennants at
the College Supply
Store*

M. Z. KELLOGG Florist

Cut Flowers and Funeral Work

Both Phones

STORE, 144 East North Street.
GREENHOUSES, 926 South Franklin St.

Bachman Bros. and Martin Co.

*FURNITURE
of Quality*

Corner North and Water Sts.

Decatur Model Laundry

ALEX. LONG,
University Agent.

147 South Water Street
Both Phones

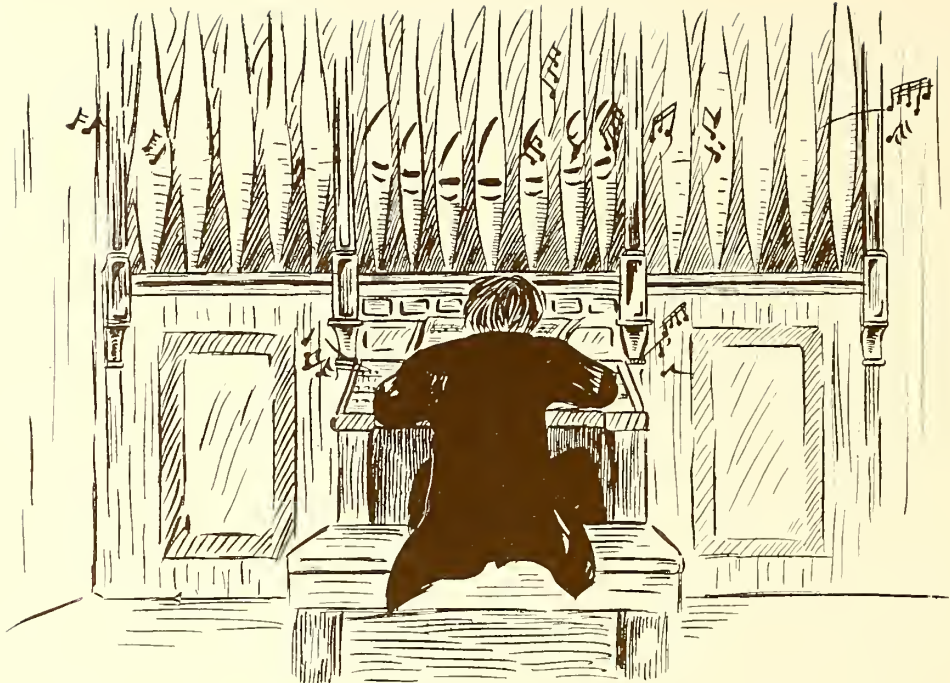
A. C. BROWN'S FLOWER SHOP

147 Merchant Street

*The Choicest Flowers for
Every Occasion*

Parties, Receptions, Weddings, Commence-
ment. ✿ Artistic Arrangement.

"I care for nobody, no, not I."—Dorothy Shade.



The Celebrated J. M. L. Pipe Organ.

Our Chapel Visitor

I feel great pleasure in having the great privilege of speaking to such an audience of young men and women. I certainly have never seen your equal in the beauty of your girls and the handsomeness in your young men. The enthusiasm glowing in your countenances is extremely inspiring.

I was greatly awed in approaching this wonderful structure surrounded by such magnificent grounds. And I must say a few words in regard to these wonderful buildings. I am enraptured with the immensity and stateliness of it all—the high ceilings, massive pillars, the beautiful walls, and the masterpieces on the walls. The Hall appeals to me especially. It is such a wonderful place for your young women to be mothered. You should all be so proud and happy to have the great privilege and pleasure of attending such a beautiful school.

In regard to your Faculty, I am so pleased with each and every member of it. It is certainly gratifying to see such a dignified and worthy assembly trusted with the great responsibility of leading all you young people in the way you should go.

I want to impress upon you, my dear young people, the great future before you and the great geniuses some or all of you may become if you put forth the right effort. I would certainly become one if I were you, in your place. Just think also for a moment, how few you are in number to the great majority who do not have these privileges.

Young people, I feel I must apologize for taking so much of your valuable time but I was overwhelmed with the thought of my duty to deliver this message to you.

I thank you.

“Ain’t it grand.”—Marie Shuck.

*For Programs, Announcements, Invitations, Vis-
iting Cards and all kinds of Society Printing
call on*

Wallender & Wilder, Printers

Bell Phone 2646

345 N. Main Street

Home Phone 1

Singleton's Cafe

*Open Night
and Day*

111 N. Main Street

Northwest of Transfer House

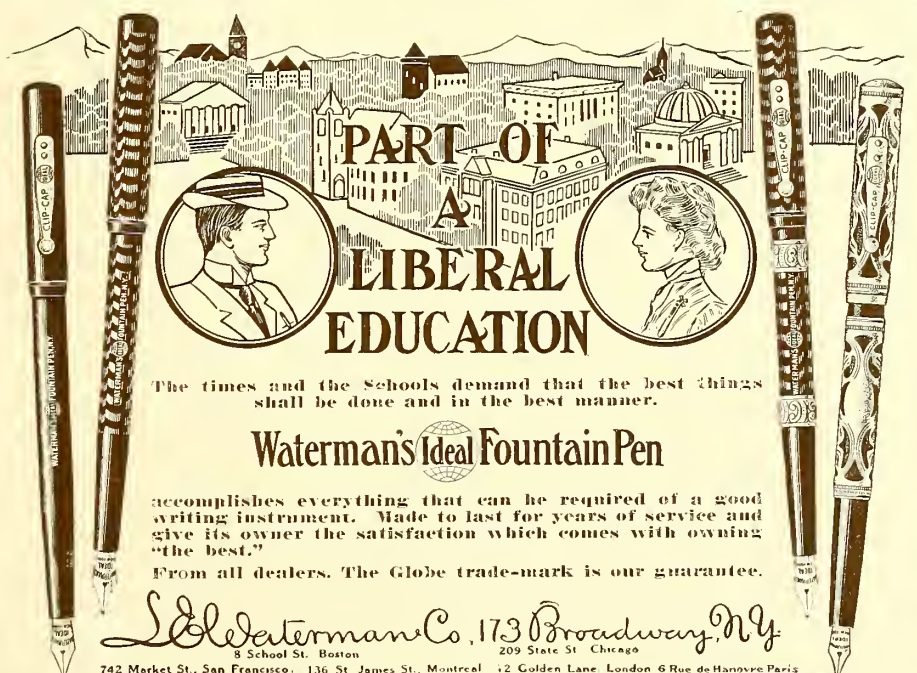
Your Laundry

Work will not cost you
one cent if not the best
laundry work in the city.
You to be the judge.

Norman's Laundry

Syndicate Block

Both Phones No. 20



**PART OF
A
LIBERAL
EDUCATION**

The times and the Schools demand that the best things
shall be done and in the best manner.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

accomplishes everything that can be required of a good
writing instrument. Made to last for years of service and
give its owner the satisfaction which comes with owning
"the best."

From all dealers. The Globe trade-mark is our guarantee.

W. L. Waterman & Co., 173 Broadway, N.Y.

8 School St. Boston 209 State St. Chicago
742 Market St. San Francisco 136 St. James St., Montreal 12 Golden Lane, London 6 Rue de Hanovre Paris

"I am not now that which I have been."—William Banfill.



How Would They Look



Dr. Hessler With lots of hair
 Lucile Bragg Cutting a class
 Irene Staley Spooning
 Karl Brunsman With dark hair
 Prof. Clark 6 feet tall
 Chas. Hartwig Fighting Booze
 Miss Holt Flirting
 Edgar Stevens Sitting still
 Ethel Jones Silent
 Mial Lamb Dancing
 Woman's Hall Full of boys
 John Lyons Playing Poker
 Jim Lively In a dress suit
 Dean Rogers Playing Pool
 Edna Burgess Wearing a rat!



Lost

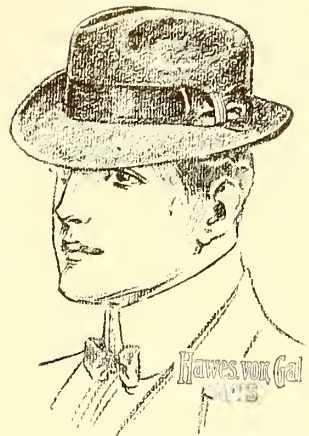
Lost—Out. Gary Hudson.
 Lost—An opportunity to go sleight riding. Senior Boys.
 Lost—The chance of his life to “get in” with the girls. Burkhart.
 Lost—Henry Morey. Alice.
 Lost—My Pony. Joe Williamson.
 Lost—In my Spring Hat. Marie Shuck.
 Lost—Our Book on Etiquette. Kappa Deltas.
 Lost—Chi Rho Sigma. Tau Kappa Epsilon.
 Lost—A Psychology “con.” Sans.

“I would applaud thee to the very echo that should applaud again.”—Editor in Chief and Business Manager.

Distinctly a Home for Young Men!

WHY? Because we always have
it and at prices that are
right with the student.

*Suits, Hats, Underwear, Shoes
and everything for the
young man.*



R. S. Bohon Company
Cor. Eldorado and Broadway

WINCHESTER



SELF-LOADING REPEATING RIFLES

When selecting a recoil operated rifle, don't buy complication and bulk. Winchester Self-Loaders are neither complicated nor cumbersome. They are the only rifles made which will shoot a series of shots faster than an ordinary repeater. Made in .32, .35 and .351 High Power calibers, they handle modern cartridges less costly and less bulky than old-style ammunition no more powerful.

Full Illustrated Description of These Wonderful Rifles Sent Free Upon Request.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"The Fallacy of Many Questions."—The Jones Sisters.



Dedicated
to the
Memory of Hyde's Jokes
to which
The Millidek Board
could see no point.

"Gab room."—China-painting Room.



The *King* of them all
The New **ACID BLAST** Process
For Half-Tones and Zinc Etchings
JAHN and OLLIER
ENGRAVING CO.
84-86-88 Market St. Chicago.
⊕ **ARTISTS** ⊕
ENGRAVERS
ELECTROTYPERS
Phone **MAIN 3821** **AUTO 7210**

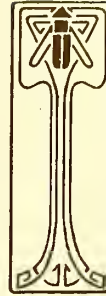
THE ENGRAVINGS IN THIS BOOK WERE MADE BY US





Table of Contents

H.H.F.



Greeting	3
Dedication	4
Makers of this Book.....	5
Contributors	8
Board of Managers	14
School of Liberal Arts	17
School of Commerce and Finance	25
School of Pedagogy	28
School of Library Science	30
School of Domestic Economy	31
School of Fine and Applied Arts	34
School of Music	40
Academy	40
College Song	44
Seniors	47
Juniors	67
Sophomores	71
Freshmen	75
Preps	79
Dedication of Woman's Hall	82
Centennial Celebration of Lincoln's Birth.....	89
Noted Visitors at University	90
University club	91
Lecture course	92
Alumni	93
Organizations	95
Inter-Society contest Prize Story	102
Millidek First Prize Story	121
Fraternities	127
Millidek Second Prize Story	149
Athletics	155
Rodgers & Clark Prize Story	182
Prize Winners	191
Calendar	193
Roasts and Grinds	208
Advertisements	219
Table of Contents	261



FINIS

Handwritten signature or initials







3 1111 200021116

REFERENCE MA
DO NOT REMOVE FROM LIBRARY

REFERENCE MATERIAL
DO NOT REMOVE FROM LIBRARY

